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THE HAPPY HABIT



By JOE
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FROM

to Charles William Eliot



Mr Mitchell Chapple

o

The Happy Habit

By
Joe Mitchell Chapple



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MY attempts to picture
the courage, enter-
prise, patriotism
and cheery endurance of this great
nation have received the approval
of thousands of true, loyal men
and women, who have deemed the
efforts worthy of commendation.
This volume has been compiled
in deference to their appreciation
and desire.

Mr Mitchell Chapple

INDEX

	PAGE
IN THE BEGINNING.	
Happy Habiter's Resolution.....	1
Anecdote of Kirk Minister.....	2
Happy Habiter's "Pleasure Book" or Diary.....	4
Farmers' Wives and Periodical Literature.....	6
DIVIDENDS ON CHEERFULNESS.	
Getting the Hook.....	9
First Oration at Lyceum	11
TELEPHONIC VOICE CULTURE.	
The Telephone Voice	15
Gentle Home Tones	16
IN THE PLAY DAYS OF SUMMER.	
Summer Pleasures in the City.....	17
City Laborers Making the Best of It.....	18
A Quarter's Worth of Real Enjoyment.....	19
A Sixty-cent "Good Time Anyway".....	21
Look Out for "A Jolly Day With Mother".....	22
CONCERNING THE SMILE CURE.	
A Physical, Psychological Exercise.....	23
Lost Tickets vs. Domestic Affection.....	26
IN GLAD GRADUATION DAYS.	
An Oration on "John Chinaman"	33
Youthful Hypochondriacs	41
WITH LIFE'S CAMERA IN FOCUS	
Men See Things in a Truer Light Today.....	45

INDEX

	PAGE
THE TITHE OF TOLERANCE	47
STORY OF A YELLOW ROSE	50
HAVING A CHAT WITH MYSELF	52
A Bonus to a Happy Habiter	55
Our Baby's Christmas Tree	57
ON THE EMIGRANT TRAIN	60
THE HAND AND HANDIWORK	62
Anecdote of Harriet Beecher-Stowe	63
Hand Difference	64
The Distinctive American Hand	66
THE REFRAIN OF GOOD HEART	68
Lincoln's Home at Springfield, Ill.	69
At the Tomb of Lincoln	71-74
LOOK UP, BROTHER!	75
Practice Toleration	76
The Cheery Stone-mason	77
The Genial Irish Conductor	78
THE MERRY MONTH OF JUNE	80
June Graduation and June Roses	81
McKINLEY'S LAST HOME DAYS	82
Attorney-General Knox and Judge Day	83
The New Porch, the Hurdy-gurdy Man, the Confed- erate Veteran	84
THE LANGUAGE OF SILENCE	86
The Washington Reporter as a Mind-reader	87
"JUST LOOKING ABOUT"	89
The Determined Beetle; Strained Cynicism	90

INDEX

	PAGE
WHERE MOTHER'S BUTTER WON.....	92
Oleo-Margarine vs. Dairy Butter.....	93
"Real Butter" at Lunch-time.....	94
THE FIRST ATLANTIC VOYAGE.....	96
Pneumogastric Perturbations.....	97
Saloon Concerts and Flirtations.....	99
A DAY WITH A PRESIDENT.....	103
ROMANCE OF NOTE-BOOKS.....	105
GLOW OF GENEROUS IMPULSES.....	107
OLD-TIME PRESIDENTIAL TOURS.....	110
Washington at Uxbridge, Mass.....	111
Puts Up at Taft's.....	112
THE PHILOSOPHY OF BLAINE.....	114
His Advice to Reporters.....	115
GENIAL JUSTICE HARLAN.....	116
His Gubernatorial Campaign vs. McCreary.....	117
NO POCKETS, BUT STILL HAPPY.....	118
ADMIRAL DEWEY AT MANILA.....	120
AN IMPERIAL HOME LIFE.....	123
McKinley's Old Law Office—The Civil War Musket.....	125
Sunday at Canton.....	128
The Home Songs.....	129
DAYS WITH MARK HANNA.....	131
College Pranks.....	132
Paternal Watchfulness and Maternal Trust.....	134
In the Civil War.....	136
At the Philadelphia Convention.....	140
A Friend to the Salvation Army.....	142
His German Constituent.....	148

INDEX

	PAGE
MEDITATIONS	150
Marcus Aurelius on Good Fortune	151
Christmas Memories	154
A Surprise Party.....	157
THE NATIONAL CAPITAL	164
The Zoological Gardens.....	166
Bears and Monkeys	168
THE BIRTHDAY OF EDISON	170
At Work in His Laboratory.....	171
His Discovery of the Phonograph.....	172
Making Phonograph Records	176
THE FIRST-BORN OF CREATION	179
The Teacher's Comic Valentine	180
THE SALVATION ARMY LASS	186
Miss Eva Booth's Message of Love.....	187
"HORSE SENSE" STILL REMAINS	190
HAPPINESS IN TRIFLES	194
Buying Toys for the Children	195
WINNING THE AMBASSADOR	196
The Child's Visit.....	197
AT A WHITE HOUSE FUNCTION	198
On the (Silk) Train	200
SOLITARY WOMAN STATUE	203
Miss Frances E. Willard and Her Words and Work.	204
FLOWERS OF PRESIDENTS	207
McKinley's Carnations, Roosevelt's Heliotrope.....	208

INDEX

	PAGE
SOWING UNCLE SAM'S SEEDS.....	210
"SAVE HIS BIBLE, BOYS".....	212
The Sister's Request.....	213
LINCOLN'S ACCOUNT BOOK.....	214
OLD HOME WEEK.....	216
At Home Again.....	217
A MODERN MOUNT PARNASSUS.....	224
The Brattleboro Organ Factory.....	226
HAPPY RIDES ON HOBBY HORSES.....	232
THANKSGIVING AT HOME.....	234
A GLANCE IN MENTAL-MIRROR REFLECTIONS	237
SWINGING OF THE PENDULUM.....	240
"Railroad Time" and Nervous Prostration.....	241
ENDOWMENT FOR CHARACTER.....	242
Aiding Deserving Young Men.....	243
Building and Loan Associations.....	244
PERSONALITY IMPRESSED.....	247
Senatorial Blotters.....	248
QUEENS OF CHRISTMAS DAY.....	249
NATURE'S MANTLE OF ART.....	252
The Drapery of the Snow.....	253
GOOD FRIENDS, CHEERY WORDS.....	254

INDEX

	PAGE
A SURGING SEA OF THOUGHT.....	257
NATURE AS AN ECONOMIST.....	263
The Survival of the Fittest	264
BLESSINGS OF HARD TIMES.....	266
Plain Fare and Living	267
PHILOSOPHY OF GIFT-GIVING	269
INDIVIDUALITY COUNTS	271
Higher Value on Human Life	273
The Dying Soldier.....	274
LOOKING DOWN AND UP	276
GEMS WORTH MEMORIZING.....	278
THE BUOYANCY OF BOYS.....	280
EDITORIAL TREE FRUITAGE	282
PROCESSION OF THE SUN.....	286
President Roosevelt at Church.....	287
OPTIMISM IN GROWING CITIES.....	290
TRUE KNIGHTS OF OPTIMISM.....	294
The Jolly Traveling Man	296
HAPPY HABITERS AS SNUFFERS	298
HAPPY "BLUE-BOTTLE" FLY	302
THE NEEDLESS SACRIFICE.....	304

INDEX

	PAGE
PRICELESS MEN	306
Charles Dudley Warner and His Friends.....	307
THE HAPPY HABIT IN DOG DAYS	308
HOW TO DO THINGS	312
BIRTHDAY IS MOTHER'S DAY	318
Mother Love, Ineffable, Unchanging	319
MEMORIES IN OLD PAGES	321
A Rainy Sunday With Old Books	322
HAPPY HABIT OF HOBODOM	323
Speaker Reed and the Tramp.....	324
A POLICEMAN'S PHILOSOPHY	325
A Patrolman's Thoughts.....	325
POWER OF AMERICAN WOMEN	327
The Stately American Girl.....	328
ART'S RECRUITS FROM FARMS	329
PICTURES THAT NEVER FADE	331
HAPPY CONVENTION DAYS	333
A ROYAL HAPPY HABITER	339
Queen Victoria.....	340
"God Save the Queen".....	341
LIGHTS AND SHADOWS	343
The Crazy Inventor	344
HAPPY SOLUTION OF SPELLING	345

INDEX

	PAGE
A FUSS WITH THE CHOIR.....	347
A Matrimonial Solution.....	355
INAUGURAL DAY SCENES.....	356
AN EVENING AT THE LIBRARY.....	364
LITTLE PENMARKS OF PASTIME.....	368
HAPPY DAYS IN SUMMER ISLES.....	370
Ashore in Jamaica	372
MY MOTHER'S PIANO	376
LINKS OF HAPPY MEMORY.....	383
The Old Red Wheelbarrow	384
THE POLITICAL TELESCOPE	387
THE JOY OF EASTERTIDE	390
Easter Flowers and Music.....	391
Our Village Choir	392
Mother's Calla Lily.....	394
Eggs and Egg Races.....	397
A Modern Good Samaritan.....	399
IN THE GRAND CANYON.....	402
The Descent on "Midnight".....	405
Up from the Depths	407
Farewell to the Great Canyon.....	410
THE MUSIC OF MAYTIME.....	412
Winter Musicales in Dakota.....	413
Mother's Belief in the Power of Music.....	414
A Mutiny Averted by a Song	416
Growth of Musical Culture in America	418

INDEX

	PAGE
ON THE "QUICK LUNCH" TRAIL.....	420
Lunchers and Luncheons.....	421
The Doctor, the Dude, the Minister, the Newspaper Fiend, the Sweet Little Typewriter, the Kindly Old Gentleman, the "Freshie," the Shopper, the Business Man, the Small Boy.....	422-6
ERA OF CHEERFULNESS.....	427
In Business and Politics.....	429
Cultivate it on Vacations.....	430
PANAMA	432
Old and New Colon	434
Gatun to be Submerged.....	436
American Army Officers	438
The Zone Schools.....	439
Honeymoon Housekeeping	441
SUNRISE IN THE ALPS.....	443
The Glory of Daybreak.....	444
A MORNING CHUCKLE.....	446
Genealogical Researches	448
An Old Man's Blessing	449
THE DEAR OLD DAYS.....	450
A Dakota Newspaper Plant.....	451
A Titanic Mince Pie	453
The Magazine at Chicago.....	454
The National at St. Louis.....	456
The Jamestown Exposition.....	457
A Halo of Happy Memories.....	462

THE
HAPPY
HABIT

THE HAPPY HABIT

IN THE BEGINNING

A QUORUM has been counted; and the Ancient and Immortal Order of Happy Habitors, in accordance with time-honored traditions, adopt resolutions:

First. "I am determined to be happy, or just as happy as I can be, for every day of the years to come, giving my best efforts for the happiness of others."

Second. "To try not to speak, write or think maliciously and deliberately an unkind thing about any other individual; and to go right ahead with each day's work with all the energy and enthusiasm that I possess; realizing that my work, if well done, adds to the happiness of others as well as myself."

* * *

There is one good thing about a Happy Habit gathering — we never lack a text; and that reminds me of the good old custom in Scotland of carrying a Bible to church, and when the minister announces the text, all the listeners flutter over the leaves of the

sacred Book and find the "grun'" — that is, the ground, or text — of the discourse. When once you have found the right place, you feel that it does not matter so much what the preacher says, because you can anchor your thoughts to the subject at any time — there may even be some who indulge in "three wink" naps between "secondly" and "fifthly." One good old lady once arrived late, and, conscience-smitten by her tardiness, sat down and hastily whispered to her neighbor, who sat with a superior air, her open Bible on her lap:

"What grun' has the meenister the day?"

"Eh, wumman?" came the whisper back, "he's left the grun' lang since — he's swimmin' now."

So, our text is always the word "*happy*," which does not require any extensive "looking up," — it is in every dictionary, and should be in every book published, and reflected in every face that looks out upon the world. You see I have already left "the grun'," and now am fairly "swimming"; and as I proceed with these lines it seems that the pen goes more smoothly and blithely

a-skim over the paper; for I feel that telepathic wave of happiness which I am sure now girdles the earth from the thoughts and efforts of the Happy Habitors.

* * *

What a wonderful thing it is to sit and reflect in your own little corner, realizing that through the medium of a pen, a few drops of ink and some paper you can touch elbows with friends far-scattered, some of whom you may never meet face to face, but with whom you feel unanimity — unlike the Hindoos of old who fasted until it was almost possible for the sun to shine and the rain to beat through them, and then discovered that they had the power to cast their bodies into a deep sleep, leaving the spirits free to wander wherever they would: perhaps to mingle with their ancestors or descendants, or gather information in some far-distant land.

In our Ancient Order we sit at peace in our own homes, the lodge-room walls decorated with those pictures with which we have been familiar for years, each speaking its

own story to us; here, with no sign of forbidding aspect — “Smoking Not Allowed,” or “Wipe Your Feet” — no ritual to try our patience, and with bodies by no means transparent from fasting, but just snugly ensconced in the old chair where we have spent so many of those happy, reflective hours we commune with one another.

Sometimes it occurs to me that now-a-days we do not reflect enough. We do not sit down to look back over the day that has passed and take account of the deeds we have done, making our plans for better action tomorrow; we do not act as we would in business: for the good merchant never fails to balance his cash at night and keep watch of his stock. At least once a year he makes a complete inventory of his possessions. Would it not be well to keep a ledger of our deeds and take an inventory of our actions day by day, instead of setting down prosaic utterance or useless rhapsody in diaries that are often but a chronicle of the moods rather than the actions of the writer? The school-boy's diary so often chronicled “brite and fair” that it really seems as if his days must

have been "brite and fair" whether it snowed, poured rain, or the sun shone. The boy had the right spirit. We might emulate that youngster and, despite the clouds of disappointment that gather, find a little light in each day and record it "brite and fair."

For many years I have carried a diary; but there are woeful chasms in the written pages, where whole days are blank to infer the legend "too busy." Then I will have a sudden inclination to write, and for perhaps a dozen days at a time I keep the record faithfully; but, after all, the real thrilling events of those days have become somewhat hazy.

Now I am coming to my suggestion — that every Happy Habiter keep a diary and call it a "Pleasure Book." Each day of the coming years find at least one pleasure in the twenty-four hours which can be recorded.

Members of the Happy Habit Order should acquire the habit of looking on the bright side, and it will be easy to set down their pleasures. Have you ever observed when you wanted to fix a business detail or an appointment in your mind, you think, "Well, it

will be best to write it down." How much more worth remembering are the lofty, noble thoughts that pass in your meditations! Would it not be worth while to record each day the pleasures and happiness that the circle of the sun has witnessed?

* * *

Ever since I delivered a schoolboy address on the subject of "Only a Farmer's Wife," the theme has interested me. Many of the inmates of our asylums are farmers' wives who have broken down under the strain of the monotony of every-day existence. True, they are surrounded by beautiful country and pure air, but they seldom have leisure or inclination to enjoy either, and the constant demands on their time and strength deprive them of the desire to feed the mind by reading and having a social visit with some friends or author in the printed page. One of the advantages of periodical literature is that reading is provided in an easily available form for busy people, and it has performed a mission in making the world brighter and better for those in isolated places.

This is why I earnestly desire to have every reader feel, figuratively at least, that I am coming to see you and to take my place at your table. I will drink your tea — one lump of sugar, if you please — and you will find I have a lusty appetite, for which I never apologize; thus we sit and chat concerning the events of the times, as we look into each other's face.

True, I travel far and wide with my valise that is as inseparable a companion as a soldier's knapsack, and sometimes I become weary, and sometimes I dream of the time when I can get far away from the railroad trains — yet I recognize each day new scenes widening the horizon of life. So, despite the sympathetic alarm of some of my literary friends, I go on chatting and chatting, telling you that the President's favorite flower is the heliotrope; that the tender heart of Admiral Dewey was almost broken when his dog fractured a leg; the days that McKinley enjoyed at his home; how Thomas Edison celebrates his birthday.

We talk together in a colloquial way; and you want to know what the people I

know are doing, just as you read your local papers to see what the neighbors are occupied with today. The potential purpose of the Happy Habit is to make the neighborly spirit regnant — we want no sectional or boundary lines. The editorial envoy is passing from coast to coast, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, receiving a cordial welcome, not because of his own worthiness, but because he is trying earnestly to represent the thousands of Happy Habitors.

DIVIDENDS ON CHEERFULNESS

FRIDAY night—unlucky hour—at a certain theatre in Boston the stage is thrown open to the public, and any one who thinks he can sing a song, make a speech, declaim, do a dance, or entertain the public in any way is privileged to try his luck before the footlights. This sounds like a tempting offer to many aspirants for histrionic honors.

No lurid words emblazoned in electric lights proclaim that this night shall be devoted to humor; yet the audience gathers with a genial twinkle in each eye that speaks of enjoyment to come. The aspiring young man who believes he is able to entertain the public comes upon the stage. If he is able to perform what he has undertaken, he receives "the glad hand" and a hearty encore; but let him waver, let him be dull or prosy, let that keen-witted audience detect but the ghost of a sham, and the dread words are spoken by the gallery oracles:—*"Get the hook!"* Lo and behold! Out from

the wings glides a mighty hook that gently gathers the luckless aspirant for stage honors into its embrace and sweeps him, resisting or submissive, or covered with confusion, off the stage.

This performance suggests the old days of gladiatorial sports, when the conquered one looked upward to read his fate in the eyes of the matrons of the audience, anxiously watching for the turning up or down of the thumbs that meant life or death. In this theater the up-turned thumbs are represented by the "glad hand," and the turned-down thumbs indicated by "the hook" do not mean death, but merely good-humored criticism, which may be turned into applause some other Friday night by more attention, more preparation, more courage, or, it may be, a less confident demeanor. On this stage many a young actor has obtained his or her first start in stage life and found the value of a good-natured smiling look in the struggle for popular favor.

We are all aspirants for some kind of honor, and even the application of "the hook" need not preclude the possibility of

our having another chance; our opportunities in life are a good deal like this little scene at the theatre. The good-natured performer may stumble, catch up again and again, and be forgiven by the laughing audience, while the sour, gloomy-looking chap is swept from the stage at the first slip. "The hook" is usually ready for the disgruntled one. A happy, good-natured candidate on the stage was permitted to bore the audience for several minutes before he was pulled behind the wings, although his performance was no nearer the standard than that of others who were promptly "hooked."

My experiences negatived the sentiment of John J. Ingalls' famous poem "Opportunity," because there were aspirants who finally succeeded though their earlier chances had been "hooked" and passed by.

These scenes at the theatre reminded me of one somewhat similar in my own early years. I was scheduled for an oration in the Lyceum, and I had prepared a speech in which all the problems of the world were grappled with and swung around with careless ease and grace—as I thought.

On the eventful night I mounted the platform and started out with all the confidence of Alexander the Great, prepared to conquer all known worlds; but before I had proceeded very far the lines of my oration eluded me. I struggled with them, but they slipped off into obscurity. That awful moment—can I ever forget the shame of it! I heard the suppressed laughter, and saw the shocked and astonished faces of my friends as they looked earnestly into their laps, fearing to confuse me still more by catching my eye; and, worst of all, was the dreadful knowledge that my home people were witnesses of that public disgrace—as I then regarded it. So vivid are my recollections of that awful experience that ever since I have felt a keen sympathy for every one who “gets the hook”—even when he deserves it.

Henry Ward Beecher once said that a man who could not smile should never make a speech in public; which is merely another way of realizing that the public will not tolerate disgruntled incompetency.

How I dreaded to go home that night! I stood outside for hours before I could muster

my courage to go inside. But when I entered the first greeting was a kindly smile; then a hand was laid on my shoulder and a beloved voice said: "Well, son, cheer up; you will have a chance to try again."

TELEPHONIC VOICE CULTURE

AS the wild winds of March howl around the corners, I seek the old rocking-chair for another session with the Happy Habiter, and my eye happens to fall upon the telephone in one corner of the room. It occurs to me that it would be delightful to "ring up" all our Happy Habiter and have a little chat to give the proceedings a touch of modernity. Ransacking my memory for your numbers, I find there is one general trunk wire that will reach every one; for we are all on the same exchange.

"Number, number?" calls the operator at the other end, and I promptly reply, "Seven, double seven," the triple perfect number. "What's the exchange?" "Cheerytown," of course. No, our operator never talks back; she responds in a soft, musical voice, and here we are connected!—readers and writers thousands of miles apart in cheery conversation. We overture with a "Hello!" not a severe questioning "Hello?" but a happy greeting—a "Hello!" that tells

the whole story of happiness and pleasure in conversing with each other.

“What’s that?—Oh, now I hear—‘Baby has a tooth!’—That’s good! What’s that?—‘Everybody’s happy’—of course—of course.”

If the improvements and inventions continue at the pace they are going, there is no reason why we should not telephone magazine articles of the day—with extra toll for original automatic voice of editor!—by post at usual rate—every month, in addition to sending the printed message; but, whether this ever comes to pass or not, there is a message that always reaches the subscriber once every month in a wave of cheerful thought that flows between all the members of the Ancient Order of Happy Habitors.

* * *

Standing one day watching the grimaces of a friend as he talked over the telephone, it occurred to me that we could be just as pleasant when face to face with people as we usually endeavor to be over the telephone. We all have a telephonic voice, attuned for the occasion, just as ministers have a Demos-

thenic roar for addressing a large congregation, on which they sometimes forget to put the soft pedal in ordinary conversation.

* * *

Every member of the Happy Habit Order can converse pleasantly over the telephone; not only pleasantly, but naturally. If you have not by nature a pleasant voice, cultivate it. A man who thinks he has a good singing voice spends hours in practice; now why not cultivate a pleasant-speaking voice, and not only secure a valuable asset in conducting business, but reduce the nervous strain in your home? Why not spend a whole hour each night or morning conversing with some friend, rehearsing for the first pleasant voice play? Surprise your wife, sister or mother by using that soft-pedal expression unexpectedly, and note how delightfully startled she will be. It would be exhilarating to discover that you have a voice worth cultivating—even if only for telephonic use.

IN THE PLAY DAYS OF SUMMER

WITH autumn comes welcome relief from the sizzling dog-days. Would you believe it, even during those trying days—especially when one must maintain the regular routine of every-day work—the Happy Habit is in evidence; even when Sirius rageth in mid-heaven, and a steam-like humidity necessitates about fourteen handkerchiefs and a relay of collars every hour if one would present a moderately dry and respectable appearance; days when the perspiration drips from the finger-tips and the noon-day heat almost reduces humanity to a state of torpidity; when the corpulent person considers whether he will “go the way of all ice” that day and doubts if it is worth while to live in such a state of liquidation.

When the work-day is over and we sit on the veranda, making the most of any stray breezes adrift from the salt sea-waves and permeating the stifling streets of the city, there is a luxury in the relief that is worth a king’s ransom.

The lovely seaside loiterings are not the only places for evening reflections of content; even the city veranda or tenement fire-escape affords restful hours; for there is always a means of escape when things begin to seem unendurable—something turns up and you get through comfortably, rested and refreshed for the next day's work.

Everything depends upon our personal viewpoint. Those who regard work as a sheer necessity find it hard, but those find it easy and delightful to work who can truly say with Dr. Van Dyke:

“This is my work, my blessing not my doom,
There is no other one in all the world by whom
It can as well be done—”

Watch the men repairing the street. They find energy and time to pass jokes on the little happenings in the heat of the day; and those few words of chaff and merriment revive them as if by magic. The laughter is like a refreshing whiff of cool air. In the hot, stuffy atmosphere of the stores, the languor of the airless offices, the rush of the railroad station, even among the men working in

the fields, the people who toil with a cheerful determination to make the best of things do not seem so uncomfortable as those who lament and grumble.

“A merry heart goes all the day;
Your sad tires in a mile away.”

One seldom tires of seeing a smiling face; even amid the concentrated discomfort of life in the dog-days, a courteous act, a pleasant smile or word creates an atmosphere of comfort, despite heat or weariness.

* * *

Have you ever realized how much you can do to lessen the discomfort of hot summer days as you go along the streets? Never have I had more enjoyment than when one hot day I invested twenty-five cents in soda water for five little urchins, bare-legged and bare-armed, who stood gazing with yearning eyes at a soda fountain situated on the shady side of the street. As I listened for a moment to their comments, the leader of the band turned and surveyed me with cheerful curiosity.

"Could you drink a soda?" I inquired.

"*Could* I drink a soda?" he repeated in satirical surprise; "could I drink *forty* bloom-in' ice-cream sodas!"

He glanced at the other boys, and no contradiction as to his capacity was offered.

"Well," I said, turning out the contents of my pocket, "let's see what money I have." The inspection disclosed only a solitary quarter. We invested that, and while the soda was being prepared one little fellow with a comical air of manliness started the session by shaking my hand, and the others followed suit. We had a delightful time; and if you could have seen the expression on those faces as they dipped their little noses into the tall glasses, I think you would agree with me that the sight was worth far more than a quarter. The price of a boy's friendship is not quotable on the stock exchange.

On another hot day these same boys escorted me to one of the beaches, distant only a five-cent ride from Boston — good value for the fare. On this occasion I provided myself with a pocket-book containing a bill, in addition to some loose change. We

arrived on that wide stretch of sand where people of every nationality come from the hot city streets to listen to the swish of the waves and watch the white-capped breakers rolling their surf upon the shore. The bath house, Wonderland, all the amusements were crowded, and we stood a moment to consider where we should go next after our swim. I put my hand in my pocket to draw out the pocket-book, and—behold, it had vanished! Every pocket was slapped and careful search made, but nothing was disclosed except sixty cents in loose change. At that moment the Happy Habit came very near to deserting me. I suppose my chagrin showed in my face, for a little hand grasped mine and a childish treble piped out, "Never mind; just play you spent it all, and we'll have a good time anyway."

This was wholesome philosophy, and we proceeded to invest exactly thirty cents in peanuts and popcorn—and we had our car-fare home! Although the pickpocket had taken our money, he could not rob us of our good time, and we enjoyed the missing bank-note more than he did. We came home on

the last crowded car, tired but happy. It had been a long day, but the faces of my companions never relaxed from an expression of enjoyment as we just "played" we spent the money.

* * *

When you next plan a holiday, count on mother for something more than the cooking and packing of the lunch; see to it that she has her share in the eating of it as well. Go to her when the opportunity comes, and note how her face will beam when you suggest, "Come, Mother, let's have a jolly day together."

You will be surprised when you see how so small a matter will brighten her days. Mother, too, can appreciate the swish of the waves, the beauty of the moonlight and the coolness of the seaside; for, remember, Mother was once young, and she is trying to crowd into your early days some of the golden happiness of youth she may have missed. Let us see that Mother has more happy days in the "play" of summer time.

CONCERNING THE SMILE CURE

A PHYSICIAN successfully treated cases of melancholia and nervousness by having the patient stand before a mirror and smile at his or her reflection in the glass. It is quite useless for the person under treatment to say that "he does not feel like smiling." The rule is that patients shall stand before a mirror at stated times during the day, or when they feel "a spell" coming on, and at least turn up the corners of the mouth in the semblance of that real smile which inevitably follows. This seemed to me a singular remedy, but I said, "I will try it and see the effect."

The best mirror in the house was chosen. I was very seriously inclined at the time, but I turned up the corners of my mouth. I smiled—I laughed—real, gurgling laughter—and, after all, there is nothing so good as a laugh at yourself; it is much better and safer than laughing at others. My enjoyment was certainly refreshing. I did not find it difficult to pull the corners of my mouth up; the trouble

was that I laughed until the tears came pouring from my eyes. The jokes of Bill Nye are not in it with this laugh-provoker; it surpasses even Mark Twain, and demonstrates the fact that the laughing muscles do the work. It appears to be a pathological fact that when you turn up the corners of your mouth, in some way there comes a feeling of cheerfulness which drives melancholia out of the brain. This may seem simple, but you have only to try the experiment to realize genuine humor. As smile-producers, Judge and Puck are not to be compared to standing before the glass and having a good hearty laugh at yourself.

The body healthy, we begin to discover within ourselves good principles and high ideals which were never dreamed of before; and *per contra* the body is acted upon by the mind, and if you feel gloomy it is very likely you will also feel ill. A dignified friend of mine, who never was known to laugh except upon good provocation; a man who laughs conscientiously; who never laughs unless there is something to laugh at, and can sit through a roaring, funny farce and never smile unless

there is something so artistically humorous that it congeals before it is funny, was persuaded to experiment along this line. I coaxed him to stand before a mirror and work up the corners of his mouth. The ends of his gray moustache turned slowly up and a smile broke over his face, and the first thing I knew he was laughing until his sides shook—now he takes it as a morning exercise.

* * *

Happiness does not mean smiling all the time; what is more aggravating than a giggler or a person forever grimacing? It means that laughter which beams and sparkles in the eye and makes the little cheerful, smiling lines in the face that are so quickly and easily distinguished from the lines produced by depression and frowning, that grow deeper and deeper until they become as severe and hard as if cut in stone. Then, when your "heart is touched"; when you have within you a fountain of cheerfulness; it will no longer be necessary to go before the mirror to produce a smile by turning up the corners of the mouth—you will feel that you are

indeed a member of the Happy Habit Clan. No badge or grip will be necessary, because your face will proclaim your membership. No court jester will be needed about the house; you will brighten all about you with your cheerfulness and optimism.

Happiness is one of the virtues which the people of all nationalities and every pursuit appreciate. A smile passes current in every country as a mark of distinction. Don't you tip the waiter who is pleasant? Don't you trade with the clerk who smiles and is obliging? Don't you cherish the wife who is pleasant, or the husband who is cheerful? Frankly, would you not like yourself better if you had the faculty of smiling and feeling cheerful?

* * *

At a Fall River wharf one day I was waiting to greet a friend, and looked up and down the long row of expectant faces. My friend was not among them, but still the crowd held my attention. One by one the passengers filed down the gangplank, were met by waiting friends and passed out into the great tide of travelers. As the crowd of waiters

and watchers rapidly diminished there still remained one sturdy fellow, who, anxiously scanning the departing passengers from the boat, had attracted my attention by his eagerness and joyous anticipation. How blank his face as the last one descended the plank, and still the familiar one had not appeared! He wanted to go on board, but it was against the rules. He said to me:

“I am waiting to meet my wife and little ones; and I was so sure they would be here. They have been in the country for a vacation, and had a happy time; I am just hungry for a sight of the bairnies.”

Finally, as the last passenger had evidently left, I went with him to the purser's office, and what a tension there was as he poured out his story! His family was on board after all, but the purser could not say why they had not landed with the other passengers. The face of the husband and father grew white, and he turned to me with a look of fear. I silently followed him down, feeling that there must be something wrong, or the mother and children would have put in an appearance. The steward took us to

the stateroom, but the door of the little cabin was shut. He tapped, and an anxious-faced woman looked out. The man sprang forward, the door flew open, and in a second he seemed to have the mother, the twin babies and the three other children all in his eager embrace; and a beautiful thing it was to see how the children clung about him—one on each arm and the other three clutching at his coat and gazing earnestly into his face, while he distributed smiles and greetings impartially.

The little mother had in some way lost the tickets, without which they could not land. She had searched in vain for them, and this accounted for the delay in getting on deck. The father heaved a great sigh of relief.

“Was that all that was wrong?” he said; “I was so afraid that some of you were ill.”

“But the expense!” said the wife, mournfully. “We may have to pay it all over again.”

“Who cares?” he said gaily, making for the deck with the twins in his arms, while I persuaded the other children to let me help them up the gangway. He was a hard-

working man, but the loss of that sum of money was a small matter compared with the welfare of his loved ones, and I was reminded of an old song I once heard,

“If your boot is faulty, and your stocking shows—
Just be thankful that you have ten toes.”

Had I been an artist, and able to reproduce the twin pictures of the father's anxiety and distress and later his radiant happiness over the reunion of his little family, I believe it would be worthy to “hang” in the Salon of Life; that it would even transcend the triumph of the Old Masters. The simple, radiant sunbeams of happiness that illumine the shadows—what is so priceless?

IN GLAD GRADUATION DAYS

THERE is a high average of happiness in June-time. It was a happy thought that assigned school graduations to the rare days of this rare month; for what other month can better bespeak the joys of budding life? In the morning to raise the curtain and let in a flood of summer sunlight, the breath of sweet air from green fields and blossoms still unscorched by the hot blasts of mid-summer! — to see all Nature smile, arrayed in her best! Each recurring June brings back the memories of those other June days, and especially *that* June day when we were graduated at “school.”

This was an event packed full of memorable interest. What preparations were made for that essay which was to startle the world! The pressure of those final examinations, and the realization, “I have really learned something — I now *understand* this!” What delight to find that the laws of reflection and refraction apply to our own vision, and that the laws of physics have an actual applica-

tion to human thought as well as physical law!

The possibility of "original thought" is grasped. Instead of "what teacher says," the belief in power to create "ideas" in an oration comes slowly—one of the most delightful of human emotions, making light the long evenings of work after school, when the dear, patient teacher labors to see that those struggling ideas and straggling sentences are put into cohesive form. Every sentence, every paragraph is carefully considered, rounded out and polished before being submitted even for the commendation of the teacher; and though the young student may be mortified at the flaws pointed out, there is always a realization that flaws are, after all, the incentive for improvement.

Walking to school in the morning, coming from school towards evening, how our minds are filled with sentences of that oration that rings out over the grassy fields and across the meditative heads of the browsing cows! Who can forget that first essay prepared for the platform, to be delivered from amid that little group of classmates with whom so many

tender years have been spent? There may be bashful thoughts of how it will impress the young lady who has accepted the apples and the flowers for months past, and who sometimes was so considerate as to allow the budding hero to assist her with that horrid 'rithmetic.

Curious were the exhilarating prophecies regarding the future of our classmates. There was Amos, who was to be a doctor, partly because we did not consider him physically strong enough for manual labor. There was the belle of the school, with her wonderful violet eyes and her way of tossing back that saucy head of hair when she said, "Do you suppose that I would marry a farmer?" We felt crushed, of course, and did no more supposing; for she was certainly the leading lady. The little soubrette of our school stage, with the dark hazel eyes, kept the class gallants busy hunting up the answers to problems that she failed to solve. There was Artie, that dainty little man who emulated the famous George Washington and never had a stain on his copy-book, never an imperfect lesson, and I am sure, up to that time,

was never known to tell a lie or look upon cherries when they are red. We had the idea that he would die young: but he is still living, so the proverb, "Whom the gods love, die young," didn't hold good in his case—or else he was so small that he was overlooked. In contrast to Artie, Ricker was our stalwart ideal of manly beauty; the Beau Brummel of the class. We all felt a reflected glory in his appearance, being in some sense our property—the leading man.

There was another member of the class, whose name modesty forbids us to mention, to whom the honor of delivering the valedictory was given; to let loose, so to speak, the final pyrotechnic display of oratory. He elected to speak upon "John Chinaman." With the perversity of youth, he chose a point of view contrary to the very pronounced popular opinion of that day. His oration was a plea for John Chinaman's admission into the country—this "land of liberty"; for the schoolboy takes his ideas from inspiring thoughts in political and philosophical expressions, literally as spoken or written, and as undeniable and basic facts.

In later years we grow much into a habit of elastic belief; opinions conveniently expand or contract as pleasure and profit dictate.

That day of graduation—who could forget it! There was a baccalaureate sermon from the distinguished Doctor of Divinity—who had a very bald head and a very white neck-tie—which contained enough mental philosophy, delivered deliberately page after page, to sum up those deep-based thoughts suggested in Carpenter's famous text-book.

* * *

Our class was like a family; for to us our teacher had been more than an instructor who inspired us to assimilate knowledge. She stimulated high ideals and noble purposes; she gave us something more than mere desiccated facts from antiquated chronicles, creating in us a desire of knowledge for its own sake, and encouraging us to read good books and inciting us to acquire information for specific purposes. She implanted the ambition to go to college, and the career and work of each one of us seemed to be her special charge. No mother could have been

more concerned as to the growth and training of her children, and through all the after-years she followed our paths in life with the same motherly interest.

Why not have high school alumni reunions? It would mean more than the meeting of those who have attended the same college. High schools and teachers ought to hold reunions from time to time; assemble together in later years to bring back happy memories of that rare day in June at the old school. When the days of the high school are over for the boys and girls, they go out into the world with their tastes formed for good or evil. The foundation has been laid, and the destiny of the individual is to a large extent fixed.

* * *

To return to the story: There were dresses and "suits of clothes" to be bought, and it was not unlike "Jane's Graduation," when "they bought the hull town out," and the house was "upside down." My suit was overlooked until the eventful day, and then bought in haste. It was a "bright check," sure enough, right out of the store, but there

was no time to make the necessary abridgment in the trousers before attending the exercises held in "Union Hall," where sundry, barn-storming, theatrical and local amateur companies held enthralled our village audiences.

There had been rehearsals with the orchestra, which played the "San Souci" overture, "Poet and Peasant" and "William Tell," to say nothing of the supreme choral effort of "Rolling Ocean," wherein Doctor Shepherd hit the strong roll in the bass at rehearsal. We somehow discovered that a stranger who came to play the first violin in the orchestra was our teacher's old friend, and after that came the more important discovery that he was an attentive "old friend." We felt somewhat aggrieved to think that one whose life we thought was to be devoted to school work was to be taken away to a far-off home by this "man who played the fiddle." We never became quite reconciled to him, and at best he was looked upon as a sort of kidnapper; for it hardly seemed possible that a reasonable person like *our* teacher could prefer one strange man to so many devoted

scholars, and indeed some of us doubted the truth of the mysterious tale whispered among us—but the secret was verified later, when the wedding was announced.

* * *

Early that summer evening the hall was filled, and in the front row were the younger brothers and sisters, while everywhere about sat those near and dear who came to “see ‘em graduate.” The teacher never looked sweeter than that night, and yet how dignified she seemed—aye, the very essence of greatness—as she directed our movements with those subtle mannerisms so familiar to us but scarcely visible off the platform. There was a slight tremor in her voice as she spoke to us that night—feeling that it might be the last time we should all be together.

The opening oration passed off as well as could be demanded by the most exacting audience. The girls, in white, beribboned with blue and pink, naturally attracted more attention than did the boys who sat in the semicircle. Never shall I forget the perplexity of making up my mind where to keep

my legs — whether they ought to be crossed in a careless stage-like attitude, or set straight down in military fashion; as to my hands, I knew not how to dispose of them, and secretly envied the girls their superior composure as they firmly clasped their essays, beautifully written and elegantly tied with long streamers of ribbon, and afterward read with every inflection and comma distinctly marked.

That close-cropped Adam Kellar hair-cut and check suit must have made me look severe at least; fortunately, that view of my appearance did not occur to me then. The situation was not made easier by my knowledge of the fact that an inch or two of superfluous length ought to have been eliminated from my trousers, and that a less remarkable check would have set off the charms of my figure to greater advantage. As I looked over that sea of faces and saw many familiar ones, my heart kept going “bump, bump” at an appalling rate.

The coolness with which Amos and Artie held to their subjects without a flaw in pronunciation or a single tremor of voice, giving full weight to every semicolon and period,

made me more nervous than ever, and when at last "John Chinaman" was called, my knees almost refused to do their duty as I approached the footlights. Those gestures, "all in curves"—the ponderous fortissimo, the dainty pianissimo, shoulders back and keep them so — all this to remember! For the moment I felt lost—and, forsooth, I was. Before my horrified mental vision floated a blind paragraph, without beginning and without end, the connecting link in the most important part of my oration. I could see just how the neatly-written "As" looked, and the indecisive "Perhaps," and the paragraphs which succeeded that elusive one came clearly up before me, but those missing words refused to come at my call. After a few vain mumblings, a titter down in front stung my vanity, and I caught the next paragraph with a death grip and dashed on to the last, putting extra emphasis on every word, and reaching out for the last sentence, which was rolled out with a trill on every "r"—"And let the listening wor-r-rld ar-r-round r-r-remember-r-r-r—that *this* is a land of liber-r-rty!" A long breath. No sooner had my final "liberty"

rolled off my tongue than I knew that, however I had fared during the agonizing peroration, I had at last landed square on my feet on the final exclamation point. The applause sounded sweet as I sat down, short of breath, drenched with perspiration, and trembling in every limb. There had been plenty of applause before, but that was for the others; this was *my very own*. The books and bouquets were handed up to me. We sat back to listen to a sentiment from Judge Trainor, as he looked us in the eye and gave us stately words of advice with the parchments—real diplomas, ribbon-tied.

After the graduation that night, we had to discuss everything and make comparisons—of course the girls received more flowers and congratulations—but when it was all over, down at Jarvis's cigar store the village philosophers, holding forth in their nightly "council of the elders," congratulated me on "my trilling r's and the thrilling checks in that suit." They talked it all over and decreed that, while I had forgotten part of my piece, I had finished under the wire just the same.

This is the simple experience of millions of young Americans of yesterday, today and tomorrow. Look back on those days and linger among memories of long ago. Could we only maintain that old-time school spirit—that clearer vision of “unstained youth”—when the empty baubles of a more artificial life have no control of lusty, fearless hearts, and a sunshiny day or a hearty laugh disperses the worst of ills! All honor to the school graduates with their eager ambition and poignant sense of the rights and wrongs; the fearless, hopeful youths and maidens who recruit the Happy Habitors.

It was considered, in those old school days, quite a distinction to have a real “fit of the blues.” To say truth, these “fits” might not always be quite genuine. Sympathy and words of encouragement from those dear girl classmates were worth moments of despondency. If the dyspeptic gloom of Carlyle was discerned we set it down for the “budding earmark of genius”—quite forgetting that the poor man’s dyspepsia was brought on by unsuitable food in his younger years. I don’t know how it was

with the girls, but boys became melancholy when the girls were around, to test their sweet smiles of sympathy. How fascinating it was when the belle of the class, Miss Violet-Eyes, would come around to cheer me with the assurance, "You don't need to feel discouraged; you're a real bright boy, you know. You'll drive the *bus* some day."

After boys and girls go out into the world and prove its adversities and successes, falling down and getting up again a few times, they discover that true success consists in having absolute control of oneself, and there are no more "fits of the blues," but a constant striving after cheerfulness and courage. The sympathy that comes in the low-spoken word, the swift glance or the close handclasp are always welcome; boys and girls soon learn to meet conditions bravely, to hold the chin well up, and to realize that the dreams of youth are pictures that require action in the realization.

* * *

One favorite dream of my life is to see the old millpond again a lake, dotted around by the homes in which all the old school

friends live joyously, so that we may meet again in the little brick school-house. The bell calls us, as once the London chimes called Whittington when he was returning disconsolate and unsuccessful from "the city of the big smoke!" "Turn again, Whittington! Lord Mayor of London!" and Dick cheered up and "turned" to renewed effort, and the Lord Mayor's rôle was won.

After we have grown sad and weary with the endless fight, may not that old bell of the village school-house or academy ring out for us a new inspiration, calling up bright memories of the home of our childhood?

"Try again—try again—be up and trying—the world makes way for the tried and true!"

WITH LIFE'S CAMERA IN FOCUS

ONE summer's day I fell under the spell of amateur photography, thinking there was nothing to do but hold the camera and press the button, and that something would "do the rest." When I looked upon the printed proofs of my first efforts, the feet of my patient friend were extraordinarily enlarged and his head was abnormally contracted. In my picture a building plumb, exactly plumb, was tipped like the leaning tower of Pisa. How necessary it is to have the correct focus in producing mental pictures and making observations of life!

The firmest standing ground on which to plant my mental camera so as to get a true picture in correct proportion is the Happy Habit. If we looked at everything in a cheerful way, we should obtain a better range, and see people and objects in a different attitude from that in which they appear when we are out of focus with life. They would be natural—not abnormally large or small.

The camera and the sun do their part faithfully, but the human medium which manipulates the camera unconsciously conveys his own bias to the picture, on account of some broken law of perspective.

The human race is more in focus for the reception of high ideals now than ever before. We have made rapid advances in photography, and we are also making great progress in the delineation and understanding of the soul; we are learning how to transmit thought so that it can be understood by our fellow-men—which is the photography of the soul. When we correctly grasp another's thought, we have a true picture of at least one aspect of his soul.

One hundred years ago the eyes of the world were not focused to grasp the significance of the Declaration of Independence as they are today.

In the dear old days, on the banks of Big Creek, as early in the morning as I would awaken, I set out to find the meaning of Fourth of July; to shoot off my ammunition to the last shred of a red cracker, with all the eagerness and spirit of comradeship that

animates every boy on that glad day. In mental vision I see the boys in new straw hats, wielding snapping pistols and crackling torpedoes packed in their sawdust tubes; the girls in white dresses and new sashes and ribbons—all standing together beneath the trees in the old grove to hear the Declaration of Independence read in staid and solemn tones by Cato of Roman name. Again I hear the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" sung right through from low B to high E. Repeat over again the words of that national anthem until you have refreshed your memory, so that you will be able to sing the verses without mumbling "la-la-la." There are few of us who can repeat or sing the national hymns through without hesitation; Americans are the only people in the world who are not familiar with the words of their own national songs. Do you not think we would be more in tune with the whole country on the Fourth of July if we were to learn not only the music but also the words of the great national hymn? The music rings in our hearts as on that thrilling daybreak when Francis Scott Key wrote "By the dawn's early light."

THE TITHE OF TOLERANCE

WHEN we have achieved a sufficient sincerity with ourselves, it does not follow that we must deliver up our inmost thoughts to the first comer. As Maurice Maeterlinck says so beautifully:

“Many of our defects are the very roots of our good qualities . . . As soon as faults are confessed, old lies or new, the most serious weaknesses change into unexpected ornaments, and, like beautiful statues in a park, become the smiling witnesses and placid demonstrations of the clearness of the day.”

Many of our national defects, exasperating as they seem, may be at the very root of our national good qualities. As we come to realize these shortcomings and confess them, in the very confession lies their downfall—they have no more power over us as a nation.

We have within us two separate and distinct minds: the ideal and the actual. This is often misunderstood—what is to one man a rigid truth is to another a perversion of the facts. In order to convey to another mind

our view of a truth, that other mind must be attuned. We must consider the sense of proportion not only in ourselves but in others. It is a most perilous thing for one to lose faith in others and in the common honesty of his fellow-men. In losing faith in the existence of integrity we lose it in ourselves.

What we need is independence of thought and mind—the kind of liberty that may speak without fear of being misunderstood, and which can be attained only by brotherhood among enlightened and cultivated individuals. If a man chance to be richer or more prosperous than his brothers, is he not equally entitled to his rights and views? In these days we are prone to think that none except ourselves—that is, we poor ones—have the correct view of things. Poverty and hardship are not comfortable, and do not always make for happiness, but they have uses in building character and strengthening the mind and soul; and riches—which include art, music, literature and the time to study them—have their uses also.

Do you feel an absolute, unquenchable desire to be of service to humanity; to be

tolerant, kind, generous, looking toward the uplift of all the world; to struggle for the best that is in you, taking by the hand every man, whether he be right or wrong, according to your opinions? We cannot all be rich or successful, as some people in the world count success, but we certainly can all have the right to be happy and hopeful, and make the pathway of life radiant with the flowers of love and kindness.

STORY OF A YELLOW ROSE

DO not let us overlook the wayside flowers. One summer's day I was out on the lawn, and my attention having been called to the fact that it was "disfigured by a lot of those horrid dandelions," I secured a spade with which to slay them. There they stood, looking fearlessly up at the sun; cheerful and smiling in the face of destruction. It suddenly occurred to me that these were beautiful, hopeful little flowers, and that they had as good a right to live and be happy as the patrician rose that bloomed beside them. Then I turned and saw a yellow rosebush, and threw down the spade—for memory was busy.

Long years ago, I remember that in my mother's garden, beneath her window, there stood a yellow rosebush. The botanic name is not recalled, nor even the correct generic name, but I can see the color in my mind's eye. We called it the "Yellow Rosebush." We had other rosebushes in the garden—red, pink, white—but those yellow roses were my

mother's favorites; and from that bush we always picked her bouquet, considering it a high honor and reward for good behavior to be permitted to pluck blossoms from that special bush for the birthday fête. Since then I have seen American Beauties, rich with color, and flowers of almost every imaginable shade and form: the gorgeous bloom of the tropics and the dainty arbutus buds of Northern climes; but no blossom of them has ever appealed to me like those simple yellow roses that used to come into bloom in time to do honor to the national anniversary. And in the last farewell to the dear mother, there was a gleam of hope—sunshine through the tears—in the yellow roses laid with our hearts' affection on her casket, and brought from afar on that winter's day for her sake.

Mingled with the rich gold of youth's memories, I could not find it in my heart to destroy the bright yellow dandelions that bloom freely for all; that

“Dear, common, wayside flower,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold.”

HAVING A CHAT WITH MYSELF

THE most dismal day of the month is the time to indite the Happy Habit greeting. A disagreeable day in Boston is a damp, dank, disagreeable Day—spelled with a capital D. Heavy gray skies overhead glowered down upon us, saturated by the chill east wind, penetrating the cosiest corner. Crowds in the street-cars were dense, and seemed sedate and solemn; the cold, drizzling rain and gloom outside were in sharp contrast to the full-orbed beauty of the autumn days that had preceded. The gaily-tinted foliage of the trees—their autumn raiment—hung dejected in the wet, or was scattered along the muddy streets, as though Mother Nature's robe had become dragged in the passing of the season.

“Now is the time,” I said, “to hold a session of the Ancient Order of the Happy Habitors—all by myself. Now for a solid hour with the readers individually—all alone.”

The quietest room in the house was chosen; a fire was lighted in the grate, and no sooner

had I felt the cheery warmth of the blaze than the dreary out-doors was forgotten, and the pall of the clouds overhead appeared to emphasize the cheeriness within. This brought to mind Walter Besant's description of a London lodging-house, where he tells how the cry of the London poor is for *warmth*. The cry of the classic Ajax was for light, and the modern philanthropist pleads for ventilation; but, according to Mr. Besant, if the Londoners can keep warm, they will not worry. This physical warmth suggested to me a warmth of another kind—just old-fashioned heart-warmth—the kind that dwells in the light and sparkles with happiness.

* * *

As I sat rocking to and fro, looking into the flames, it seemed to me that if each human being were conscious of the real heart-warmth of every other individual, there would be little friction. You see, I had a curious conversation between myself and myself. Did you ever try it? Sit down and chat with yourself in some of those dismal moments which are likely to be leaden. I

felt a little flattered to discover that I was very good company for myself. I was well entertained. This sitting was not actually a monologue, for there was a composite, personalized presence of all readers with whom I almost felt myself in personal contact. Arising, I rubbed my hands, ready to tell you a story; and that "reminded me" of a good friend who had written that his membership in the Ancient Order of Happy Habiters was a permanent investment. It appeared he had sought a lodging in Boston, and the sedate and prim landlady, on hearing his mild-mannered application, had thoroughly scrutinized him. She had looked him through for several generations, so to speak. During this process he gave her one of the Happy Habit smiles—the high sign of the order—I doubt if that Boston lady had ever before seen the like. She capitulated.

"You look like a very respectable man—I might say a good-natured man, not likely to give us trouble. We charged the former tenant of that room five dollars a week, but I don't mind telling you that he was very rude. You may have it for four dollars, as

you look like a good-natured man," and she actually bent into a genial smile, while the Happy Habiter bowed most gracefully. My friend has recorded:

"I am now earning a dollar every week on that Happy Habit smile. And I am trying to live up to that good lady's ideals. When I stumbled over a trunk in the hall the other night, because the gas was not lighted, and then hit the hat-tree abaft, there was no difficulty in establishing my perfect innocence, for the landlady met me in the upper hall just in time to catch the smile that I had been carefully nursing all the way up-stairs, in my effort to forget sundry bruises. Yes, I am earning one dollar a week now—sure dividend on being a good-natured man."

* * *

During a recent trip over the arid plains of the West, it occurred to me that the deserts are favored with the largest proportion of sunlight—they have continuous sunshine—but the shadows, the rains and storms are necessary for fertility; so when I look out upon the troubles that confront me, I remem-

ber that everything has its purpose and aids in mellowing our dispositions and making us more considerate for fellow-kind.

Hold on! the fire needs another poke. Stirring up the coals a bit, I relax, and find myself talking to myself, and not yet asleep.

Once more the fire emphasizes the thought. Is anything more essential for a perfect Christmas-time than warmth—just genial, hearty, friendly warmth? After all, isn't that the essence of the message of "peace and good-will?"

On this very gloomy day, the virtue of heart-warmth grows upon me. You are all busy thinking of Christmas-time and of those little gifts which you are planning for your family and friends, and I fancy I can see the bright faces and the busy hands at work.

With all the gifts and remembrances, be sure to give yourself. "The gift without the giver is vain." How much it means to bestow a little time on some lonely soul who needs the appreciative warmth of human sympathy! In these prosperous days we are likely to measure our gifts by the money they cost; but haven't you noticed how the little chil-

dren, as they revel among the toys and trophies that "Santa brought," will sometimes neglect the more costly gift for some simple rag doll or explosive tin horn?—because it is what they like. If all the Christmas horns and drums could be gathered together into one mighty band, what a clatter of material percussion there would be!—what a tooting of horns on Christmas morn!—what crowds of happy, chattering, laughing children! It would indeed be a joyful symphony.

* * *

Then, as I sat day-dreaming in my comfortable chair by the fire, I saw in my mind's eye the fireplace in the old home; and there was I hanging up my stocking and gazing fixedly into the dying embers with a steady thought of what Santa would bring me, and what a pity it was that he had to soil his garments with soot as he came down the chimney!

Then my eyes wandered from the flickering shadows of the hearth to the wall above, and sought a picture there—such a picture as hangs in many a home—a little laughing,

blue-eyed, golden-haired boy. What a thrill of joy the remembrance of his first Christmas brings! The tiny tree, brought in and decorated with all sorts of presents and toys we knew he would like then, and the books that were a preparation for those days when "baby grows up." Hardly a year had passed over his head, but as he sat in his little chair we thought his eyes sparkled with some recognition of what all this festivity meant. And when the candles were lighted and the tree stood forth resplendent, his little crow was a Christmas carol that will live forever in our memories. There was the little rattle, the drum, and all the childish toys—yes, for us Baby sat in state at that Christmas tree. There were only a few Yule-tides for him—then he was taken where the eternal Christmas reigns.

Thousands of fathers and mothers in countless homes every year know how hard it is to give back these precious gifts; but such an offering partakes of the spirit of those who brought their treasures from the East and "came to worship." The sanctity and divinity of babyhood, the remembrance of

Baby's first Christmas makes all the past glow with cherished memories.

As I looked long into the sweet blue eyes of the picture on the wall—the little face that will ever remain an inspiring memory—my own were tear-blinded. Years have come and gone since we celebrated Baby's first Christmas on earth, but the sunshine and inspiration of his brief stay with us can never pass away. The world rejoices at Christmas-time in the memory of the little Babe at Bethlehem who kindled the heart-warmth of a waiting universe, bringing consolation and hope for all humankind.

ON THE EMIGRANT TRAIN

AFTER an argument with the good-natured conductor, who insisted that I could ride with more comfort in the "first section," I established headquarters in the baggage-room on the emigrant train. The ocean liner had arrived that day, and five day-coaches were filled with emigrants on their way to new homes in the far West. What a scene those boxes and cases and bags and bundles and trunks of all sizes, colors and dimensions presented! What a picture it suggested of the homes far across the sea from which they had been gathered! How they had been packed and secured—many of them with bands of iron and coils of twine and rope—by loving hands; perhaps by the old father or mother, who knew that in preparing for the departure of the sturdy son or daughter they looked on their faces for the last time.

In the dimly-lighted coaches the travelers, wearied from their fortnight's voyage, were overcome with sleep; dreaming, mayhap, of the new land and new homes. Over half of

this party of three hundred were young women, bright-faced and expectant, from the Scandinavian countries. In one seat was an elderly lady who was intending to make her home with her son—longing for the sight of his face again. Here was a fiancée, there a sister. A little lad of fourteen or thereabout was huddled up in a corner with a violin. He started to play, and some strong voice rang out with the Swedish national hymn. The boy gazed out of the window with straining eyes to catch a glimpse of the fertile fields of the new home. The men were of the sturdy bone and sinew of their land. If the tide of immigration drifting to our shores consists of such people as I saw in that train, our nation has much for which to be thankful. All were workers—producers—just the force necessary to wrest wealth from the broad acres of the West and push and pull at the oars of Progress. It required no clairvoyant's gift to foresee that the homes won by these sturdy yeomen and graced by the pleasant, laughing young women, would be a mainstay of the nation, from whence are to come valuable recruits to American citizenship.

THE HAND AND HANDIWORK

SOMETIMES it is well to step aside from the old ruts of contemplation and observe the things we are wont to overlook as being commonplace. No better place is afforded for such diversions than on the high sea, where a busy man is, for the time being, completely marooned from his every-day affairs.

In a conversation on board ship, a lady, speaking from her own experience, insisted that the real objection to housework was the innate dread of soiling the hands. Every one seems instinctively to avoid dirty work, regardless of the fact that the good Lord who made the work permitted the dirt to go with it for some good reason; and in order to accomplish the work, it is essential also to handle the dirt.

This recalls the grandmother's proverb:—"Clean dirt is no poison"; and of her telling us that "the only dirt we need be ashamed of is the kind that soap and water won't wash off."

There is a story told of Mrs. Harriet Beecher-Stowe, the talented author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," one of whose hands was slightly larger than the other—a fact once noted by a young friend.

"Do you know why this is so?" asked Mrs. Stowe; "well, it is because in earlier days, before my books were successful, I was the family bread-maker, and I kneaded more vigorously with the right hand than the left. I never regretted having to do that work, because while bread-making my mind was free to wander where it would; and I put into those loaves a great many of the ideas and thoughts that later appeared in the pages of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

Many brain-workers find rest in using the hands when the brain is weary, and a great deal of nervousness may be worked off into intricate crochet and knitting patterns. This accounts for the popularity of fancy-work among women who have no settled occupation; and even among the active business women who delight to have a piece of embroidery or sewing to "pick up" at evening when they are too tired to read. Who does

not remember the charming picture of grandma, the family referee and confidant, sitting peacefully knitting in the corner? Those many-wrinkled, beautiful hands! "They're neither white nor small," but what a story they could tell if they wrote of all they have accomplished during the long and busy years of grandma's life!

* * *

Every pair of hands has a mission; and, as a rule, we cultivate or train them to the doing of some one thing well. There is for each of us some special work for which our hands are adapted.

There is a vast difference in hands, just as there is in individual heads. Take, for instance, two stenographers of equal capacity; notice how deftly one will pick up the letters, and the hesitating manner in which the other one will handle them. One clerk will wrap a package much more neatly than another, though both may be equally well-trained in other ways. You remember how, in his description of the inventor who sought to take out a patent in the "Circumlocution

Office," Dickens speaks of the "plastic thumb" of the practical worker as compared with the idle white hands of the young aristocrats in that department.

The old custom of the cavalier kissing the hand of a lady, in token of respectful affection, was a tribute to the dignity of the human hand. It seems regretful that this indication of courtly respect to womanhood should have become an obsolete salute.

All honor to the hand; whether it be the horny palm of the workman who needs no other proof of the hours spent in honest toil, or the long, clever fingers of the violinist, the skillful hands of a Paderewski at the piano, or the impress of trained fingers on the valve of the horn; all are required to produce the symphonies that make the harmony of life.

The signing of the Declaration of Independence was "done by hand," a phrase that has come to be regarded as the hall-mark of value for a product, because the term "hand-made" simply means that it has had the careful attention of a human mind, as distinct

from the automatic execution of machine-made production.

The "hand" is found in business correspondence: "Yours of the 27th at hand" once meant that it had come from the hand of the courier, and reached at last the hands for which it was destined.

In the pages of Holy Writ what is more sacred than that touch of the Divine Hand; whether it was laid upon the heads of little children, or used in the merciful healing of the sick—there was always the personal touch. This may be the reason why, in the institution of marriage, the joining of hands signifies the unity of hearts.

The signing of wills and all important documents must be done "by hand," and we always have a significant statement for something especially important: "Witness my hand," the human hand that carries out the human wish.

* * *

Visitors from foreign countries speak of the distinctive American hand—the long fingers and narrow palm that indicate the nervous tension of the new homogeneous

race of the West; for what is true of the hand of the individual is true also of the hands of a nation.

In many letters from subscribers I read what their fingers have penned, and in reality clasp hands with them in friendly acquaintance, and feel the personal touch of the writer's hand in "the grip" of the Happy Habit Order, pledged to promote happiness in every-day duties of life.

In facts, hands—Heigh ho! I suddenly catch sight of the "hands" on the mantel clock, and they point to an hour long past bed-time. An admonitory voice is in my ear, and I hasten to shake hands with every Happy Habiter and say "Good night!"

THE REFRAIN OF GOOD HEART

IN running over the calendar for the month of February, I am reminded that in an humble cabin in Kentucky, on February 12, 1809, Abraham Lincoln was born. Although I had often passed through Springfield, Illinois, I must confess with some shame that, until last autumn, I had never made a pilgrimage to the home and the tomb of Abraham Lincoln, despite the fact that to me Lincoln towers as one of the most fascinating characters in American history. All who met him face to face record his kindness and friendliness, while those who knew him best tell how even his sad and melancholy blue eyes gleamed with the spirit that radiated sunshine; and I think that no human being ever had a more lofty ideal of the true "happy habit" than Abraham Lincoln, who rose from that cabin on the old farm in Kentucky—a rail-splitter—to an eminence that spread a glow of grandeur throughout the world in one of its greatest crises, when the man arose, fearless, patient

and imbued with true nobility to perform the heroic and herculean tasks laid upon him.

The desire to visit that historic spot came so strongly upon me that I could not resist it, and I visited for a few hours at the capital of Illinois. Near the junction of Eighth and Jackson Streets, on an abutment, surrounded by a stone wall and picket fence, stands the old frame house which Lincoln jovially called "my castle" and loved as his home. A giant elm before it, which he himself had planted there, had been blown down and mutilated by a recent storm, and now stood a jagged and splintered trunk twenty feet high, a significant monument reminding one of the fact that over two generations had passed since, as a thrifty sapling, the Great Commoner had planted it to adorn his home in the then obscure Western town.

* * *

Here was a portrait of Lincoln, taken when he wore a beard. In all other pictures he is depicted without this hirsute adornment; he never wore one during the many years

that he lived in Springfield. The candelabra used at his wedding were on the mantel, and over them was a portrait of Robert Lincoln's son, who died when his father was minister to England. This boy was the last of the line, and Lincoln now has no direct descendant outside of his son Robert. Here, too, were pictures of little Willie, who died in Springfield, and "Tad," who died in Washington.

In this room was the haircloth-covered rocking-chair in which Lincoln had sung the old-fashioned lullabies to his little ones and rocked them to sleep. In the parlor is the sofa on which he and Stephen A. Douglas had courted pretty Mary Todd, who said with a saucy shake of her curls that she would marry the man who was to be president—and no other. I closed my eyes for a moment and conjured up the homely, happy life of the young lawyer and his family in that room, long before the eventful career which was in store for him was even dreamed of.

Here also was the famous picture of Lincoln painted by a Chicago artist—the same man who when a boy had grown so

morbidly heart-sick that he decided to commit suicide but, learning of Blondin's offer of one hundred dollars to any boy who would allow himself to be carried on the tight-rope across the awful abyss of Niagara, volunteered. In the middle of the stream, when the danger seemed the greatest, his nerves became overwrought, and with his body all a-quiver he suddenly bethought himself that life was sweet after all, though a moment before he had been ready to throw it away as a worthless thing. Turning his thoughts and efforts to nobler purposes, the lad lived to paint the portrait of President Lincoln.

The home of Lincoln is the Mecca of hundreds of thousands of Americans and foreigners of every race and people. Over five thousand visitors have registered there in a single week.

* * *

The most impressive experience still awaited me—a visit to the tomb of Lincoln. There is always a peculiar feeling of exaltation and depression when one visits the place where lies all that is mortal of a great man.

The autumn foliage was richly tinted; the

old guardsman was at the gate; the entrance seemed to invite, and the trees, the flowers and the grass on that beautiful afternoon were fresh and lovely. As I passed across the hill I heard the waters of a fountain, but the solemn quiet of "shades Elysian" was about me, and the clatter of my boots on the iron stairs, as I ascended terrace after terrace, sounded almost sacrilegious, and I turned aside and walked softly on the grass. I placed my hand on the iron gate where unnumbered thousand others had rested, and stood before the tomb inscribed with the immortal words:

"With malice towards none, with charity for all."

Over that undying sentiment was the simple name, "Lincoln." The white marble sarcophagus was lovingly covered with the stars and stripes, on which were two unpretentious wreaths of faded geraniums, one at the head and one at the foot. A star and crescent of immortelles was surmounted by a white dove, and from the star floated a gray ribbon. The monument towered majestically above, like a stately spar of a cloud-bound

craft. I was alone at the tomb of Abraham Lincoln.

The vines of old-fashioned flowers about it were wilted by the early frost and everything spoke of the passing away of autumnal glories—beautiful even in dying, for Nature decks the year's last offerings with her brightest hues, and

“Even death in her fair face seems fair.”

The evening shadows fell as I still stood at the great hero's shrine, loath to go, knowing that I must turn back to join the flood of life and effort. The thought came, ringing over and over again, like some organ symphony or distant refrain:

Great Heart—Good Heart—Hopeful Heart
Strong Heart—Brave Heart—Cheery Heart

—in whose plain, simple grandeur of life and love and enduring service righteousness and liberty were preserved anew to the sons of men.

A ruler's heart whose inner beauty, incarnate in the merry twinkle of the great blue eyes and the rare smile of thought-

saddened lips, still lives in the hearts of men,
and will continue dear to millions yet un-
born.

Again the refrain seemed to echo through
the evening air:

Great Heart—Good Heart—Hopeful Heart
Strong Heart—Brave Heart—GOD'S HEART!

—imaged in the imperishable memory of
Lincoln,

“One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.”

LOOK UP, BROTHER!

POSSIBLY it is a matter of temperament, but the letters received and lying on my desk this beautiful May day, while the flowers are blooming and the grass is growing green, and birds are joyously singing, are full of the spirit of spring-time. If there is one thing above all others that I try to do, it is to hold fast a tolerant, hopeful spirit, ever tenacious of a belief in the Eternal Goodness that rules the world.

Sometimes I feel disappointed that there are men who can write or believe any of the statements of the ultra radicals of today, who seem eager to force a complete revolution in the existing conditions governing personal and property rights, instead of allowing the necessary reforms to grow in the natural evolution which is taking place just as rapidly as the people can bear it and be ready to do the best with it when it comes. As real intelligence increases, a greater degree of conservatism and toleration in the individual becomes manifest. These problems will work

themselves out in the natural law of evolution, when mankind shall be equal to the responsibility which the forward step will bring. As has been said:

“In the last analysis the nation or the society can be no greater than the man at the center; and the man can never be anything but what he is at heart.”

Iniquity cannot lurk long where light shines; and unhappiness and discontent vanish when cheerfulness is cultivated. Every day, as we look out upon the light of a new morning—whether it be sun-lit or stormy—let it be the prayer of our hearts that until the evening shadows gather we may be able to maintain for ourselves and inspire in others faith in God, hope for ourselves, helpfulness toward every one, and charity and confidence in humankind. How is that for a personal creed?

* * *

A street-car is a good place in which to study the real nature of people. A friend of mine was obliged to stand on the running-board of a car the other day, next to a stone-mason. He was tired and wanted a seat,

but he failed to get one, and the spring wind blew the smell of lime to him from the clothing of the mason, which was annoying; but after a while he observed that the lime had done worse by the mason than to merely cling to his clothes. It had injured one of his eyes; yet the man cheerfully turned his sound eye on my friend and explained the weeping condition of the other orb. He squinted from under the brim of his cap and joked about the situation, making every one near by laugh, and long before my friend had reached his destination he was on the best of terms with the stone-mason, and happier for having stood next to him.

That man had the "happy habit."

* * *

It was a warm May evening, and the passengers were crowded in the seats or hanging onto the straps of a suburban car of the box pattern—hot and tired and cross. A careful observation of every face visible revealed a moroseness that pervaded the car like a creeping mist and overhung us like a pall.

Then the conductor came through. He was a little blue-eyed Irishman, with a sparkle in his glance, a smile on his lips and music in his voice as he said "fares, please." That conductor in passing through the crowded car, by the infection of his smile and the pleasant tone of his voice, changed the temperamental atmosphere from the time that he began collecting his fares. There was a little joke here and there as he wormed himself past the people swinging, simian-like, on the straps and narrowly escaped treading on the toes of those sitting down. The nerve-jarring creak of those straps seemed suddenly stilled; the stuffy atmosphere of the car appeared to freshen before six blocks had been passed. The man with brass buttons and leather-lined pockets, cheerfully attending to his exacting work, had done more good than half a dozen ranting reformers who storm on the rostrum, trying to sow the seeds of discontent and despair, in the hope of some time reaching the millennium. Why not look up and be cheerful?

The average American is not going to admit that the froth of agitation floating on

the surface is any fair criterion of the solid sense of sober thought. On some day, before long, these same persons who are now strenuously working to tear down what long years of patient toil have accomplished, will realize that men of today are better and nobler than any who have gone before. Never was there a nation where honest work is more honored, and where so many of the citizens work—which is, after all, the condition that presages the ideal time when

“ * * no one shall work for money, and
No one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working”

does the noblest and best it is possible for him to do. Why keep your feelings boiling with rankling suspicion that no one is quite right except yourself; for if it takes thief to catch thief, grafter to catch grafter, you cannot afford to join the ranks of the disciples of despair while God gives you so much of the sunshine of hope and happiness every day.

THE MERRY MONTH OF JUNE

NOW genial and happy we begin to feel in June-time! Along come the roses, commencements, picnics, and sometimes a stroll in the morning or afternoon in the woods and along the streams.

It is interesting to notice how much the moods of the month influence the tone of friendly and business greetings. Every period of the year has a distinct temper of its own; but there is no month when it seems easier to practice the "happy habit" than in June-time. You have observed the manner of those who love flowers, and how they turn a bud or a blossom and hold it toward them caressingly. Even the prosaic vegetable garden with its radishes, lettuce and asparagus has its fascination in this month, just before the weeds come on for a summer visit.

But the especial feature of June are the commencements at the schools, academies and universities. These days are memorable to thousands of young people, who feel that they are just stepping across the threshold

into the realities of life. I am resisting vigorously the temptation to write a baccalaureate sermon on this occasion. How vividly we recall the anticipations, the hopes and pleasures of those bright days in June! With schoolmates, classmates, flowers, music—what a merry outlook upon life it furnished! The young ladies in white, with ribbons and laces and all sorts of fluffery, never seemed so charming as in the sunshine, twilight and eventide of this glad time. The rose worn in the hair or corsage never has such beauty in other seasons of the year, because we associate the bloom of the queen of flowers—the blossom which, more than any other, seems to speak the language of the heart with this rare month. Let us all be merry in June!

McKINLEY'S LAST HOME DAYS

A FEW weeks prior to his death, I visited President McKinley at his home in Canton. His cordial greeting was accompanied by a hearty shake of his left hand.

"How do you like our new porch?" he asked, as I looked about me at the front veranda which had been enlarged by a circular projection extending around the corners of the house, and was then being painted a delicate gray.

The sincere, happy interest of the President of the United States, the tenant of the White House and executive mansion, in his modest home was an impressive reflection of the simplicity of American life.

All the morning he had been at work together with Attorney-General Knox, sweltering over documents, pamphlets and a formidable array of books, to formulate a proclamation concerning Porto Rico. After lunch it was especially appropriate that there should be Panatella Porto Rican cigars for our after-meal smoke. Attorney-General

Knox and Mr. McKinley were students together, and enjoyed talking over old days. As we passed out on the lawn, a sociable hurdy-gurdy man had just completed the sixth successive rendition of "Louisiana Lou," on the strength of a rumor that this was the President's favorite rag-time song. The telephone wires overhead seemed to rattle a protest against further music, and at last the wandering musician went across the way to serenade Judge Day with that classic march of the Spanish war: "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

Senator Fairbanks came out at the door, as serene and smiling as a May morning, and as the trio sat rocking and talking, they curiously suggested the "walking beams" of a steamer's tireless machinery. They indulged in their afternoon siesta with the same relish that sweetens the harvester's brief respite under the spreading oak or thick-leaved hedge. A rustic Tom Sawyer was painting the fence with an energy that indicated he would some day tell his grandchildren that he "had painted President McKinley's fence for him."

The cigars finished, the President took the arm of the diminutive five-foot-three attorney on the one side, and clasped his other hand over the coat-sleeve of his six-foot-four friend, Senator Fairbanks, and strolled away to show them the improvements about the house and grounds; the fence, the new driveway, the nursling trees, the vines were all inspected with as much interest as might be bestowed on an intricate problem of state. In it all was expressed the innate love of Americans for their homes.

As they were returning, a silver-haired man, wearing an army button, approached the fence. At first he seemed timid about coming up to the house, but assuming a determined air, he advanced and was kindly greeted by the President. In those few words there was an expression of comradeship, for each recognized on the coat-lapel of the other the army button—not the same button, but both representing the same spirit. The visitor was a Confederate veteran; he told his story without preface, fumbling in his pocket the while. He produced a roll of papers and offered them to the President.

“Our only boy, sir, a brave lad only fifteen; his mother’s grieving herself to death; we want him home and he wants to come. I am here, sir, to plead for the boy’s mother. She told me to come to you.”

The white-haired visitor was invited into the house while the President took his pen and indited a note. The veterans of the war again clasped hands, and the gleam of gratefulness in that father’s face as he thought of the joy and happiness it would bring to the anxious mother at home, was an inspiring picture of comradeship that reflected the great work of William McKinley in uniting the discordant interests of a great nation into one harmonious whole.

THE LANGUAGE OF SILENCE

IT is not the least of many interesting phases of Washington experience to note how those who have "been in to see the President" deal with reporters and inquisitive acquaintances whom they do not wish to offend, yet do not care to acquaint with what has passed.

Some "spar for wind," like an over-matched pugilist; others resort to subterfuge, persiflage and satirical banter; and others again assume an air of provoking mystery and the sternest brevity. Still there are many reporters and men of affairs who are wonderful adepts in this sort of "mind reading."

One journalist who is an expert at this business walked a couple of squares with a member of the Cabinet, trying to elicit an expression of opinion on a certain matter of moment. So far as the desired "last word" was concerned, or even a hint of the situation, the secretary's lips were as firmly closed as the shells of a Hingham quahaug at low water. He was not so self-contained,

however, that his actions and manner were inscrutable. The reporter hazarded a guess founded on his impressions, and wired the result to his paper. The next day the secretary met him and said:

“How did you obtain the information, Mr. ——?”

“From you, sir,” said the reporter, smiling.

“From me?” said the secretary. “I never said a word concerning the matter.”

“That is so,” replied the correspondent, “but you acted it.”

“Well, you are wrong in some things, anyhow. Still I think I’ll have to take a course of congressional poker-playing, until I can disguise my thoughts.”

“Such people are the easiest of all to read.”

“And how do you do it?”

“Why, you read their hands by reversing their expression. The man apparently betting on four aces probably holds a bobtail flush, and the disconsolate surveyor of a bobtail flush is likely laying for you with a full hand—and there you are. There is always some way to figure it out.”

Fear of these quick-witted reporters probably causes many public men to refuse an interview when great matters are at issue and it is desired to keep all information from the public. Still, the eagle-eyed and resourceful news-gatherer will scent information through brick walls and closed doors. There is something in the very atmosphere of the departments and official resorts of Washington which gives a clew; nay, whole columns at times, to the reportorial Sherlock Holmes, who, if he told all he knew—well, that's another phase of the question.

“A genial face and a happy smile is the best news-extractor I know of,” concluded the reporter, puffing vigorously at his pipe and scratching down a few strokes which would soon bloom into a column story.

"JUST LOOKING ABOUT"

GOUNG man, look about you! Lift up your head and maintain pure, wholesome, lofty purposes in life. Be willing to make sacrifices for others as well as for yourself. If you have the right stuff in you, let the right man know it at the right time, and you will be "discovered." Reliable, loyal, enthusiastic and original young men were never more in demand than they are today. We may not all be able to wear the insignia of generals, majors or captains, but there is plenty of opportunity for every great purpose.

We human beings created in the highest form of animal life in the universe, still show less strength of purpose and endurance than many a tiny insect that is trying to climb a sand hill. It struggles up just so far, then loses its balance. See it fall on its back! For nearly five minutes it strives to right itself, and finally succeeding, up it starts again, patient and determined, only to fall back time after time. A small beetle will endure

this kind of worldly rebuff for hours, never surrendering to what mortals would call fate.

That "strength is might" we have often heard, but do not stop to realize what such power would mean to the world at large were strength bestowed upon the individual in proportion to the brave efforts he might make. We cannot all be ruling the universe, but each man's world is that portion of the universe with which he comes in contact, and the domain over which he can reign supreme is within him. There he can be an Atlas, a Hercules, an Antæus, a Samson or Goliath; a giant of moral and mental muscle, even if his physical sword be not equal to slay dragons. It is inspiring to realize that each one of us is given a world to rule. That thought promotes the right kind of pride. But to succeed we must, first of all, be strong in our understanding of the first principles of self-government. This knowledge can be obtained only by hard experience; falling on our back every time we try to mount the sand-hill, until we learn the secret of skillfully directing our increasing power and determination. The importance of the atom in the universe is not

sufficiently considered. One may say: "I am but a speck on a great globe, rolling who knows where in space; of what use am I?" He would be of no use were there no grand objects to attain; and the way to promote interest in the grand final consummation is to remember that no whole is complete without the cohesion of all of its particles.

A boy cannot make a snowball unless each flake adheres to the others; a general cannot fight a battle if the soldiers sit down and sulk because they are not in command; your body will not move unless brain and muscles act in harmony; the world cannot go on rightly without your best endeavor. When the individual feels his strength wisely directed "All's well with the world."

MOTHER'S BUTTER WON

THE Grout Bill had passed the House early that session of Congress. The dairy farmers of the country were then unrelenting foes of "bull butter," and the Vermont champion of the bill, later retired from Congress, had "hitched his wagon to a star" by securing legislation that will be long and gratefully remembered by bucolic butter experts.

The debate, while caustic at times, had much humor in it. A smooth, silken-haired Scotchman, Congressman Lorimer of Chicago, led the fight against the bill. Piled on his desk were samples of the oleomargarine against which the dairy people were contending. The members came up in line, dipped their jack-knives in the firkins and sampled the butter in good old country-store fashion, but there was shaking of heads over the question as to which was the butter and which the oleo. Even "Cy" Sulloway, the New Hampshire farmer-congressman, was a bit puzzled—but decided that, after all, butter was butter.

On the desk of one of the congressmen stood an old-fashioned earthenware jar covered with a snow-white cloth to which clung a moist layer of salt—it was “mother’s butter” from the farm. Jack-knives were dipped into that crock, and the butter almost reverently tasted. There was in that jar something which no chemical synthesis could imitate, and, although no word was spoken, that sample of “mother’s butter” was eloquent with happy memories of the old home. Once more those congressmen were barefoot boys and sat with the churn between their knees, wishing that the monotonous splash of the dasher could be loud enough to drown the shrill whistles of a chum on his way to the old swimming-hole. What an age it seemed before the little white flecks appeared on the dasher handle, showing that the butter had “come,” bringing with it an honorable discharge for the boy-churner. Off for a refreshing bath—then home at night, to spread “mother’s butter” with sorghum syrup over those biscuits. Ah! the charm of such memories! Those worn hands!—that sweetest face! Pure, genuine, wholesome; no science, money,

art, political craft or congressional oratory could overcome the eloquence of that jar of "mother's butter."

At lunch-time, on the day of the passage of the "anti-oleo bill," some of the firkins and sample jars were removed to the canteen—I mean the house restaurant—in the basement. There former foes on the floor of the House gather as friends about a festal board, in a favorite corner and have a "good time." The congressmen pair off like boarding-school girls; each has his favorite dish, for the versatile chef satisfies all congressional tastes. The menu that day contained a surprise. In the center of the round table was one of the stone jars that had been used as evidence in the recent conflict. Even the opponents of the Grout Bill gathered around to pay tribute to the "genuine article" from the farm. Plates were suspended, and each man dipped in for a taste of "real butter," as eager as though the "pure article" might never again be obtained. The scene offered a silent tribute to a flavor which carried with it a freshness as of dew on clover. Many times the knives returned to the jar for another supply of

that "sure enough" butter. A waiter grinned amusedly and said: "Guess must 'a' made a mistake, gemmen."

"What's that?" exclaimed one legislator excitedly.

"Yas, sah, dat's Mistah Lorimah's 'oleo,' and I—"

"Wouldn't that jar you?" exclaimed the chorus, as they caught sight of Lorimer's retreating figure. The meal was finished in silence, while no one called for butter.

THE FIRST ATLANTIC VOYAGE

AS the lingering summer closes, and we first appreciate a sense of the cheerful warmth of the fires in autumn, we instinctively draw our chairs closer together and exchange reminiscences of summer holidays of the near past and distant long ago. So I am tempted to tell my readers something of what I experienced on my voyage to Europe. I could never keep a complete diary, and my story will partake of the high-lights and *chiaro-oscuro* of an unassisted memory.

On the good ship "New England" of the Dominion Line we sailed from Boston. There were cheers, smiles, tears and waving of hats and hands as the great vessel backed out into the stream and moved gently down the harbor, with the snorting little tug-boats barking at us alongside. The last dim, hazy shoreline faded away and we retired to our state-room—a snug, airy home for our "week out of the world."

There we found flowers, books, cigars—remembrances of the dear ones at home.

Well, we couldn't help it, there were moistened eyes as the genial farewell notes were read. How we all like to be remembered!

I started for the saloon, heroically intent on writing a grateful reply to each remembrancer, and a sparkling letter to the National; a sort of nautical philosophy of life written in a "week out of the world" aboard-ship. Now the good ship "New England," bless her! is true to the traditions of her name: the pink of neatness and comfort, so that any passenger who has ever been with Captain James feels that the ship is his own personal property—his yacht, as it were—after he has learned the difference between eight bells and the dinner-bugle. But as we swept eastward on the wide-swellng seas, on "blue water," as the old salts say, my determination grew fainter. There was an internal uncertainty that I could not harmonize with pen-pulsations; a "blue-water" impression on the pneumo-gastric nerves that paralyzed all philosophy. "Poor fellow—he's gone. See how pale he is," said the Considerate Man who had crossed forty-seven times.

Then came the Intelligent Man, looking

for an Intelligent Lady to read and discuss deep, very deep-sea books on philosophy. He said in the real philosophical-refrigerant Boston way:

“How unfortunate that one has to endure the disagreeable consequences of *mal-de-mer*.”

I passed on to the upper deck and sought a chair in a secluded nook, hoping that I might be lulled by the swishing waves into forgetfulness, for the study of “all phases of human character on ship-board” no longer interested me. A whale spouted. How I envied him; and I wondered if Jonah ever felt half so bad on his famous voyage as I did at that moment.

The fog-horn awakened me, for the sea-mists hung heavily over the fishing-banks, and now and then some kindly soul attempted unappreciated condolences:

“How are you feeling now?” “Take a little of this brandy.” “Too bad to come so—” Then the kindly fog-horn broke in.

I suppose that there are others who have written on the subject of sea-sickness before, but to feel it personally inspires real eloquence in the relator, if the memory does not utterly

nauseate him afresh. The days, hours and nights glided into each other, and after a day or two the Boston frost wore off, and a finer lot of people never paced a deck for exercise. The first optic duels of acquaintanceship were over, and golf-caps were donned; squatter's rights to nooks and corners on deck and in the smoking-room were declared and recognized; family histories were epitomized in thirty minutes, and the real personality began to assert itself in primeval simplicity. Business men forgot all about the brutalities of trade in shuffleboard and whist, and a beautiful but uncertain game which I believe was called "poker."

All went well until a concert impressario became incarnate on board—then there were exciting times. The artist who was always sketching young ladies was disturbed about his laurels, and there was a call for Talent—with a big T.

At first many who were asked to "sing a song, or dance, or tell a story," blushed modestly and then went down to the saloon to show what they could do. Performing Billy, a beautiful white dog, was secured to give

statuesque poses, and that started the ball rolling. The concert was a success, and the talk of the hour. You became better acquainted at sea on the "New England" in four days than with your next-door city neighbor in ten years—and more's the pity of it. Many sections of the country and various nationalities and religious creeds had their representatives in that passenger list; likewise many "sorts and conditions of men" and women. Six boarding-school misses made life on board ship a mazy whirl for their staid chaperons; foggy nights were preferred to witching moonlight; and sundry young doctors, lawyers and other professional men, with newly-creased trousers and blue-rib-boned diplomas, were taking post-graduate courses in "human nature and its varying phases at sea." The man-who-looked-like-Senator-Hanna was there, and it seemed as if every known celebrity had his double on board, even to Lord Dundreary.

At last, one dark night, the murky eastern sky was lighted up by the welcome signal-rockets at Queenstown, and after a brief stoppage followed daylight glimpses of the

real Emerald Isle, with its rocky coast and fields of checkered green and gold ripe for harvest; and a stately progress along the Welsh coast where the slender stone lighthouse-towers loomed out of the purple haze. On this coast Captain James was born—a true, warm-hearted Welshman—and if you should call James or any other good Welsh name on a Dominion liner, there would be a rush in response; indeed almost a “call to quarters.”

The last day on board was a kodak campaign; every one had finished that classic European guide-book, Mark Twain's “Innocents Abroad,” and all kinds of groups were “snapped.” Every nook and corner must appear with the “captain in it”; and the groups assumed that “kodak pose” which indicated good sea-legs. There is a buzz of expectant conversation; in the early evening the sparkling lights of Brighton are sighted; the beacon tower glistens as a twinkling welcome; the good ship sidles up to the floating quay in the Mersey, and the custom-house man is upon us.

England—yes; but is it English that is

spoken? The American ears are soon treated to a vernacular of question marks, and the passengers huddle together in a hotel as if loath to break loose in the strange land of the Druids. There may be a difference in degree, but the picture of emigrants landing in America comes to mind as we whisk past the double-decked tramways, through William Brown and Mary Jones Streets, past St. George's Place, to a hotel to spend the first night on English soil.

WITH PRESIDENT HARRISON

AMONG my library treasures are several personal letters and one characteristic telegram signed "Benjamin Harrison." Upon the Sunday following the assassination of Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago, in 1893, I first met General Harrison at his home, a tall brick house on Delaware Street, Indianapolis. It was October, and the gloom of the gray sky and dying leaves pervaded the reception-room. On an easel, between the folding doors, was a picture of the first Mrs. Harrison, who had died during the year. The portrait was draped with a tiny American flag. A peacock with gorgeous feathers stood on a pedestal near by, like a sentinel on duty, and the floor of the room was covered with fur rugs.

A short, stout man entered and took my hand with a warmth and cordiality which newspaper reports had not led me to expect. He was a lonely man, and his great eyes seemed to hunger for sympathy. As he sat down, his lofty forehead and full beard made

him seem taller than when standing. His peculiarly-voiced but well-phrased sentences were impressive and every word was surcharged with thought—his keen analytical powers never failed him. I had scarcely stated my mission as briefly as possible before he had grasped the entire situation and given me an affirmative answer with a deliberative nod of his head. Simple and direct, the depth of General Harrison's real nature may have been little understood, but his career is an example of clean-cut honesty, upright manhood and rugged intellectuality—an inspiration to American youth.

ROMANCE OF NOTE-BOOKS

ONE day in Washington I picked up a stray leaf from a note-book. The owner could almost be identified from the neatly-inscribed lines. Each day of the month of February was carefully checked off.

1, Armory; 2, Dinner at ——; 3, Tea at ——; 4, Chevy Chase; 5, Theater; 6, Chase; and so on. Only two days in the month were vacant for a possible "in bed at home." Washington's Birthday, February 22, and several days following were marked with impressive question marks, which might, in some cases, suggest a date at the police station. In fact, the little leaf suggested the career of a smart, fast young man, for several of the entries had a shady tinge. And yet there was a little beam of sunshine in the entry set opposite the last date: "Sunday, at hospital with Little Jack."

As if by a strange coincidence, a few hours later I picked up an account-book, the sort which patent-medicine concerns distribute gratuitously. The scrawl was labored,

but it contained a glimpse of life. A few items will tell the story of the daily expenditure which was about the same, except for an occasional vaudeville ticket.

Earned \$1.55	Paid out
Meals	\$.55
Beer05
Tobacco05
Mother80
Have left10

There was no way of accurately describing the owner, but there was one word that appeared in that pocket-worn diary every day, which to me made the man a hero and knight, although his schedule was not so full of dates for dinners and nameless experiences. There were no question-marks there under the dates of the holidays, but "mother" was never forgotten, and in the labored scrawl of figures were indicated happy thoughts for others.

GLOW OF GENEROUS IMPULSES

BENEATH the hard and crusty veneer of "business is business," many prominent merchants are bubbling over with generous impulses and kindly philosophical thought. "Do you know," said one to me, "I have had to repress these thoughts and ideas for years past, fearing that business associates would not think of me as a steel-armored business man, but as an impractical dreamer."

That busy man entertained me for hours, and gave himself wholly to a discussion of those higher aims of life that alone keep up a healthy stimulation of the hearts and brains of men. My visit, which began as a commercial skirmish, concluded in an intellectual love-feast, and was one of the most profitable afternoons I have ever enjoyed.

This keen-eyed, broad-browed, successful business man, who had risen by strenuous fighting from the ranks, loved books and his fellow-men with a sincerity and fervor that few of his intimate friends suspected. The

ups and downs of a mercantile career had given him such experience and insight into the subtler mysteries of life as were never even suggested to those who met him in the feverish routine of daily activities.

* * *

The number of good people there are in the world would be surprising if we could have an actual census of the generous impulses that lie just beneath the surface of the individual daily life. This is not saying that they are totally good; but that the generosity, nobility and truly heroic spirit which should exist in every human being are not so much lacking as they are obscured by the mists of conventional reserve and the exactions of commercial conflict.

Now, if some Rockefeller, Morgan or Carnegie could consolidate and concentrate the goodness of men as completely as they have their financial interests we would have a trust that Heaven would smile upon.

Just simply the every-day goodness that bubbles from the heart and goes right on with its work of generous, unselfish kindness,

without fear of trespassing on the technicalities of morals and law, which are, after all, but superficial reflections of the true goodness that comes right up from the heart. I am happy to say that the older I grow the more of this spirit I find in the world. The reign of law alone is not a safe anchor; but the spirit of love and goodness abides in human hearts, if we can only catch the gleam of every truly noble impulse. The Golden Rule is not obsolete; it still inspires humanity; alas! not perfectly,—but that great law of divine teaching has leavened the life of humanity through centuries and the world grows ever better.

OLD-TIME PRESIDENTIAL TOURS

BEFORE and since Andrew Johnson's famous "swinging 'round the circle," the presidential trip has been a well-established custom. George Washington inaugurated the original presidential tour. In his diary he states that he "Had conversation with Colonel Hamilton on the making of a tour eastward to acquire knowledge of the temper of the inhabitants toward the government; who thought it a good thing and advised accordingly." The party, consisting of the President, Secretary Tobias Lear, and five servants, left New York on October 15, 1789, for their thirty days' tour of 700 miles. Washington had no "palace car"—he was a splendid horseman—and like others of the party covered the entire distance on horseback. All were well mounted, and the imposing cavalcade greatly impressed the good people of New England. The travelers literally foraged as they passed through the country from town to town, stopping at the local taverns and refusing all offers of privat

hospitality. Except for an occasional brief speech "en route" to the numerous delegations along the highways, the cares of state were forgotten in this peaceful progress through a pastoral region. There were no telegraph wires to enable him to keep in touch with the Capitol; and neither Cuba nor China nor the Philippine Islands were the subject of American diplomacy or the field of warlike operations.

Only once did the presidential party receive anything like a rebuff, and then it was a plain case of mistaken identity. Night overtook Washington and his companions during their return to New York at a lowly tavern in the town of Uxbridge, Massachusetts. To the President's surprise its hospitality was refused him. The landlady, an ardent anti-Baptist (an active sect in Massachusetts at the time), thought her visitor was the "president of the Baptist College at Providence"; and she insisted that she could not conscientiously entertain such a man. If she had known it was General Washington who was knocking at her door, he could have had the whole house. The

President, however, referring to the incident in his diary, said: "The owner of the house being away, and the lady being sick, we could not gain admittance, which was the reason of my coming to Taft's." Taft's was in the same town; the home of twenty-two little Tafts of assorted sizes, and as Washington grasped the hands of the numerous members of this New England family he must have had renewed faith in the future of this great and growing country.

Two of the little "Tafts," Polly and Patty, made an impression on the distinguished visitor, from whom Samuel Taft, the father, soon received the following stately letter:

"Sir:—Being informed that you have given my name to one of your sons, and called another after Mrs. Washington's family, and being moreover pleased with the modest and innocent looks of your two daughters, Polly and Patty, I do for these reasons send each of the little girls a piece of chintz. And to Patty, who bears the name of Mrs. Washington, and who waited upon me more than Polly, I do send five guineas, with which

she may buy for herself some ornament which she may want."

The tours made by previous presidents have marked chapters in history, almost as distinctly as the pages are partitioned off in the school history. The boundary line between "the lesson today and the lesson tomorrow" at school, is defined by presidential tours, which after all, sum up and epitomize a quatrain of years in American history.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BLAINE

THE zest of a trip to Washington during a session of Congress lies in the casual chats and social amenities of the hotel lobby. While resting on a settee at the New Willard, an old-time editor told this incident of the days of James G. Blaine:—

“Blaine was more bitterly hated by members of his own party than by the Democrats, and I recall seeing him often in company with Randall. Blaine was my ideal of a handsome, magnetic man. His white beard gave him a robust maturity and dignity, without a suggestion of the senility of old age. His flashing eye and quick retort had a touch of the dramatic. He always carefully wrote out his speeches, to avoid any possibility of misunderstanding, but the delivered address generally surpassed the one that he had prepared in advance. He would commit whole paragraphs, but in the spontaneous impulse of the moment would beautify and add so much, to say nothing of the magnetic delivery, that it was impossible fully to appre-

ciate one of Blaine's speeches without having heard him. To a young reporter who was trying to fix up an account of a speech which had not been given out, Blaine said:

“Young man, always be sure and report a speech better than it was delivered—round it out; give it a touch of interesting incidents or facts—or you will never be properly appreciated by the orator.”

“The reporter submitted his draft.

“Good! good!” said the Maine statesman. ‘That’s just what I had in mind to say, but you have said it better. Your future is assured.’

“That reporter is a congressman today, and the other boys fix up the reports of his speeches.”

HARLAN AND McCREARY

IT was James B. McCreary, the junior senator from Kentucky, who had a great affection for Justice John M. Harlan of the United States Supreme Court, who is also a Kentuckian. In 1879, Senator McCreary and Justice Harlan were opponents in a campaign for governorship of that state. Mr. McCreary was the nominee of the Democrats, and Mr. Harlan the Republican standard-bearer. There was an exchange of challenges for a joint debate, and each wired his acceptance. They engaged in over sixty joint debates, and while the argument was frequently fast and furious, and sometimes of a personal nature, the principals in the contest slept, ate and traveled together—for off the platform they were fast friends, and, leaving out politics, very congenial.

“When we would retire at night in the same bed,” said Senator McCreary, in talking of that campaign, “Harlan never failed to say: ‘McCreary, there is one thing certain—this bed will hold the next governor of Ken-

tucky.' The last night of the campaign found us in a country not touched by a railroad. We had spoken and gone to a farm-house to spend the night. The bed in the room to which we were assigned was high and old-fashioned. We rolled in, and Harlan, as usual, said: 'Well, McCreary, one thing is certain—the next governor of Kentucky is in this bed.'

"Suddenly the slats on Harlan's side gave way, and the present justice fell on the floor in a heap and rolled into the middle of the room, and I was left in the bed. 'Yes,' I said, 'I think this bed holds the next governor of Kentucky.'

"The following day I was elected by an overwhelming majority, and every time I see Justice Harlan I tell him that I have never been able to understand how that bed knew what the voice of the people would be."

NO POCKETS, BUT STILL HAPPY

AN interesting story of the visit of the Honorable Artillery Company of London to Washington is told by Sergeant Arthur Weston who took part in the following dialogue at the White House reception:

“You are Miss Roosevelt?” he bashfully inquired, as he took a piece of cake.

“Yes,” she replied.

“I shall keep the cake as a souvenir of its donor,” he responded gallantly.

“As you please,” said Miss Alice with a graceful bow.

Then came the awkward part: the gold-laced regimentals of the sergeant had no pockets in which to carry away the sweet memento.

“Oh,” he said, blushing, “I think I shall eat it, after all; but at all events, I am taking it away with me,” he continued, as he nibbled.

Miss Roosevelt laughed very heartily, and waited until the last crumb had disappeared.

The sergeant was afterward heard to say:

“I envy you American men your pockets.

Ask a man for a pencil, a knife, a cigarette, or anything in reason, and into his pocket he goes, and brings out exactly what you want, like the penny-in-the-slot machine. I must confess that Americans have an idea of utility and comfort that impresses me very strongly."

ADMIRAL DEWEY AT MANILA

MANY delightful afternoons enjoyed in Washington have been those spent on the screen-protected piazza of Admiral Dewey's home in Woodley Lane, a few miles from Washington. The slightly eminence on which the admiral's residence stands is on a level with the top of the dome of the Capitol. The view in all directions reveals a landscape of picturesque as well as historical interest. The capital city, enveloped in the purple haze, with the white dome and the Washington monument standing out in bold relief, makes a vast picture of fascinating beauty.

Clad in his favorite white suit, and surrounded with books and magazines, the great-hearted Admiral spends many hours here. The letters received every day from admirers, and especially from young boys and girls, always claim his attention. As the shadows of the afternoon lengthened, on one of my memorable visits to the Admiral, he fell into a reminiscent mood, and I could almost fancy we were on the deck of a war ship, in

the waters of the Orient, so vividly did he portray the historic scenes at Manila. He told it all so simply, so modestly, that it seemed difficult to realize that the story of a great world-event was being related by one of the chief actors therein.

Some years before the Spanish war Admiral Dewey was a constant visitor at the naval library. The attendant recalls how incessantly he called for books on the Orient. An insatiable reader, he informed Senator Lodge and the then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore Roosevelt, that he would like to take the Pacific squadron. At first they thought that he was joking; but there was a serious earnestness in his blue eyes that emphasized the sincerity of his request. It was some time before it was arranged, but providentially, it seems, Admiral Dewey sailed for the Orient thoroughly informed on the situation in that quarter of the globe.

The recital was so intensely interesting that I asked how he repeated the final orders for the attack. "Was it in stentorian tones?" The Admiral smiled and said: "I am sorry that I cannot help out dramatic interest. As

I recall it, I said it in an ordinary conversational tone, as we are talking now, 'Gridley, when you are ready, fire.'"

And Gridley "fired." The trying situation and the long days after the conflict were a greater strain than the battle. The Admiral says now that, with the information he then possessed, he had no full conception of what the battle of Manila really determined. He permitted the English consul to send that last message which gave only a brief suggestion of the battle and cut the cables to shut off communication with Spain, feeling that the American vessels were able to take care of the situation.

AN IMPERIAL HOME LIFE

THE word "Imperialism" was a shibboleth of the political campaign of 1900. When it was asserted that the dire cloud of imperialism was hanging over us, it was quite natural that every American mind should inquire: "Where stands the throne, the sovereign and the regal court of this portentous regime?" Now to locate this new imperial dynasty, and to learn if there is any cause to fear a reversion from the simple and safe traditions of the Republic to the imperial methods of Russia or ancient Rome.

In Washington there is a plain, every-day business office called the White House, which has been open for business about one hundred years. The imperial throne is certainly not visible there. But perhaps a Versailles exists somewhere, hidden away where secret intrigue is rife.

A trip was made to a simple, vine-covered home at Canton, Ohio. There were no decorations on this restful home, except a large American flag. A man was sitting on the

veranda in a willow rocker; later, I saw this pleasant-faced man talking over the fence to the men who were repairing the street at the side of the house, and greeting friends and neighbors as they passed by and came in, just as he did when he was a congressman. An old soldier was approaching the house as I came up, and there was a handclasp of comradeship between the two men, although they had never met before. The old soldier said: "Just wanted to see where you lived, but didn't expect to see you." Could the little Grand Army button be the insignia of imperial conspiracy, and the grasp a countersign with a Napoleonic password—"in the spring, the violets?"

It was August, and the thermometer was well up toward the century mark, and yet work here continued. Was there a *coup d'état* in those delicate penlines which this man was inscribing as a letter of acceptance?

* * *

A young naval officer in duck trousers called, and was given a fatherly greeting, such as could only be given by one who

understands young men. The officer had been appointed from the Canton district and was on a visit to the "old home." They talked as plain people usually talk, without a suspicion of court clatter. Inquiries were made as to mutual friends and relatives in a simple homelike way. Every one was called by his given name—father, uncles, aunts, and sisters. No; this could not be the vernacular of an imperial court.

A man walks down to an unpretentious building on the village square, and has his picture taken; and his neighbors say he has not aged much in the four years he has been away from home, and "grows to look more like his father every day." In the same building, on the second floor, is an office on the door of which is the legend, "William and Abner McKinley, Attorneys-at-Law." He points out where the old desk stood, on which his feet rested while he absorbed Blackstone and Kent. There is a reminiscent look in his eyes as he peers into the corners and closets.

A few squares away, at the home of a relative, is a musket which a young private carried during the Civil War—the same

private who afterward became major, and then a lawyer in Canton, and then a congressman, and then—and then, you know the rest. The gun is heavy, with brass mountings and a massive stock. Military imperialism can scarcely pertain to this. Alas, it is only a relic!

Mopping my brow, and longingly watching the street-cars labeled "To the Lake" clang away in the distance, I continued my search for this evanescent center of imperialism. In the store windows lurid posters announced "A Butchers' Picnic" and a barbecue. Here at last was a trace of the blood-thirsty feasts and rude imperialism of ancient Gaul, yet this picnic had no imperial trappings other than those which adorned the padded breasts of the sweltering brass band.

* * *

The man who occupies that business office at Washington, and through "continuous office hours" listens to the wants of a great people, pays all his own household expenses, even to the coachman and horses. Is this the imperial coach of Little Trianon coming up

the street? No, there are equipages of more royal appearance owned by the livery-stable man. It might be David Harum incognito, looking for "a good chariot horse," who drives by, greeting the farmers who have known him as a boy and as a man, and later on enjoys an old-fashioned family picnic.

Ah! here was a clew—every brick of the pavement on Market Street was marked "Imperial."

Returning to the newly-painted white and gray house on the hill, I continue the search. The leaves of the maple trees in the yard are stirring; the grass has not recovered from the "trampling of '96"; the hospitable porch is fringed with those simple flowers, petunias and fuchsias, which Mother McKinley loved so well. The crimson begonia sprays are benignly nodding in the twilight breeze, and the palms in their urns stand at the front like sentinels. The blue and white awnings are down; the wire screen-door continues swinging on its hinges to admit the official messengers of a great government; the long-distance telephone carries its messages to Washington and points thousands of miles away, and

every tone of the familiar voice goes with question and answer. The click of the telegraph key challenges with the resentment and purpose of the moment the ominous war clouds of the Orient. Yes, in this there is a suggestion of the all-conquering imperialism of America in invention, industry and trade, and the hidden strength of a great people joined in the resistless march of progression.

* * *

It was the first Sunday at the "old home," and what a picture of domestic happiness and content it is! They have talked over former times and days. At dusk, on this quiet Sabbath eve, friends and neighbors gather upon the porch. The conversation lulls after a few ripples of pleasant reminiscences, and the momentary hush is broken by the strains of a violin which seem to float out of the darkness upon them. First, very softly and tenderly, the opening notes of "Home, Sweet Home" come from the unseen serenader. There is a deeper hush, and all gaze expectantly into the quietude of the flickering shadows; the converging reflection of electric

arc-light and tender moonbeam penetrating through the trees reveals a glistening tear in many an eye. "H-o-m-e-home-sweet-sweet-home" emphasizes the plaintive refrain which has touched the hearts of the myriads of the human race since John Howard Payne wrote that beautiful sentiment in a strange land.

* * *

In the stillness and quietude of the Sabbath evening, these simple strains bring the group closer together. "Home, sweet home" after nearly four years of strenuous life at the "business office" called the White House. That familiar Southern song, "Old Folks at Home," follows; and what sacred thoughts come to mind of the sweet-faced mother who four years before was part of the home circle. Then "Auld Lang Syne" comes softly floating on the evening air, drawing old friends and neighbors closer together; and finally the sweet devotion of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" pervades the Sabbath stillness. Then the player comes forward; and little Vera Berliner, a neighbor's daughter, twelve years old, stands before them, violin in hand. The

President greets her kindly, almost affectionately, as he presents her to Mrs. McKinley and the others.

* * *

And was this the grim shadow of imperialism? Was this Nero fiddling while Rome was burning? Could this be the court of a tyrant and despot? Or was it a picture of the typical American home, where simple songs enshrined in the tenderest memories of the people portray and reflect the imperial majesty of the American hearthside?

DAYS WITH MARK HANNA

A SHORT time prior to his death I sat at the feet of one whom I consider the greatest giver of power I have ever known among men. On Sunday, in Senator Hanna's room at the Arlington Hotel, Washington, I listened for three hours to a sermon the like of which I have seldom heard. There was no text from Holy Writ; the lesson was drawn from the human heart. In those serene moments, in the quietude that always clings to the day of rest, he spoke words that were almost superhuman. His great heart and sympathy for humanity seemed to well up and overflow as he outlined the culminating idea of his life-work. In that hour he gave forth a message to the world that, reduced to writing, had received the approbation of the whole country. As he spoke, those brilliant brown eyes glistened with deep feeling, and his words, listened to with rapt attention, were freighted with wisdom, affection and a kindness, impressive of his greatness as a man and a statesman; while his serenity and

gentleness emphasized the grandeur of his character.

As he sat at his desk talking, and I looked at the kindly features which I had grown to love as dearly as those of my own father, I was struck anew with his resemblance to William McKinley; the thought flashed over me as I listened in almost breathless wonder,—“Is this to be the last message of our beloved chieftain? Is this the summing up of his final counsel and admonition to his countrymen, as that memorable last speech of William McKinley was his swan-song at Buffalo?” The thought brought with it a thrill of dread. There was in the senator’s face a pallor, and in his bearing a perceptible languor that told how freely and unselfishly he had given his vitality as an offering to his country and his fellow-men.

In this last talk he told many details of his early life. At college, he said playfully, he “was a boy, and a real boy at that.” He told how he had joined in a plot to break up the junior exhibition when one of the president’s sons was in the class. A copy of the program was secured, and late that night he

drove into Cleveland, roused a printer out of bed, and had printed a satire on "The Ubiquitous Juniors." Returning at early dawn, the problem was how to distribute the programs. After canvassing the matter in secret caucus, it was finally decided that "Mark" would have to do it. So he marched boldly into the chapel that morning with arms full of satirical matter, which he scattered like the leaves of autumn, up one aisle and down the other, with the distinguished faculty chasing him even to his room. He was brought before the august fathers of the college, and in manly fashion told them he was the ring-leader and was willing to take the consequences; but he protected his chums, who were in the meantime carrying on the well-defined plan outlined on the programs, which delightfully mixed up everything. The junior exhibition was as inglorious as even the plotters could wish, but the future senator left college.

Later, clad in overalls and rolling pork-barrels for shipment, he was met by the president of the college. There was a cordial greeting, and young Hanna tried to impress

upon his former instructor just how much the college had missed when it dispensed with his presence; but the president eyed him gravely from head to foot and said: "Well, Mark, you have reached your right place this time." But those pork-barrels were rolled and shipped with the same aggressive power and activity that characterized the statesman of a later day.

On this last Sunday Senator Hanna related one of the most touching and tender incidents of his earlier years. He prefaced the talk by stating that he was past twenty-five years of age before he ever tasted intoxicating liquor of any kind. During those early days when he was associated in Cleveland with high-spirited young men of ample means, his father's heart was apprehensive, as the heart of almost every father is apt to be for sons of tender age. The elder Hanna was rigid and uncompromising in his total abstinence principles, and often said he would rather see his boy brought home in a coffin than staggering home drunk. For this reason Marcus never had a latch-key, but every time he came home late his father would get up and let him in.

And surely no father ever watched over a son with more solicitude; but young Hanna rebelled, and even appealed to his mother for a latch-key.

"Mother," said he, "you can trust me. Whenever I touch a drop of liquor, I will give you back this key."

Implicit confidence existed between mother and son; he not only retained the key to her home, but her heart-key until her dying day. It is needless to say that he was true to his word, and no incident in his whole life reveals the sterling sincerity of the man better than this.

When he related this story to Mr. Dover and myself, he especially requested that it should never be made public during his lifetime. "Because," he said, "these things are apt to be misunderstood; and I prefer to have the people appreciate me for my public work alone."

* * *

A contemporary of John D. Rockefeller, he reached manhood in the dawn of the great aggressive business era of the country, and the keen brown eyes of Mark Hanna pierced

the veil of the future; his associates of those earlier days felt that he had the power and foresight to win success sooner or later. As the country developed, he became a business man whose word was as good as his bond, and whose dealings were always marked by exact justice and fairness. In those years of experience he acquired and perfected the keen common sense and business capacity that he later gave to the country.

* * *

As a young lieutenant in the Union army, he went to the front in 1861, and never wavered in his patriotic devotion to his country. At Washington, he saw for the first time President Lincoln, tall, gaunt, wearing a beaver hat and a shawl wound about his broad shoulders. Little did he think at that time that he would one day name a friend as Lincoln's successor.

When the megaphone rang out in the solitary woods of the Adirondacks, it summoned Theodore Roosevelt to become the President of the United States, and pledged to him the friendship of McKinley's right-hand

man. When later at Buffalo the oath of office was administered to Roosevelt, one of the first to pledge him unswerving loyalty and friendship in carrying out the policy of McKinley was Mark Hanna; and in all the intrigues of political warfare, in all the temptations of power and position—with the presidency within his grasp—I know, as every friend of Mark Hanna knows, that he stood by his word firmly and steadfastly to the end.

It would be difficult to find in all history a man more simple in his greatness and more honest and just in his dealings—a man so straightforward that he almost lacked tact. Prevarication of any sort was abhorrent to him; his great rugged honesty stands out clearly and stainlessly as an ideal example for young Americans. Like Oliver Cromwell, he came late in life into the political arena; but, unlike that stern statesman, he retained his popularity up to the last moment of his life. Senator Hanna passed away only after he had made his supreme effort to establish peace and good-will between labor and capital. He “died in his harness,” as he had often wished

to do, and went out from this brief stage of action with the well-earned laurels unwithered on his brow. If there was one thing that he especially appreciated in his latter days it was the fact that the American people had come at last to understand him. Cartooned, maligned and abused as few public men have ever been, he forgot and forgave it all in the sweet, inspiring moment of his conquest over prejudice and blind passion.

The great victory of 1903 in Ohio was a personal tribute to Mark Hanna as a man and a statesman. After those days his popularity steadily increased, as was shown by the many messages of love and admiration that were sent to him from all parts of the country during the last few months of his life. These were a great source of gratification, not to his vanity,—for he had none of that— but rather to his patriotism and his great human heart; for it was sweet to know that the country that he loved reciprocated that affection. From the North; from all portions of the South, the Lone Star State especially; from the great West and the calmer but not colder East came many tributes of love and

admiration, such words as have seldom been freely bestowed upon any statesman; and yet through it all he remained the same: simple, candid, but always positive in his opinions and honest in their advocacy.

* * *

Among the treasures that I possess are the first pages of the article on "McKinley as I Knew Him," written by Mark Hanna for the National Magazine, which was in fact the first contribution he ever made to any periodical. There is something pathetic in these initial pages, indicating the difficulty he had in writing about his friend in such a manner as to do him justice as it may be done by human judgment. These pages had been torn up and cast aside into the waste-basket as worthless when I rescued them; but they serve, to my mind, to show the courage and persistency of the man in accomplishing what he had undertaken, and not only that, but also the fact that Senator Hanna was not satisfied with less than his "level best." That all this work was done as a labor of love there can be no doubt; this and all his writings

show it. Though he entered the public field late in life, he had strong natural gifts as a speaker. The simplicity and lucidity of his style make his writings more valuable than many more ornate compositions; and in all he wrote there was the kindness and sincerity that won the hearts of the great American people for whom he wrote.

* * *

What an inspiration there was in the Senator's cheery face in his friend's moments of despair or difficulty, and how that face lighted up when victory came for them! I well remember his radiant expression at the Philadelphia Convention, in 1900, when, as chairman, he waved the great plumes incessantly for ten or fifteen minutes while the throng of people cheered for William McKinley. As I climbed on the platform during those moments of chaos, he turned to me, and, with his eyes glistening, cried: "You here, too? Isn't this glorious? Take a plume and whoop 'er up!" After the convention adjourned we held converse in husky voices, and he brought forth a box of trophies with

the remark: "Now we want to get right out for the campaign."

It was my good fortune to meet him frequently during the later years of his life. He admonished me to ease the pace at which I was going; but there was he, in his sixtieth year, setting me a pace in the matter of railroad travel that it was impossible to keep up to. He was at the Civic Federation meeting in Chicago, spending hours in earnest conference with the labor leaders; within a day or two he was at a leading financial meeting in New York; the day following he was discovered taking a simple luncheon in his office in Cleveland, because he had not time for a regular midday meal; later that day he would be attending a director's meeting, and a half-dozen others, it might be, yet never for one moment losing his grasp on the chief factors in his program.

* * *

In the office of the Auditorium at Chicago, after he had returned from a wearisome meeting of the Civic Federation, I sat down to smoke in an obscure corner with Senator

Hanna. Presently a Salvation Army lassie came along, rattling her tambourine for quarters, or pence, as the case might be. The senator glanced up and saw who she was, and placed a contribution in the tambourine. Pretty soon she came back.

“Why, sir; did you know that this is a ten-dollar bill?”

“Yes,” he said, “I know it. And I give what I please to my church.”

“Why, it is Senator Hanna!” she cried; and that explained it all. Nothing more was necessary, for they had a true friend in him. During the visit of General Booth to this country, Senator Hanna gave the famous dinner at the Arlington, where the great leader of the Salvation Army related such touching incidents that he drew tears from the eyes of the guests.

* * *

The life of Senator Hanna, more than that of any other prominent man, typifies American life of today. He understood intimately and sympathetically all phases of the varied needs of the people. A captain of industry in the

true sense of the term, he was also a statesman in all that the modern use of the word implies, possessing equally broad comprehension and versatility on political problems and commercial opportunities. He recognized business as the genius of the age, and was not blind to any of the salient points of a proposition, though offset by sentimental side issues.

He was a memorable figure entering the Senate with his little cane and limping to his seat, serene and strong, "four square to every wind that blew," and as soldiers turn from the stress of conflict to rally round a daring leader, so his confreres gathered about Senator Hanna after a great victory—as when, with a single brief speech, he reversed the vote of the Senate on the Isthmian Canal question, conquering through the sheer force of his honesty and integrity.

* * *

Many a hot summer day, in the office in Cleveland, far above the seething, smoking heat of the factory, I have seen him working away in his shirt-sleeves with all the vigor

and energy of a man in his prime. I often noticed that he never sat sidewise at his desk, but erect, fronting the work.

A visit to his beautiful Cleveland home, "Lake View," was a rare treat. As a host, Mark Hanna was at his best. To this Mecca of all Hanna's admirers President McKinley loved to come during the trying days that preceded his election to the presidency. It was a home rich yet simple and tasteful; in harmony with the spirit of its master. In his library Senator Hanna gave me the soundest advice I ever received. He loved mankind, and his every act bore witness to that sentiment. In the walks I took with him, I came to know him best and understand his capacity for inspiring and satisfying friendship; during those quiet hours I heard from his lips words freighted with deep thoughts, full of tender solicitude toward a man younger than himself who had yet to fight the battle that he had won. In the briefest phrases, sometimes in disconnected sentences, the inmost thoughts of the man were revealed, interspersed with flashes of wit and humor.

Those who were with him in the campaign of 1896 will never forget the tireless vigor, the alertness, the swift decision of the great political captain. A conference with Senator Hanna always meant business. He had the art of bringing all the vital points at once into focus, sweeping the whole battlefield at a glance, and never overlooking the smallest detail. The same man who went among his employes with "Hello, Pete," or "Hello, Jack; how's the family?" and with his hearty joke and laugh brought out the best that was in them, inspired equal personal and unflinching loyalty in his lieutenants. No hour too late; no day too hot; no time too valuable to find the senator preparing for the duty before him. He often quoted to me the words of St. Paul: "This one thing I *do*,"—for he was pre-eminently a *doer*.

* * *

While occupying the historic Cameron House on Lafayette Square in Washington, the former home of Secretary Seward, there was a picturesque "continuous performance" in the early days of the McKinley adminis-

tration. The senator would come down from breakfast to find an assemblage awaiting him. Puffing his black cigar and switching the little cane he always carried, he recognized every man in the ante-room, and had a cordial word for each friend seated about on the old-fashioned chairs covered with flowered brocade. The same courtesy was given to the man of millions and the workingman.

Promptly at eleven o'clock he was in the committee-room, usually reaching the Capitol by means of the street cars. He seemed never to lose a minute, but spent all his time in holding conferences or grappling single-handed with some problem. On returning from the Senate in the afternoon, he would square around to the desk, and with his own hand write such letters as he felt could not be dictated.

It is a curious fact that in all these years of public life he never kept a scrap-book and no public man could be more indifferent than he was to adulation in print. Once he was reading an anecdote in which he was represented as quoting from the classics.

"Now, what do you think of that?" he asked, turning to me. "Classics! I never knew very much about them; that fellow must have a mighty good imagination." A few minutes later his old teacher, Professor White, a venerable gentleman of about fourscore years, came in. There was a hearty hand-grasp, and the professor said:

"The same irrepressible Mark! Why, Mark, you were the most classical scholar I ever had among my pupils; I always felt that you had a practical genius for *doing* things." They talked things over until I could almost see the girls and boys and hear the refrain of time-honored songs ring in my ears.

* * *

Once, during the campaign of 1896, when McKinley was speaking day after day to the throngs who made pilgrimages to Canton, and days had passed since he had seen the captain of his forces, he decided to call him up on the telephone. His first inquiry was: "Is that you, Mark?"

"Yes, Mr. President-to-be," was the answer in a confident voice.

“Well, Mark; am I doing all right?” came the query.

“Doing all right!” came the exclamation. “Why, Major, you have set the pace that will lead us to the greatest victory the party has ever had. Doing all right? Why, I find that I need not write any more of your speeches—that the newspapers give me credit for.”

How well I recall seeing him in his office that last summer, wearing a handsome boutonnet in the buttonhole. He saw us glancing at it, and smilingly remarked that these were the laurels he had won the night before, and went on to relate how he had just made an address to college girls and had told them that he always preferred women for office work. “And I meant it, too,” he added.

* * *

There was a pathetic interest in one of the latest callers the senator received at the Arlington—an old German, who came to bring the greetings and love of his German community—and the good man, in his broken speech, insisted that the senator would some day dwell in the White House.

“Why, Peter,” answered Mr. Hanna, “that would kill me. I could never stand the campaign, much less the duties of the office.”

“Vell,” said Peter, “Zenator, you might die in the White House.”

“Well, Peter,” replied the senator, “I have no wish to die either at the White House or elsewhere just yet. I have too much to do, and I would rather live to see the problem settled between capital and labor than be president or anything else.”

“Vell,” was the answer, “if you won’t be president, we vant you to lif long as our zenator. We luf you in our hearts.”

* * *

Death has called another friend, but even in the depth and keenness of first grief, in the loss of that warm hand-grasp, in the obliterated light of those bright eyes, we sorrow not as those without hope, and take courage to lay upon his bier a chaplet of immortelles symbolizing the undying memory of the great man—Marcus Alonzo Hanna.

MEDITATIONS

LET me tell you a secret: I choose the gloomiest day that comes along—and it is usually a Monday morning—to write to Happy Habitors. I have been down to the office and taken a look at the “desk corner,” and am back home ready to dash into the dark and grab my notes, to write. Horrors! the notes are gone! The room has been “swept and garnished.” I suddenly remember that, in order to have those papers handy, I had left them on the floor, under the desk, on Saturday night. “They have been swept up and burned,” I bewail.

Lo! the gracious lady of the household comes to the rescue, and bravely pulls the notes from the furnace—autumn fires burn slowly—and I proceed joyfully to my den with the charred remains.

Without is autumn gloom, but as I sit down to hold communion with the Happy Habitors, all the beautiful memories of the recent reunion of National readers come thronging to me. Those rows and rows of

bright faces which I saw at the Jamestown Exposition that day are recalled. Can you imagine that for one instant I could be aught else than happy and content? Then I reach out and draw to me my new "red book," a volume containing the thoughts of Marcus Aurelius,—recently presented to my by a good friend.

Here I find an account of the happy isles, *fortunæ insulæ*, spoken of by the Greek and Roman writers, and supposed to be the abode of Achilles and other dead and gone heroes. Sartorius heard of these islands from sailors who had seen them, and he wished to sail away there and rest forever from his troubles, doubtless forgetting that if a man has them they exist in his own mind and will go with him everywhere, so long as his mind remains unchanged.

Marcus Aurelius had a way of writing out for himself the observations that he made from time to time, without system or context, but there is hardly a page on which the real philosophy of life does not appear. Here and there a sentence fairly jumps at me from the page,—“Good fortune means good disposition

of the soul, pure emotions, righteous actions." So it occurs to me that if we would seek fortune of this kind with the same energy and eagerness with which we search for power and wealth, it would bring about an unexampled era of content. Marcus insists that equable flow of happiness may be secured "if thou canst go and think and act by the right way."

How prone we are to do a service to another and sit down and count it as a benefit conferred. Or else we have an idea that the one for whom some act of kindness has been done is our debtor; but Marcus thinks it the better way to go on, not looking upon the action as something given, but as the growth of the vine which produces the grape,—merely producing the fruit because it is its duty.

On this gloomy day, beginning with a troublous morning, a spirit of content grows upon me. Perhaps it is because I rescued those half-burned notes; but, somehow, it comes to me with renewed force that two of the great things in life are *real work* that is worth the doing, and *love*. To this add opti-

mism, a reasonable and eager hope, and you have certainly gathered together the ingredients for happiness. There is a spirit of worship in work, recognized by the monks of long ago in their proverb, "Work is prayer." The same spirit exists in true love; it impels us to high ideals and calls out the best, the truest, the noblest sentiments we possess.

"We needs must love the highest when we see it."

Real joy and happiness exist even in the weariness of toil and in striving to live up to an ideal and be worthy of love. There is no great mystery in this. Real troubles have their part to play in life, and, after all, a great many of them are mere phantoms that vanish as the sunlight pierces the gloom.

* * *

Have you ever let memory play upon the scenes of long ago?—that picture gallery that needs no massive frames to show to advantage. A quiet hour of reverie reveals many a lovely picture. I am reminded of a Christmas years ago, when the cool, crisp December air had hardened the mud of the roads into miniature

ravines, which were covered with a snowy blanket over which the sleigh-runners bumped now up, now down.

There had been a keen frost, and in the air was the odor of garnered hay, oats and corn and withered vines. The horses could be heard champing in the stable at early morning, as though glad that the fall work was completed. The few surviving turkeys came from roost in triumph, proud to have escaped the feast."

Father always started early in the morning to get the plum-pudding ready. The huge boiler was the only cooking utensil in the house considered large enough for this purpose, and after it had been duly scoured we proceeded to fill it with water and place it on the fire ready to boil the pudding, in remembrance of the old days in Walton, on the banks of the Thames, in Merrie England.

Once inside, at the table—Oh! those aromas!—the turkey, done to a turn, the succulent vegetables, the pickles and cranberry sauce, the spicy mince pie and a dozen other dainties,— and the wonderful plum-pudding! It makes me hungry to think of it!

Slices of Father's pudding were sent to the four quarters of the globe, in order to carry out the tradition that for each one tasted a happy month in the following year is assured. In those days our arithmetic was a little weak, I am afraid, for we youngsters used to gorge ourselves in order to have fourteen happy months, instead of twelve. Talk about mince pies being dream-producers!—a piece of that cold pudding eaten just before retiring—and how good it did taste!—would make the wild imaginings of Edgar Allen Poe look tame—a mere mid-summer-night's dream in comparison.

There were always plenty of raisins in that pudding, and we all played little Jack Horner, and "pulled out a plum" when mother was not looking, instead of eating in the correct manner. We wondered then, and to this day the mystery has never been solved, why raisins are called "plums" in a pudding. One thing was certain—mother never permitted rum nor brandy sauce; but we boys thought the pudding was delicious without any such insidious flavor.

On that day we all went to church except

mother, who remained at home to see that everything was ready for dinner; because the minister was invited. At the service we heard the old hymns, "Come, Let Us Adore Him!" "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing!" and the reading and the prayers; but an alarming gnawing in youthful stomachs, unappeasable longing to get home for dinner, mingled with the sermon, and in the background lay the fascinating thought that after dinner there might be skating on the pond, and—Oh, joy!—there was "no school!" We liked Christmas better than Thanksgiving, because it sometimes came on a Friday, so that we had three whole days without school.

The blessing of the good minister on the Christmas feast stands out in memory. It was to us the longest one ever heard, but, finally, the turkey was brought forth in state. How brown and crisp! How its legs and wings were raised, defiant even in death! Then there was the dressing—the odor of that thyme and sage!—its flavor might have inspired even an anchorite. The small boys must wait their "turn" until the very last. It seemed an age before the great plates of the

best dinner-set came our way—and then—*and then!* Great sighs of regret were heaved as we realized that we had completed our storage before the mince pie was handed around.

There never was such a short afternoon as the one following that holiday feast. Even when we went down to “T. A. Kellett’s & Wife,” to have our pictures taken, right after dinner, it seemed as though the sunlight had passed away with the eating of the turkey and the pudding. While this took place we had, incidentally, another sermon from the good little man with the long whiskers, who, in addition to being the village photographer, had the distinction of being a “local preacher,” and, likewise, the inventor of an oil-stove which could be utilized on any ordinary kerosene lamp, and which was to bring him “millions.”

* * *

There was that party in the evening—one of those real old-fashioned “surprise” parties. The old wagon-box was arranged with seats along the sides, plenty of blankets were put in, and over the rough roads we

jogged—a sovereign cure for indigestion, had we known of such a thing in those days. We were to give a “real s’prise” to the popular young girl, but we found the to-be-surprised-one attired in her best, with “bangs” correctly laid upon her forehead, and “not a hair astray,” either in her raiment or the house. Everything was suspiciously right. Of course we did not whisper that she knew anything of the party, but it did look as though she *might* have had an inkling—but if she did she acted well her part.

As we entered and “laid off our things,” some of us awkward fellows backed off along the wall, looking for a quiet corner wherein to decide upon a place “to put our hands,” while we secretly envied “Chevalier George,” the only boy in the village possessed of a real gold ring, and who had an unfailing supply of jokes at command. He was at every gathering, and we sighed to be just like him. Guy, too, was with us. He suffered from a chronic sore throat and always wore a red flannel about it, a cravat of distinction, betokening that his health had to be considered and his feet kept dry.

It did not take long for the first shyness to wear off, and in a little while we were making candy in the kitchen and popping corn over a steady fire, like a small artillery in action. After that we had games. Those old games! I laugh now when I think of them. There was "Post Office"—better not tell about that. There was "Spat 'em Out." I remember coming into the room with knees all a-tremble, looking about to catch perchance some tell-tale glance in the eye of the miss who chose me. The faces were like masks, and I wandered around the circle amazedly. Finally I thought I saw a gleam of intelligence in the eye of a little miss with floating curls who sat demurely in one corner. I advanced; she did not frown, but shyly looked at me. I looked the same, sidewise. She did not seem unkind; she even smiled. I sat me down upon the extreme edge of the chair, but how chagrined I was a moment later! No actor on the boards, facing a great audience, could be more appalled than was I at the sibilant sound that arose as my friends and companions "spat me out." What aggravated me most was the smirking com-

placency of the three or four who had been better guessers than myself, and who were serenely enthroned beside the proper ladies, while Miss Curls giggled. Then there were the fines to pay. No twenty-million-dollar Standard Oil fine for us—"fine" and "super-fine" were good enough, and in our opinion a "double-shovel plough" was a mighty good thing. If Rockefeller felt as we did about fines, he would have had them come along as often as possible. We liked to have our fines come fast, furious and speedy.

How we glanced at the old clock on the shelf and were exasperated at the way the hands kept pushing toward midnight. "It can't possibly be as late as that," we said. Strictly at twelve we knew that Papa Hatch's rule would be enforced; but, when the room was darkened for a charade, "Wildy" bore down on the clock and shoved the hands back. How funny it was to see Papa Hatch come in and look over his spectacles with an air of surprise to see how slowly time went that night, and how far-off was the holy midnight hour.

At last the boys took the lanterns and

went to "hitch up," stopping in the entry to don the knitted mufflers that were given as Christmas presents and were treasured from one year to another, proud mementos of some one's loving care.

There was no lull in the cheery laughter on the homeward way; jokes and quips told of a happy lot. We sang all the old songs, from "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean" to "Good-bye, My Lover, Good-bye," and the impromptu verses of our village poet were a little halting in meter but strong on the rhyme.

The village watchman blinked at us as we passed the corner by the drug store. He flashed his dark-lantern as a signal for us to be more quiet, as some folks were trying to sleep. We distributed the passengers one by one at their homes, with a cheery "good night." Another merry Christmas had passed.

* * *

These reminiscences serve to recall the happiness which we have had in life, though it may not be realized until we take an inventory of the past, and then the very

memory of it brings with it felicity. Think back over those things you once enjoyed so thoroughly; you will find yourself "often laughing at happenings that are long gone by."

Oh, the delight of going back over those old days!—and then to consider the affairs that we call "pleasure" in these days; the things that money and ease can offer. These are what is supposed to make happiness for us today; but true joy was at the surprise-party that night in the old farm-house with its mottoes, "God Bless Our Home!" "What Is Home Without a Mother?" and many another wise and simple saying sewn laboriously in sampler work and framed—mementoes of the leisure hours of the women of the household when they were school-girls. The old chromos on the walls; the rough rag-carpet, with its streaks of color; the what-not and the sea-shells; the hair-cloth furniture of the type that impressed Charles Dickens so unfavorably; the marble-topped table; the brilliant flowers of surprising colors that adorned the wall-paper; the smell of the crackling wood in the stove;—all make a

memory-picture for me as exquisite in its coloring and suggestion as those of the famous Old Masters.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

AT each succeeding visit to Washington, I am impressed more vividly with the grandeur, beauty and atmosphere of gaiety and sunny cheeriness of the capital city. Much has been accomplished by the efforts of architects and government aid; much more has resulted from the patriotism and ambition of private individuals, investors and benefactors; still more has resulted from the impulsive forces incident to its importance as the central executive and legislative focus of the energies of the republic; yet an immense amount remains undone in the way of nationalizing the city founded by Washington.

In the development of a new country there is naturally a diversion of national effort toward building up many cities located at considerable distances from each other, few of which result in very signal success, owing to the fact that the power of wealth and purpose is not concentrated and steadily directed, but is divided and spasmodic in action; whereas, if all this energy could be

brought to bear for even a short time upon one city, we should have a great central source of inspiration and education, reflecting adequately the power and genius of the American Republic, as Paris represents all France, as Berlin illustrates Germany, and London is the heart and soul of England.

Washington ought to be the epitome of the United States and embody the glowing patriotism and love of art and learning of the most remarkable nation in the world, a composite of almost every race under the sun. The city is singularly free from a commercial or industrial trend, and already has many of the aesthetic features to be desired in a capital. The interest of the nation is so steadily and continuously fixed upon Washington that it practically is a part of every state and city represented in the United States Congress. Affairs in New York may lack of attention; there may be bounds to Chicago's aspirations, but national Washington never fails to focus the interest of residents and visitors from every section of the country.

The capital city already possesses several peculiarly-distinguishing institutions. Accord-

ing to a prominent German critic, the Congressional Library "is a glorified art exhibit of American patriotism."

The Zoological Gardens are yearly visited by thousands of tourists, and, by a little concentrated effort, they might be made a collection superior to any in the whole world. The exhibits there classified and preserved have been largely contributed by many private citizens, as well as by naval officers who are keenly interested in Washington as the national city, and if the government widely advertised that special efforts would be made to enlarge the scope and increase the attractiveness of this collection, the Washington Zoo would soon be the greatest zoological museum of the world. Interest once aroused, rare and valuable birds, animals and reptiles would come pouring in from every part of the globe, where Americans are led by the "Wanderlust"—and where are they not?—and the Zoological Gardens would attract students of zoology from everywhere to this collection of beautiful and wonderful forms of life as it comes from the hands of the Creator.

One afternoon I stood before the large cages wherein herons, cranes, pelicans and other water-fowl mingled sociably, almost fascinated as I watched their graceful motions and beautiful plumage, though to me no bird is so interesting as the eagle, that stately bird selected as the emblem of irresistible national energy.

Every class of society appeared to be represented in the gardens that afternoon, from the stately senator, immaculately neat and dignified, to the roughly-clad juvenile immigrant but just landed from "over-sea." All of us were looking at the animals; for, however old we may become, there is a fascination in watching the denizens of the wild, the birds of the air, and even the most deadly and abhorrent creatures; possibly some appeal to the hereditary sense of our lost estates in Eden, and that lordship of all created things that lapsed with Adam's transgression still survives in our hearts and delights us with simple pleasures, since even centuries of sin and civilization can never wholly destroy our pleasure in the life of the wilderness and the free seas.

The new buildings, with red-tiled roofs and gargoyles of animal forms, had just been completed. There was something of the grotesque in the style of architecture and decorations, but they clearly indicated the purpose for which the structures were erected. In one octagonal building spectators were not anxious to remain. They went to the door, but rushed back as if shot at, although a few boldly ventured inside, with handkerchiefs before their faces. I joined these adventurous spirits and essayed an entrance—but one whiff was enough. That powerful odor, a concentrated essence of burned feathers, told that here the skunks were indeed monarchs of all they surveyed.

Not far away the monkeys had their quarters, restless, mischievous, hanging from the branches and climbing about dead trees placed in their cages. Here were the papas and mammas and babies, and the children stood watching with excitement, to see what they would “do next.”

There was a family of bears that called to mind Roosevelt's famous hunts, and attracted much attention from the young boys

present, many of whom were attired in cowboy suits and held miniature guns in their hands, doubtless imagining them to be real Winchesters, with which they were to go in pursuit of ferocious bears, *à la President*.

On the greensward thousands of people were enjoying a merry holiday, lingering until the time of closing, and presenting a picture of content and happiness suggestive of the small boy at "the circus."

On every face was that look of cheerfulness and the strain of industrial struggles, of incessant haste was lacking. There was the holiday spirit of a nation reflected in the cheerful ways of the capital city.

THE BIRTHDAY OF EDISON

ONE of the most notable instances that I have ever known of the virtues of optimism was experienced when I visited Thomas Edison at Orange, New Jersey. It chanced to be his fifty-sixth birthday, but his face was aglow with the cheeriness and happiness of unfading youth. He was compounding something in a mortar, and had the air of a workman absorbed in his duties, rather than the majesty with which my fancy had clothed him, as the greatest inventor of his age.

Attired in a light gray suit that showed the marks of his work in sundry stains; with spectacles focused well down on his nose, he was compounding the new Portland cement, which was to reduce the cost of house construction to prices within the reach of the common people, foreseeing even at that time the great part it was to play in the construction of bridges and buildings generally.

There was a winsomeness in his smile that never can be forgotten, and his blue eyes

lighted up with that gleam of pleasure that one seldom sees on the face of a grown man. He left his work to go through an arsenal of chemicals and other articles used in his inventions. Then he took me to a secluded corner where we could talk.

He spoke in his quiet way, with an expressive twitch of the shoulders now and then. He is slightly deaf, and his voice has a softness that is charming. His deafness is not noticed, because his keen eye catches the words from the lips of a speaker, and one quickly forgets that the great inventor has not perfect hearing. He insists that this is a good thing for him in many ways, because it prevents his hearing many sounds that would interfere with his work—it is his peculiarity and distinction that he sees the bright side of even deafness.

The favorite child among his inventions is the phonograph. He talked about it with all the enthusiasm of a lad with his first kite, and insisted that the phonograph has a mission of its own to perform in making human lives brighter and more attractive. He wants to make them so cheap that every

home may be brought into touch in that way with the great musical productions of this and other times. He seemed to understand by instinct how the phonograph would lighten the tedium of long winter evenings in isolated places.

From that he passed to a description of the results he was obtaining from experiments with Lima beans, cotton, minerals and other ingredients, by which he is obtaining callium, that ignites in water and is preserved in benzine, and radium ten times as valuable as gold. The Wizard of Menlo Park deals not only with real things, but with all manner of fancies, which finally develop into realities. He practicalizes products as well as projects, and I can never look upon an incandescent light without recalling a picture of the kindly man who made its splendid illumination possible in the uttermost parts of the world.

In his humorous way, he said: "All things are possible if you keep at them long enough and keep your mind balanced as well, concentrated on the matter in hand. When I first discovered the phonograph, it was as great a surprise to me as to the world. I

had been working on some telephone receivers and observed the point move wherever the sound set itself in recording the message. I put a piece of tin-foil on the cylinder, and it recorded the sound—a sort of whirring noise that seemed to me to be almost articulate. That discovery convinced me that sound could be practically recorded and reproduced. A rough draft of my ideas was formed, and a machine was made according to the specifications I gave, but within certain limits of cost. Sometimes the expenses ranged to nine dollars and sometimes to ninety, but it was purely an experiment, and the question of profit on the discovery never entered our heads.

“Dear old John Cruesi, who died at Schenectady, made my first phonograph, and his comments in broken English and German were most optimistic. We took the box to New York, and the first thing I had recorded on a phonograph was a piece with which I know you are familiar: ‘Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow, and everywhere that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go.’

“The reproduction of my voice reciting this rhyme was almost supernatural to me. The articulation, however, was not distinct, but it showed the possibilities of the machine.”

As Mr. Edison recalled these incidents of twenty years ago, I looked out of the window upon the great plant, covering acres of ground, where thousands of skilled workers are required to supply the demand for the splendid instruments born of this simple idea that arose in the brain of Thomas Edison.

In his laboratory a large library and museum occupies several lofts. In the center of the laboratory are bits of statuary, and there is a business-like array of desks; for the inventor comes direct from his chemical tests or his forge and smithy to dip into legal transactions, or write letters; always ready to pass from one occupation to another. Behind the network of iron bars is a collection of materials which suggests a scientific Noah's ark. To make an inventory of all this accumulation would catalogue material valued into the millions, and yet the cheerful-faced man could tell where every bolt and bottle was located and could almost put his hand

upon what was needed in the dark. He lives and moves and has his being in the laboratory, and the couches scattered about indicate that he often spends his entire night there, snatching a few moments' rest between the phases of some critical experiment. He does not believe in having long hours for rest.

Mr. Edison seems to have a genius for seeing clear through a proposition when it is presented to him. He grasps the possibilities instantly. He says: "It is the simple things that stagger me—they are what I overlook."

Things that are wonderful to other men are simple to him, and generations to come will marvel at the fruits of this one brain, always busy in the great workshop, with here a forge and a caldron, there an oven, and over there a room with a complete X-ray outfit. Draftsmen were poring over some blue prints; everywhere gigantic pieces of machinery; there were bits of glass and bronze which the inventor had been turning over with his jack-knife. All were needed in the work of this gentle-souled man, with the glorious sunshine of fifty-six summers on

a face whereon autumn and spring seemed to meet.

“With thousands of phonographs in use, the very voices of Gladstone, Bismarck, William McKinley and many other famous men will be set away in the archives for the enlightenment of other generations,” he said.

We came upon automatic machinery singing its busy song and making various parts for the phonographs. In one department was the record-making building, where Kyrl, the great cornetist, with collar loose, hat and coat off and long hair floating, was pouring forth his masterly strains into a funnel-shaped receiver. Near-by was a group of impromptu spectators, all ready to supply the applause which should represent the audience in the reproduction. Nothing is overlooked to make it perfect, and if a record has the slightest flaw it is at once destroyed. A momentary hesitation—not to be detected except by a carefully-trained ear—was at once noticed, and the whole performance was gone over again because of this slight error. In the reproduction of the playing of the Edison Brass Band no pains are spared to get the

best results—the chime of bells, the miniature storm, the pattering of the rain on the roof, are all reproduced, and the record-making department looks like the property room of a theatre.

A new Edison record is now looked for as eagerly as sheet music used to be years ago, and in country places especially an audience gathers at the home of the man who has obtained “a new record.”

Mr. Edison permitted me to look at some of his drawings, which had none of the polish and perfection of detail apparent in the blue prints in the drafting room, but they had a vitality and vigor that indicated the presence of ideas.

Do you want to know what impressed me most in that happy day with the greatest inventor of the age? His achievements and inventions filled me with admiration, it is true, but when I grasped his hand and looked into his face, I decided that the finest thing about Thomas Edison is his happy, cheerful optimism; his hopeful, inspiring individuality. From this personality radiate his inventions, always designed for the uplifting or helpful-

ness of humanity. He is a veritable embodiment of the happy habit spirit and what it can accomplish; and though there may be wrinkles on his brow, he is a man who will never grow old. He is always buoyant and youthful, and as sweet as cheerfulness can make him. He never worries, but goes right on doing his best. Wherefore, I here arise to remark that if there is any one man of my acquaintance who is entitled to be considered as the Grand Chief of the Happy Habitors, it is Thomas Alva Edison, the Wizard of Menlo Park.

THE FIRST-BORN OF CREATION

IT has been said that February is the dullest month of the year, and that even the active little rabbits are then strangely quiet, but I must confess that because of its fourteenth day, this month has a special charm for me. As I look over the calendar, I think of a time when fluttering pieces of lacey paper and an air of mystery prevailed among the young people, calling up among the older folks memories of St. Valentine's days long gone by.

That good old saint! What sweet and tender recollections of love and faith his name calls to mind! Again is felt the thrill of the maiden's heart, as she receives that first message of love; she slips off to the house of her "chum," to whisper it, with pretty blushing entreaties of, "Don't tell a living soul, Mary. I could not speak of it to any one but you." And then, when they are safely hidden away in the chill attic, out comes the envelope, and the fat red heart pierced with an utterly "impossible" but

suggestive arrow, is disclosed. In the eyes of the two young girls the valentine is a marvel of artistic beauty and sweetly-expressed sentiment.

Yes, I remember those old days when the crude "comic valentine" was in vogue, and we boys thought what a clever thing it would be to send a horrible-looking, big-nosed picture to a teacher whom we did not like because she had "called us down." We could not forget those sharp words that had cut to the quick. What a splendid chance to "get even" with her!

There was much practicing of "black-hand" and other modes of disguising our handwriting, and the caricature was finally purchased, addressed and mailed. We knew it would be received some time before school opened. Three of us boys assembled outside the window through which the teacher's desk could be seen by peering cautiously between the leafless boughs. A little pile of letters lay on her desk. She came in, sat down and read them one by one. Then came the envelope—the envelope—it was opened. She turned in a startled way to the handwriting,

examined it, crumpled the paper in her hand and dropped her head on the desk; her slight shoulders shook with sobs. This form of revenge had never been anticipated. We had expected a towering rage; a mighty tornado, that would shake the school and furnish us with amusement. We were not hard-hearted urchins; shame-facedly we crept in and awkwardly and contritely confessed; we thought afterwards that Bud kissed her, but were too agitated to remember clearly. After that there was a better understanding in the old brick school-house.

Then there was my boyhood's first valentine, in which a magnificent sum, obtained by selling papers, was invested—to ask for money for such a purpose would disclose the secret. From February first to the fourteenth the parental pocketbook was always safe from any demands by the boys, because “father would poke fun.” The handsome valentine was chosen, and the envelope addressed, the difficulty now was to get it mailed. If I should be met by any of the boys!—worse still, by any of the grown-up people! I skulked around to the mail-box

after dark. No moon, no stars—the cat might see through that blackness, but no mortal eye could penetrate it—yet I passed and repassed the box before lifting the lid and dropping in the letter. It fell with a thud that sounded as loud as the report of a cannon, and I even held the lid for several seconds, because I was afraid its squeaking would attract attention if I attempted to put it down. All this suspense was repaid the next morning, however, when a pair of blue eyes met mine with a quick expressive smile of gratitude.

The years went on, and there came a time when the first “composed” valentine—the outpouring of the heart—was written. How easily the words flowed from my pen! Ah, yes! The secret of all the poets, of Byron himself, was discovered—they wrote sonnets to their “mistress’ eyebrows” because they loved. The easy confidence of a young man writing his first valentine is astonishing. He may feel justified in some measure when, after twenty years, he finds it carefully pasted into a book and treasured as the first message of love.

He no longer labors under the delusion that he wields the pen of Byron; versification is not a simple matter to him now, but he thinks kindly at least once a year of that first written valentine, and smiles at the conceit of the youth who found it so easy to be a poet and make "heart" rhyme with "dart," and "love" with "dove."

Saint Valentine's Day may be said to yield us the beautiful buds of affection, but to see the full-blown flowers one must look closely into life—those rich red blossoms are everywhere; not only in the palaces and conservatories of the rich man, but making cheerier the sordid homes in the poorest dwellings of the great cities.

Entrancing as may be the budding affection of youth and its first shy recognition, Saint Valentine's Day stands for much more than this. There are many other meanings of this strong and wonderful word in the English language. From St. John to Count Tolstoi, the great men of all ages have been convinced that the only enduring reforms in the world are accomplished by love.

There is a little lady I know who has

spent nearly all of her lifetime shut in her house. She has a book in which she keeps a record of all her friends' birthdays, that she may send them a tender, sweet note—truly a valentine—to make them happy on their natal day. She reminds me of a bird in a cage, persistently singing despite the loss of its liberty. "With my books, my letters and my friends," she states, "I have all that heart can desire."

How little it counts, after all, whether we are rich or poor, have much or less. I know it is a pretty blue time when a fellow has not enough money to meet his obligations, but it is not adverse circumstances or environments that master us, it is our fears. The power of happiness is always with us, but the source is inevitably the same—Love—the first-born of Creation.

Men are no longer cowed by fear. Law, codified compulsion or force of any sort is a rope of straw when the heart of the people awakens. All legislation, all remedial measures, all the profound study of the philosopher, all the sweeping statements of the socialist and broad sentiments of great thinkers and

scholars come back to the one fount of inspiration and are met with the knowledge that if things are to be set right the work must be fundamental from the inside out, not from the outside in. In the last analysis we are recognizing that this is the solution of many vexatious problems and difficult questions of the times.

THE SALVATION ARMY LASS

ONE Sunday, while passing the Tremont Theatre, Boston, my eye was caught by the uniform of a Salvation Army man, who stood on the sidewalk. That particular blue and red always has an especial attraction for me because of its association with Senator Hanna and others who knew human nature and appreciated faithful work for the uplifting of the race. How strangely incongruous were the footlights, the flaring advertisements and the gay scenery of Saturday night's play against the severe dark garments of the Salvation Army. There they were, an object lesson in love; a great army banded together and working day and night without hope of earthly reward or ease, their highest guerdon the desire of aiding a fellow mortal—actuated by no hope of personal aggrandizement, they work only for love of humanity.

The girlish commander held the people entranced that Sunday afternoon. There she stood, Bible in hand, her slight form

swayed by emotion, her voice thrilling with a mighty purpose that carried its sweet-toned message to the farthest corner of the building, up to the highest seat in the balconies. No play, however popular its "star" actress, could have been listened to with more interest or emotion.

It was impossible not to contrast the willowy grace, the severely-plain dark dress, the simple yet cultured speech of the young orator with some of the artists of the world's stage. Even Terry, Bernhardt, Duse, Fiske, great actresses, mistresses of their art, have owed much to rich drapery, rouge, tinsel and staging; the actress awaits the rise and fall of the curtain, the change in dress and scenery to aid her in interpreting the meaning of the author. Great actresses work for fame, for love of art, sometimes, perhaps, for money; but she who toils for love of humanity needs no stage setting. Despite the most incongruous surroundings, her message lost none of its invincible force, its love and fire echoed in the hearts of the people. As she told of a great military procession, we heard the roll of the drum, the tramp of marching feet,

the cheers of the men and the sobs of the women as they bade farewell to those who were prepared to die for their country. The orator swept us forward to greater heights; we saw the vast procession "that no man can number"—the redeemed, riding "on white horses." We gazed with her on the magnificent steeds of olden days, when other beasts were used for labor, and the horse was truly "the noble animal" of victory and state occasions. Looking past the uplifted hand and the slight, swaying figure of the young commander, we saw through her eyes the great host of those who had truly and purely loved on earth, marching on to "enter the realms of everlasting joy, where there shall be no more sorrow nor sickness nor death."

Miss Eva Booth's subject brought to mind, in strong contrast, Ibsen's play "Rosmersholm," in which the white horse means death. While in my estimate of the greatness of Ibsen's dramatic power I yield to none, it cannot be denied that this distinguished daughter of a great family voices a message that far eclipses anything written by dramatists in its power over the hearts of the

people. Ibsen's play may sway the intellectual emotions for an evening, but that story of a great love has power to fill and round out a life-time. What an appeal it was—no comparison with other churches, no suggestion of compulsion; nothing but an earnest, insistent request to aid in the uplifting of humanity. It went straight to the hearts of the people, and at the close of the service they responded as one man, by rising to their feet. No wonder that the work of that "grand old man," General Booth, is undying, and gathers force as the years go on; it is built upon a sure foundation.

"HORSE SENSE" STILL REMAINS

THERE has ever existed a close, friendly intimacy between man and the "noble horse." In large affairs of the state, in vast commercial enterprises, in pleasurable pastimes, and in the bloody game of war the horse has played a most important part. In the "family circle" of nearly every household residing in the rural sections of the country should be included the pet domestic animals, among which the horse is likely to hold a prominent place in the affections of those about him. Many a boy and girl, in looking back to "those childish days that were as long as twenty are now," sees, through the fond vista of recollections, dear old "Dolly" or "Dick," those animals that held an honored place in their youthful hearts.

Mankind has been made happier by the presence of the horse, and the whole world would truly lament the coming of any movement that might assist in banishing him from our every-day work or pleasure. While no

such change is likely to take place, it cannot be denied that the advent of the automobile is another cog in the wheels of progress, that often crush individuality both in man and beast.

Time was when Jones' mare, in her placid joy, or Thompson's colt, in his cautious canter, were as distinctive personalities on the country road or the village street as their owners. Even the dashing roan that carried the doctor had a medical suggestion in his gait, and a specific and honored place in public estimation. Who can forget the days of the street-car horses, blinking resignedly as they trotted along, or breathing more easily as they were favored with a brief resting spell? Who can forget the pathetic expression of their faces, recalling "Black Beauty" and her longings for youthful days on the farm?

The old "one-hoss shay" may fall into disuse, but vehicles of another type will be built to replace it, for no process of evolution can crush out the relation of man to the faithful horse, whose bridle rein has been a veritable cable in anchoring ties of association

which no electric current or steam piston can "drag" or "shift." Our fathers believed that the railroads would banish horses; but these friends of man are still with us, a part and parcel of human progress, and ever suggesting to those who love and observe them a desire to be possessed of that rugged, useful trait known as "horse sense," frequently used wherever the English language is spoken.

What is horse sense? How did this apt expression originate, and just why is it so often and so appropriately used?

The American people have many idioms that express feelings and thoughts concisely, if somewhat brusquely. In fact, new idioms are growing so common that our English cousins say our language is becoming quite distinct from the mother tongue. Only a few weeks ago an Englishman visited among us; he was often at a loss to know the meaning of our peculiar colloquialisms and un-English use of words. The "rare steak" he insisted was only "under-done"; the "dinner napkins" were "serviettes"; in fact our speech was "rummy" to him. The spectacle of "eating corn on a cob" and serving butter in individ-

ual dishes were moral departures from strict English custom. There was a care in his selection of words seldom found among Americans; we ought to be thankful to our cousins for preserving English "as she is spoke," for our every-day, abbreviated, idiomatic intercourse is drifting into another tongue. And yet, could we part with these expressive Americanisms that say so much and say it so directly?

Do let us be ourselves—our own native, barbarous selves,—and speak with the genuineness of Americans, and not imitate or affect airs and fashions simply because they are imported. Our very ears rebel at such a prospect! "Americanisms" are often happy-thought capsules.

HAPPINESS IN TRIFLES

HAVE you not gone along the street and seen the vendors of those little toys that are sold for a few cents each?—a workingman stops and buys one. It is the best he can afford for his little one, but what a sum total of happiness those few cents represent to the child; he will get more pleasure out of the frail little five-cent toy than many a man obtains from a three-thousand-dollar automobile.

Down in the business district, one Saturday, as the people were passing home from work, I stood and watched a plainly-dressed man as he paused beside the toy-vendors and purchased part of their stock. A workingman passed him, swinging his dinner pail. "Have you children at home?" asked the plainly-dressed man of the other. For a moment the laborer drew back in doubt, but the smiling face of the stranger and the offer of the little toy made plain the kind intention; the cover of the dinner pail was removed and the plaything placed inside, over the folded

napkin—a surprise for little May and Tommy when they ran to “meet father.”

My curiosity got the better of me, and I approached the stranger and entered into conversation. He would not tell me his name; “it pleases me,” he said, “to spend my money that way,” and he went right on buying many a five-cent’s worth of pleasure for children whom he had never seen. The thought came to me as I watched the great throng of people hurrying from work toward their homes that each one was moved in some measure by the power of love—the real source of happiness.

WINNING THE AMBASSADOR

A SWEET story is told of how the heart of a great diplomat was won by the courtesy of a five-year old boy, when the doors of the great man were closed to all the social notables. Many formal calls had been made by those who were the equals of the distinguished foreign ambassador, who was seeking rest and recreation at his summer home, but he showed no inclination to pursue the acquaintance further. One indignant lady flatly refused to call, and this so worked upon the feelings of her young son that he determined to uphold the dignity of his family by calling upon the great man himself. Without a word to any one, the little fellow bestrode his small pony; and, equipped with his card-case, stocked with visiting cards about the size of a postage stamp, and accompanied only by a groom, set forth to visit the distinguished foreigner.

When the residence was reached the bell was rung and the card presented to the butler; but the ambassador himself came out to meet

the young visitor. He took him up in his arms and, looking at the name on the tiny card, said: "My little man, I am very glad to see you," and his fatherly heart warmed to the child who had come to see him as an act of courtesy. "Have you no friends with you?" he asked.

"I am the only gentleman," said the visitor; "but there is Pete outside with my pony."

The reply amused the ambassador, accustomed to the usages of foreign courts, and he informed his visitor's parents of their child's whereabouts and made a day of it with the little fellow, providing entertainment also for the groom and pony in true baronial style.

AT A WHITE HOUSE FUNCTION

THE first army and navy reception which I attended at the White House can never be recalled without a smile and also a blush. The event was the most elegant social function of the season. It was a beautiful winter's night, clear and cold, and the brilliantly lighted mansion stood out from its snowy background like a picture of plenty and good cheer. The sparkling stars in the sky, the rattle of the carriages, the swish of the silken robes of the ladies, the hum of the revolving doors kept in constant movement, all had an exhilarating effect on the mind.

As I passed along the corridors, my eye was caught by the pictures of Harriet Lane Johnson, Mrs. Tyler and other past mistresses of the White House, who looked smilingly down from the canvas on the evening's gayety. The procession of guests passed slowly up the stairs to the right, through the main vestibule, where the Marine Band was giving selections from the martial airs of all nations.

There was no floral display—the stars and stripes, the President's ensign and that of the army and navy were the only decorations. We passed through the state dining-room, moving slowly and chatting sociably, for all the guests seemed to come in groups and were well acquainted with each other. It is not necessary to say that there was no American there that night who was not proud of the beauty of our women.

In the frieze of the state dining-room were massive heads of caribou, elk and moose and ram's horns elegantly mounted—trophies of the hunt and spoils of the President's rifle. The entire floor was left free for the passage of visitors, who stepped sedately around the corners of the mammoth rug. Over the mantel was a tapestry showing typical Indian scenes; candles glowed on the sideboard, and the brilliancy of the electric bulbs was shaded by circlets of feathers, which suggested Indian adornment.

The procession changed from double into "Indian" or single file, the guests being formally introduced as they passed by the President. Just as I came under his gaze,

and had my eyes fixed upon his, one of the ladies in front of me unexpectedly unfurled her train. I had been standing close to her, and had no suspicion that she was wearing all this additional material, so I was unprepared for the abrupt contraction of floor space, and did not see it. The next thing I knew my two feet were upon that train, and to my startled ears there came a fearful sound of ripping and rending. In much haste and confusion, I stepped off that train and onto another one—more ripping! Never in my life had I realized how much in the way two feet could be, but I inwardly blessed the good breeding of those two ladies, who never betrayed by so much as a single glance or movement that they knew what awful havoc was being wrought upon their trains. I knew that the President saw my plight, for I caught a twinkle in his eyes as he took my hand and spoke a few kindly words that made me forget even the “time of trains.”

The executive suite stood in file along the alcove of historic fame, in which Dolly Madison reigned and where Frances Folsom Cleveland and Nellie Grant were married. In this

room I noticed the towering form of that administration's Vice-President, holding a levee of his own, and the well-known athlete with whom the President sparred every day, who admitted a profound admiration for the chief executive as a boxer. The trainer was arrayed in conventional black, but even in this dress his well-developed muscles were apparent. He told me that he had a sore nose, the result of the President's vigorous exercises that morning, and I then understood how it was that in all the handshaking that devolved upon him the chief executive never showed any sign of fatigue. Prominent among the guests were military attachés from all the embassies in Washington, and a gathering of notables all over the room. Ladies of the executive circle added much to the brilliancy of the scene, and blending with the many trim uniforms of the officers gave added color, in contrast with the "navy blue" which was well represented, for there were lines of young middies—the future commanders. How gallant looked the young soldiers and sailors, the graduates of West Point or Annapolis, as they paid their addresses to the ladies!

Many present that night had been actors in great historic events: there was a general of Gettysburg fame, and some other veterans of the Civil War and of desperate Indian frontier fights; soldiers who had seen service in the far East and far West; men who had passed through the campaign in Cuba; veterans of both the Blue and the Gray; and some Rough Riders well known to the public; in fact, there was hardly a page of army or naval history within the past half-century which was not represented that night by at least one eye-witness and participant.

As I left the gay scene, I heard the megaphone calling the carriages, but I easily found my own automobile. It could not be mistaken, and I noticed that a number of other guests, some of them distinguished persons, patronized this same conveyance,—for that night the Washington street-cars were brilliant with gold-braided uniforms and the shimmering silk of ladies' dresses, as we all went home to "tell our folks" about that happy evening at the White House.

SOLITARY WOMAN STATUE

THE one woman among a large concourse of distinguished men, Frances E. Willard in marble in Statuary Hall, at the Capitol, Washington, represents one of the noblest and most hopeful advances made by the human race during the nineteenth century. The Willard statue, which, by the way, is the work of another distinguished American woman, Mary Farnsworth Mears of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, holds its own well in that great company constituting the Pantheon of the States, both for the life it memorializes and as a work of art. It is of white marble brought from the quarries of Italy—a fitting emblem of that serene, high purity which Miss Willard ever and eloquently advocated and inspired. Carved in the pedestal is an extract from one of her own addresses:

“Ah! it is women who have given the costliest hostages to fortune. Out in the battle of life they have sent their best beloved, with fearful odds against them. Oh, by the dangers they have dared; by the hours of

patient watching over beds where helpless children lay; by the incense of ten thousand prayers wafted from their gentle lips to heaven, I charge you to give them power to protect along life's treacherous highway those whom they have so loved!"

I was unable to visit Statuary Hall until late in the evening, but even then there were crowds thronging around the Willard statue. The admiration and love expressed by her countrymen were truly impressive.

About the base of the statue were faded tulips, reminders of the coming spring-time, placed there by children earlier in the day. How eloquent were those tributes from the hands of the future men and women of America! For the whole purpose of all Miss Willard's labors was purity in the home; her mothering of mothers, her sistering of sisters, and her tender care for the daughters have left a permanent impress upon our social life. This aspect of her work seems to have been fully appreciated, as was apparent from the eloquent tributes paid her in the Senate and House, where a whole day was devoted to the sincere and beautiful eulogies spoken by members who fully understood what Miss

Willard's life meant, in added grace and happiness, to the homes of the nation.

On the day of the dedication of the statue the corridors of the Capitol were thronged with women wearing the little white badges of the W. C. T. U. A man must be flinty indeed who would not reverence such a symbol. I noticed especially the women who had come to view the statue. They were not all young and beautiful. On many of the faces were deep lines of care, and above the brow the hair was thickly sown with gray threads. Some had the worried air that told of a struggle with adverse circumstances, but in every face gleamed the determination to champion the right. I could imagine that some of those women came from homes where the bitterness of the drink curse had been tasted. No other argument makes such strong temperance advocates as this personal suffering.

It seems certain that the "axe is laid to the root of the tree," and that the great curse of modern civilization and foe of humankind—the power of drink—will some day yield to the purifying force represented by the little bit

of fluttering white ribbon tied in the button-hole of a woman's jacket. It may be remarked that the first step toward reform has been taken in banishing intoxicating liquors from the halls of the Capitol—a measure in which Miss Willard was profoundly interested. During the day it was quite apparent that there was no senator, congressman or public man of any official distinction who was not ready to join in the tribute which must have thrilled the hearts of that noble band of women workers.

FLOWERS OF PRESIDENTS

A MOST interesting point of observation in Washington is the executive office during a presidential reception. On these occasions the President comes into close personal touch with the people, and, despite the thousands of times that he has shaken hands, he seems to enjoy it as much as any one.

Four little girls in brown, with perhaps an inch or two of difference in their height, were there one day. That they were sisters was evidenced by long braids of fair hair and dresses exactly alike. They were followed by their solicitous and smiling mother, who doubtless considered this occasion a memorable one in the lives of her little girls. With heads erect, light steps and bright smiles, they marched with almost military precision toward the President. When he caught sight of them there was a sparkle in his eye that betokened the father-heart. The fire of eight bright eyes was too much for him, and instead of merely shaking hands in the regular way, he

gathered the quartet in his arms in such kindly greeting as will never be forgotten. The little girls were not satisfied with giving the conventional salute, but instead extended both hands with a heartiness that indicated the utmost confidence and respect. Glancing quickly over his shoulder, the President sought a token to give the little ladies in remembrance of their visit. On his desk in the adjoining room was a bouquet of heliotrope, his favorite flower, and he was about to offer a spray to each of the children, when Secretary Loeb added four beautiful pinks to the nosegays. As each little girl took the blossoms from the President's hand, she thanked him, not merely in words, but with such a look and smile as a king might covet. One of the little girls glanced at the heliotrope she held and said: "Your favorite?" Then, taking the carnation, she added with lowered voice: "This was President McKinley's favorite." No words of mine can describe the beautiful blending of sentiment in this child's face as she uttered these words. For her the two favorite flowers of the two presidents she knew and loved carried a sweet message.

Not many days after this incident I saw twelve young ladies, each perhaps about "sweet sixteen," come in upon the President, wearing jaunty and picturesque tam-o'-shanters of bright red. The unflinching courage of the chief executive carried him through the charge, and I cannot forget the graceful and hearty way in which he greeted these young ladies. It was clear to me that he fully understood that this great country of ours stands not only in the solemn conference of the elders, but also lives in the hearts of the people to whom the memory of a favorite flower means more than manifestos or statecraft.

SOWING UNCLE SAM'S SEEDS

THERE was always a very busy time in Washington around planting time. Every member of Congress had his desk piled high with requests for flower and vegetable seeds and for all sorts of vines. Contrary to the usual belief, the government does not raise them on its own farms and experiment stations; it purchases them by contract. Twelve thousand five hundred packages were given to each member, with five hundred packages of flower seeds thrown in for good measure. Pink labels indicated the plain plebeian vegetable and lavender labels the patrician flower seeds, and a third color the nursery plants and vines.

Nearly every session there was a protest against this drift toward paternalism in the distribution of seeds, and equally there was a grand rally to the rescue, most of the congressmen standing pat on the side of seed-desiring constituents. Of course the idea often suggests itself, why not send boots and shoes as well as peas and beans; why not send

groceries on this same theory? But the argument will scarcely hold, for no one can deny that the gifts had much to do with the splendid development of the agricultural resources of the nation. The few thousands of dollars expended for seeds brought back a hundredfold their value, and it ill becomes the critics of the distribution to sneer at this time-honored custom, for the real basis of the wealth of a country comes from the soil. It was the agricultural reserve force that withstood even the quaking of Wall Street, when stocks and bonds were tumbling like a house of cards.

For every dollar expended to aid farmers, Uncle Sam added to his indemnity bond against panics, and the seeds sown by this old-time custom yielded a radiance in the little flower garden on the farm, a value which defies the computation of census experts.

“SAVE HIS BIBLE, BOYS”

WHAT pages of romantic and pathetic incident are recorded, even in the daily routine of the various departments of the government. Once in the office of one of the auditors, I was much interested in a letter shown me, written in a trembling hand by the sister of a deceased soldier—an appeal for details of the last illness of the dear one who had died far away in the Philippines. The only information that could be given her was the bare record of the deposits due from the sale of his effects, and this amount was promptly turned over to her, attached to a voucher. The sister wrote:—

“It is not his money I want; rather his picture, or his watch, or some little souvenir. We played together as children, and loved each other dearly, but he wanted to see the world and so he left me. I am his only living relative, and I want just a remembrance of a brother who died in his country’s service.”

I thought I saw traces of the tears that

had rained upon the written page, and I heard in fancy the strain of the old song:

“We twa hae haidlet i’ the burn, an’ pu’d the gowans
fine,
But we’ve traveled mony a weary foot sin’ auld lang
syne.”

As there is no pension provided except for the wife or family of a dead soldier lad who has given his life for his country, nothing was left to this relative except the bare check for forty-seven dollars and ten cents, the amount secured from the sale of his “kit” in the blazing tropics where this one died, and the little Bible his mother gave him, preserved and returned to the sister by the considerate comrades as the one thing “some one at home might cherish.”

LINCOLN'S ACCOUNT BOOK

SOME of the records of the War Department are very interesting, showing the personal accounts of various generals in the Revolutionary War and the methods of government bookkeeping at that date. These items are recorded in a simple form of credits and debits, and it is noted with interest that each general kept his own account down to the smallest item; and some of these will never be closed, as, for instance, the one of Benedict Arnold, which exhibits a large balance due the government at the time of his desertion.

The account of Captain Abraham Lincoln, kept during the Black Hawk War, is a picturesque document. Every page is written in the same handwriting that signed the memorable Proclamation of Emancipation, and the exactness with which he made his periods, hyphens and commas indicates the great precision of this pioneer of the prairies. Debits and credits are all clear and exact, and are "balanced." I can imagine how little

that kindly man dreamed as he made up those documents, perhaps by the light of pine knots, that he would one day occupy the highest office within the gift of his countrymen, or realize that in later years he would enter another record that would make the nation—and all humankind—his debtor forevermore. In one place the irresistible, loving genius of the man asserted itself over statistics, as a note on the margin indicates the words of the great heart—"Priceless blood is paying our account with the Almighty."

OLD HOME WEEK

AS the years come and go there is a surpassing delight in going back to the "old home." This impulse is indicative of the vital force that has built up the country; for what lad leaves home to woo success in distant states but has the determination deep down in his heart to make a name and a fortune that he may some day point to with pride when he goes "back home"? He dreams often of the days when he can tell the story of his achievements to the friends of his boyhood. Through many and many a weary hour of his early struggles he feels a pang of regret that he is compelled, year by year, to let slip the opportunity to return home, but if he has left behind him a loving mother-heart, the time will come when he can no longer resist the call of home ties.

Of course things look different now at his home! The hills are not quite so high, nor the trees quite so large; the river has shrunk unaccountably from the rushing flood of long

ago; the barn is a little more sunken and faded; the smallest change is perceived.

The home-comer reaches the house and throws down his grip at the hall door, turning to meet the mother who has been waiting many an hour for this moment. He hangs his hat on the accustomed peg, and goes up to the old room in the attic—it is always the back room for the boys, the front for the girls—and that back room is just as it was when he left it—the same rafters, the same comfortable bed, and, opening the closet door to hang up his coat, he finds many a relic kept there to remind mother of the boy of long ago: the bows and arrows, the kite and other articles in which his boyish heart delighted.

Downstairs again; mother knows just what he wants—he has his favorite pie. He need give no orders here; she knows how he likes the eggs, whether well-done or rare, turned or cooked on one side only; no need to say sugar and cream in the coffee.

There is sister's old smile, uncle's mannerism. The returned hero cannot talk fast enough to recount all. The letters may have been frequent, but they did not tell the whole

story, and now mother wishes to hear it all from his own lips. What a glow of pride wells in her heart as she looks lovingly across the table at the son sitting in the place where once his high-chair stood.

He goes out to the barn to visit the old-time nooks, and strolls past the trees to the creek, and off across the pastures; every foot of the ground here blossoms with memories, gay or sad. Names unspoken and unheard for years come back to him. He meets old neighbors, and the familiar "christened" name flies to his lips; the mystic chords of memory need no prompting. Yes, he does feel a little lonesome—some familiar faces are missing—where are they?

There is the well, calling up memories of the time he knelt to drink and the countless pails of water he carried long ago. Here is the place where the trees stood that held the swing. One tree, now gnarled with age, remains; it has lost its companion, Here are the old-fashioned flower-beds, with carefully-cut borders of grass, the well-remembered yellow roses, the striped ribbon-grass, the fuchsias, the petunias. How peaceful and

altogether lovely it seems on this July day! He would like to lie on the grass and forget the present; just revel in recollections.

Behind the barn he discovers the fishing-rod just where he tucked it away under the eaves years ago. He remembers that it was over the kitchen roof the walnuts were stored for their sun bath in the autumn—he must see it for “old time’s sake.” Every nook and cranny, every object reflects a picture that “hangs on memory’s wall.” Yes, he dries the dishes for mother, just as he did long ago. She does not have to coax him to help her now.

The first morning at home! Who can forget it? In the sweet, early light of the summer day he lies, half asleep, glancing now and then at the brown rafters and listening for the well-remembered call at the foot of the stairs—for he refuses to remember that he is no longer a boy. But there is no call; that stern, firm voice which sounded in the early morning of long ago is forever silent.

Mother’s breakfast! Oh, the smell of bacon and eggs and coffee floating up the stairs! The industrious little woman has long

been astir. She comes softly into the room, to see if her boy is still asleep. She glances at the bed lovingly, and silently draws the shade over the window, for fear the sun may waken him; then she creeps down the stairs, to "put on covers," so that his breakfast shall be palatable when he wakes. With half-open eyes he has witnessed the little scene; he would not have missed it for untold gold, for has he not the consciousness of being a boy again? Then he springs out of bed, dresses quickly, and hurries downstairs for breakfast with mother.

How strange it seems to spend those bright waking hours of the day, with the sun at its zenith and all the rest of the world busy at work, just sitting under the shade of the trees, or on the porch, talking with mother and the folks! And how they understand! He never has to stop to explain anything. Here in the old home he is indeed an orator, for "when we are understood it is a proof that we speak well, and all your learned gabble is mere nonsense."

Yes, these emotions are the real things we live for, though the medal has its reverse;

for if we did not go away, we could not come home; so, after all, even here the law of compensation operates.

How quickly the days pass! The harsh, strident voice of Business is forgotten; for who can come home to a scene like this without feeling the worthlessness of mere money-getting? At such times the Happy Habiter takes his highest degree; for he finds that the habits of happiness have their root in the life of the home. Here he is at his best, because here he is perfectly understood. His nobler self gleams through the veneer of success and change. So when we look for the school of happiness we must come to the home, be it the old or the new one; for it is here that the happy habit is most easily nurtured and blossoms most luxuriously, bound in

“The blessed wreath of household charities.”

No wonder that Old Home Week, as inaugurated in New England, is one of the most cohesive powers of national life. No matter where a man may wander, he never fails to respond to the sentiment and the memories of the dear home. Do you wonder that the

old songs "The Suwanee River" and "Home, Sweet Home" are always new and delightful; are they not twined about the hearts of the people? Do you wonder that the inmost purpose of every man is to have a home, and to make it a shrine of the purest and best impulses of life?

Bring into our happy habit organization the spirit of Old Home Week, and keep it up for the other fifty-one weeks of the year. A traveling-man once remarked to me: "If we can only get the Old Home Week spirit into the life of the cities, its radiance will soon drive away all inclination to iniquity."

Scattered throughout the country are the recruits for Old Home Week. It occurs to me that, after all, this is not a modern institution, but that it is founded on the ancient Jewish observation of the Passover, when every man "went up to Jerusalem" to join his own tribe in the celebration of the divinely-ordained feast, and also, doubtless, for the gratification of the universal and God-given desire to meet one's own kin at least once a year. The Jews renewed their pledges in the very same spirit of home love that prompts

the gathering of sons and daughters in this great composite, heterogeneous nation. This custom has a deeper significance than the mere gratification of the desire to "go visiting"; it knits together the purposes of a people, and preserves those principles and institutions which have withstood the onslaught of discontent and greed.

During the closing week of July, with summer-time at its full tide, let's go back to the old home. Each recurring anniversary brings with it a pledge of happiness, even if we find that "chance and change" have wrought their will on the old house and barn, the streams and fields. We visit the spring once again, and though we may find the "old oaken bucket" has passed its useful stage, we stoop and pledge each other in the pure water, with earnest promises at parting to "write oftener and be sure to come next year."

A MODERN MOUNT PARNASSUS

HIGH up among the hills of Vermont I visited Brattleboro where organs are made—instruments that have for me a personal interest, for years ago there was a small boy just my size who played an organ in a little village church out West. His fingers could scarcely span the octaves, and it was the perplexity of his life to play the four parts of a hymn at the same time—it was easy to take the soprano and the bass, but when it came to the intertwining of the tenor and alto, his troubles began, for the left hand thumb was never so nimble as the right hand one; so there he would sit, hour after hour, practicing hymns, from “China” to “Nettleton” and the familiar Doxology; and always before him, in gilt letters that impressed themselves on his mind in a never-to-be-forgotten memory, was the name in old English letters, that told where that organ was made—Brattleboro, Vermont.

The recollections of those childhood days out West account for my going on that beauti-

ful September day up among the green hills of Vermont. How delighted I was when the train dashed into the rocky cut, lined on either side with moss and ferns; and what a joy it was to make my way up that winding road, passing the ravine where a mountain stream comes tumbling down into the placid Connecticut River!

A short but steep ascent from the station, and we were on the main street, where the sedate air of this old town was here and there violated by the sounds of axe and hammer, where new houses and business blocks were being built. After quenching our thirst with a glass of delicious spring water, we boarded the electric car for a ride up through the handsome residential section, where the bright, freshly-painted houses nestling among the verdant maples gave testimony of the thrifty New England stock predominating here. Up, up we rode, winding and turning above the noisy brook in the valley below. It reminded me of Mt. Washington, for, leaving the sultry air and the dusty streets far below, we passed, as it were, the zone of deciduous trees and came where the evergreen

pinus predominated. As we stepped off the car what a panorama of nature was before us!

Here in fancy we could see the crescent semi-circle of a stage upon the hillside, and located in the very center were eight precise-looking buildings, roofed and side-shingled with slate, with gabled roofs uniform in size and style. They suggested at once the giant keys on a great industrial organ; a mighty octave from C natural to C natural—there were no sharps and flats. Approaching nearer, we heard the singing saws and shrill planes within, sounds which bore out the poetic fancy.

Approaching along this winding road, passing behind imaginary footlights, it seemed as though we had ascended the modern Mount Parnassus, the home of celestial music in the New World; for surely these hills are worthy to be the dwellings of the immortal nine—those classic Graces who for centuries have presided over poetry and song.

Just below, in what I called in fancy "the orchestra circle," was the city of Brattleboro, with its spires, homes and trees; as beautiful a bit of landscape as one could wish, aptly

representing the spellbound audience for the harmonies discoursed by the Muses.

Across the broad Connecticut River was New Hampshire, and in the pulpit was venerable old Mount Wantastiquet, whose stern visage was leaning forward as though to catch each zephyr note from the wooded grotto. Like an echo was the deep musical diapason of a distant thunder storm that was rolling together the banks of fleecy summer-clouds.

As we approached still nearer, the shrill treble of the busy mills mingled with the deep bass of the thunder, and we paused to listen to the harmony of organ-making. Entering, we saw a variety of instruments, from the dainty little organs, occupying only a few cubic feet of space and especially manufactured for remote missionary posts in distant parts of the world, where they are borne on men's shoulders for many miles, to the plain organs for the simple homes of our country districts, whose harmonies have brought comfort and solace to so many thousands of hearts. In sharp contrast to these little instruments were the large pipe organs designed for city churches. Probably in these days no congre-

gation of moderate pretensions is contented unless a pipe organ has been secured, and, inversely, the purchase of a pipe organ in a town or village is a sure and certain index of growth and prosperity.

Every step in the manufacture of an organ, from the making of the brass reeds to the tiniest rivet, is very interesting. I learned that the thinness of the tongue near the rivet decides its pitch, while the curving of the tongue at the other end voices the reed, or declares its quality. I also discovered for the first time, although I have played an organ since I was big enough to span the octaves, that every stop in the instrument has a separate bank of reeds, and the pulling out of each stop introduces the playing of its own specially voiced reeds.

In the history of music it has always been declared by the masters that pianos were never quite so near the gauge, the timber of the human voice as the organ; and certainly such a sound as is produced by the *vox humana* can never be brought from metal strings. More than ever, I realized that an organ has the entire range of instruments

all combined in one keyboard—a marvelous composite of the flute, the violin, the clarinet; aye, the note of every instrument is here, and with the *vox humana*, under the hand of a skillful player the keyboard is capable of producing a wonderful diapason.

Especially interesting is the voicing of the pipes for organs of two, three and four manuals. I was impressed with the fact that the organ has a close connection with the human voice; there is a similarity in the mode of producing the sounds. There are the lips and the tongues that make the “speaking” qualities of the pipes, and in the aperture of the whistle are delicate indentations, or teeth, which determine the quality of the tone and decide whether it shall be soft flute or “reedy” oboe. At the top is another aperture rolled down; this determines the pitch, which can be changed by even a little indentation. At the mouth is the bridge, across the bottom is the dam, and the tone is produced by setting in motion the air inside the pipe, the form of the pipe determining the quality of the tone. The test is made by striking a tuning fork and placing it at the lips of a pipe, when it instantly

sounds, as the note struck is in harmony with the key to which the pipe is set. If the tuning fork is struck and held off, no sound is emitted, but when struck and brought into contact with the pipe, it rings out clear and true. The pipes are voiced from tiny little whistles that make a rivulet of sound to great roaring bass which fairly shakes a building. One of the latest and most surprising innovations is a "reed" oboe, which seems a contradiction of terms. This is the achievement which has been dreamed of for years by makers of musical instruments.

It seems impossible that all this concentration of harmony has been evolved from the principle employed by the boy who makes his whistle from the sapling; yet this is more credible than that these perfect instruments are the lineal descendants of clashing cymbals—the first earthly music—and the rudely-graduated Pan pipes composed of reeds of varying size.

I left the architects of symphony at their work and came out once more into the open, where the mighty octave of industry on the mountainside was emphasized by the whisper-

ing music of the pines as they swayed in the rising wind, on the crest of the hill above. Overhead, on the ceiling of the temple of the Creator, the blue sky was flecked with drifting, fleecy clouds. As though listening to the soft strains, the adjacent mountains of New Hampshire lay sleepily content. But what hand can play the deep bass pipes in this great organ of Nature? Then, suddenly, as though some giant invisible hand had struck a mighty octave, came the thunder-storm. The heavy detonations rolled forth down the valley, and the deep reverberating music of the echoing thunder mingled in one vast harmony with the tiny flute-like treble of the swift-rushing rivulet below. The steady trumpet tones went calling far up among the hills, proclaiming the unity and harmony between the works of man and the wondrous agencies of the Creator.

HAPPY RIDES ON HOBBY HORSES

FROM childhood to old age what human being exists who has not enjoyed riding his hobby horse? The rocking horse of youth,—that carries us on journeys as marvelous as any undertaken on a magic carpet—is but the precursor of that “hobby” which brings much real and imaginary pleasure in later years. Unhappy is he who rides no hobby horse.

I remember a rocking-horse I knew long ago. It was to me a “real” horse, with a tail and flowing mane of “real” hair, and seemed almost as big as a live horse, and his name was “Rarus.”

On a certain day, the mother of the little family was absent on business for a short time, and the owner of Rarus was left to his own devices; to ride whither he would during her absence. I must confess that it did not take him long to ride into mischief.

Scarcely had the front door shut behind the departing mistress of the home than the rider hastily dismounted. It was baking

day, and with busy hands the youthful horseman dug into the big pan of dough, giving Rarus a touch here and there that might have done credit to Phidias in the modeling of his masterpieces, so far as energy went. The eyes of Rarus were filled with the white substance, his ears were "improved," and every nook and cranny in his anatomy and harness was garnished with white—for "What is dough made for, if not to play with?" thought the chubby artist. A healthy child cannot conceive of anything having a more important use than to afford him amusement.

This mischievous trick was long remembered by the good mother who was wont, in after years, to tell of those childish pranks which added hours of weariness to her already well-filled day—a consequence never considered by the boisterous children. Yet, how sweet are the memories of busy little hands and active young minds as the awakening intellect unfolds.

THANKSGIVING AT HOME

IF ever there is a time when the happy habit universally prevails, it is on the eve of Thanksgiving, when visions of good cheer greet the mind's eye. Mr. Turkey begins to look over his shoulder, to see if any one is following him. The "boys" and "girls"—some of them pretty old ones, with smaller ones of their own—are getting ready to "go home" to spend the day with father and mother. Long trips have to be made sometimes. Costs a good bit of money, maybe; but it's worth all that and more.

To see grandfather's merry, bright eyes twinkling with good humor behind his "specs," his white beard and moustache an ambuscade for smiles and pleasant jests; grandmother in a flutter of delightful excitement over the thought of her "boy" coming back to her side again, bringing the little flock who have made his new home that supplements but can never supplant in his heart the home of his infancy, though years have passed since the doubt-troubled period when he first felt

the great world facing him with a grim smile on its face and *demanding* to be dealt with—and no more delay about it, sir!

Uncles and aunts and cousins—all gather around the long table that doesn't *really* groan, as the story-teller says, but *would* groan, no doubt, if you tried to move it. Like some of us whose burdens—of care, or time, or whatever it may be—are so heavy that we can carry them all right standing still, but couldn't travel very far under them. There is much comfort in the idea that troubles weigh in the ratio you think of them—a sort of science in *that* idea that the world cannot have too much of!

But we were at table, weren't we? And you were gently checking the restless hands and voices of Teddy and Susie and the Baby, while grandfather was preparing to ask the blessing. So much for which to be thankful! Food and shelter; our own personal successes and the constant sure expansion of the Christ-spirit over land and sea; for our losses that taught us the sweetness of humility; for our gains that did not make us forgetful of the less fortunate of our brothers and

sisters; for a country young and faulty, perhaps, but free and always striving for more light, ever a lamp of hope to the outer world; for daily toil that keeps us sound of body and ideals that uplift the mind; for love and faith that soften the heart and give it courage to aspire. O, a very great deal to be thankful for! Heads are bowed reverently while the dear old man pours out the words that express our gratitude.

And then the clatter and the chatter when he concludes! Gracious! boys and girls *are* noisy; but, God bless them!—if they weren't, they wouldn't be boys and girls, would they? They'd be little old men and women, and we don't want them to be that. Sometimes we wish we could keep them *always* just boys and girls.

MENTAL-MIRROR REFLECTIONS

SOME one has suggested that there should be a law passed making it obligatory for every one to be alone for at least a brief period of his waking hours every day. The average man is so busily engaged, watching the actions of others, that he has no time to study himself in an introspective and meditative way. It has been said that the "man who is not happy alone with his own thoughts, is not just as he should be," and it is certain that a careful, conscientious thinker misses something worth while in the line of character-building and moral uplift when he is deprived of "those delicious moments" alone, just before the mantle of sleep falls upon him. How many men have the fixed habit and desire for a meditative smoke before retiring. The calls of the good wife are unheeded as, wrapped in reveries, he knits the events of today and the expectations of tomorrow into one chain of thought. Sometimes I think it is the instinct of prayer that prompts it. Ruskin often insisted that

if we looked more frequently into mental mirrors, we would have a truer conception of our inner selves. The impulse and feeling of the individual seldom if ever reaches an adequate expression in words. It is, after all, the subtle actions in every-day affairs that are the truest expressions of life. We may all feel these tender, sacred emotions, but to set them into speech that another may share those feelings and respond to them with a blissful sense of having discovered therein his own sentiments—that, to me, is art.

This halting between thought and speech is the bane of editorial work. There is so much to say and express in the meager pages; so much to cover in the range of a few inches of space, that it appears impossible to bring it all into one satisfactory, close-knit whole; an expression that shall subtly suggest the universal sympathies and desires that invisibly link us all together as one. Some call this sense of spiritual kinship "telepathy"; but that is coldly scientific. Human sympathies and tender emotions travel in company. Thought, too, for most people comes not in isolation, but in associated, although separ-

ated, waves that sweep over the world; so it happens that when we think a really original vein has been opened, we soon find that another, or others, have been there before us.

After all, the best satisfaction lies in fixed, wholesome ideals. They may appear unapproachable, but if the standard were always obtainable, the striving would lack the zest of uncertainty. It is the enthusiasm of battle that makes success, when attained, doubly dear.

SWINGING OF THE PENDULUM

IT is not so very difficult for one to preserve a seemingly happy exterior when everything goes on in an easy, peaceful way, but it is different when all is hurry and bustle—and brain and brawn are taxed to their utmost to meet the requirements of active, daily business life. Sometimes it requires qualities little short of the truly heroic for one to wear a smiling face and preserve an equitable frame of mind in these days of haste and effort, when each one is so eager to utilize every moment to the best possible advantage. How much the railroad man absorbs in that glance at his watch, regulated and re-regulated every week to keep time to the fraction of a second! And in the advent of the “railroad age” we may partially account for the unseemly haste and high tension of business activity at the present time. Who can conceive of our stately forefathers bustling about with their huge and cumbersome timepieces in hand, calculating with a scowling brow whether they had time

to cover so many appointments before a stage-coach left its moorings and the prancing leaders galloped away? We are living in an age when time appears to have more value than ever; with this endless calculation on "meeting points" and "making schedule time" in every-day life, why need the physician seek farther for the cause of the "nervous prostration" which threatens to finish a race ever strenuously chasing the phantom of wealth or fame which is held up as an ideal? There is no use in trying to sweep back the tide; but we may, at least, raise, here and there, an occasional dyke, to protect the pursuit of a purer and loftier happiness.

ENDOWMENT FOR CHARACTER

IN order to enjoy a novel sensation, in fancy though not in fact, let us assume that, after due provision for ourselves and families, we have five hundred thousand dollars to give away. What shall be done with it? In the spirit of childhood, what would we "rather do"? Where shall this great fortune go?

The first impulse is to favor the long-cherished hobby that carried us with fleet foot to a "castle in Spain"—in thought we now devote delicious moments to fathoming lines of effort we love and to completing those projects for which we are always ready to make a sacrifice. Perhaps we evolve some new charity, departing from the rule of custom which has laid down the library, school, church, museum, fountain or statue as worthy of special consideration. These are the inevitable results of advanced civilization and wealth from the earliest time, and tradition impels us as a nation to respect them, but it may be that we shall find a higher form

of philanthropy without neglecting these. We would establish a bank. Such institutions have been potent agencies for the development of wealth, peace and content in this country; that is *some* banks—others have been equally great as hindrances.

What would we do with a bank? Loan money to deserving, thoroughly-tested young men to start in business, and take as collateral brains, honor and personality—the greatest things mankind ever possessed—instead of insisting on collateral which they have never had an opportunity to earn. This bank should have a board of directors, to start each young business man in a small way, after he had served an apprenticeship and passed an examination, proving his capability to follow the chosen business, trade or profession. This board, made up of men of many years' experience and kindly, sympathetic natures, should counsel and advise the customers who would in turn cooperate with the board. This method is more the true idea of successful effort than corporation, when all individuality is crushed out.

Thousands of young men among those graduated from colleges and schools are turned upon the world without tools. Over-educated, you say? Perhaps this is true to a certain extent, but are they to starve, or become malcontents and anarchists for lack of tools?

There should be a board of directors with a corps of detectives, to report the good deeds and exemplary conduct of young applicants; to ferret out evil acts or evil inclinations of young customers. Detectives to disclose virtue would be an innovation; they would prevent the thousands of suicides of discouraged and disheartened men that are recorded in the newspapers. The saving of human life through this bank would be more than all the government life-saving stations combined, at much less cost.

This idea is not new. It was conceived by Benjamin Franklin; but he left money to carry out purposes which needed the great strength of his personality to exploit. Constructing buildings does not always indicate the "building" of men.

The prodigal expenditure on petty per-

sonal or selfish desires to shine in the social or financial world is as nothing compared with the satisfaction of beholding living men and women enlisted to make the world better and brighter for others by reason of help given them at a critical time in their history. What true American philanthropist would not prefer to help young men to succeed and make themselves a credit to their country rather than have buildings, libraries and endowments multiplied. Here is a chance for our millionaires to do good and witness the results in human lives. Who does not delight in doing for others, especially when it is appreciated?

Building and loan associations, in a way, express a happy idea. In this case we find the association helping to build up cheery, contented homes. They are the anchorage of national progress today, and he who aids a young man to earn for himself a home does more than he who seeks to perpetuate his name in institutions, though noble in purpose they may be. They have a tendency to crush out the personality of the individual and simply make him as helpless as an inmate of

a charitable home, which, in one sense of the word, is a form of prison—"left stranded on the sea-deserted shores of inaction." Liberty, freedom and the pursuit of happiness; self-reliance and generosity to others is the true life and breath of American citizenship.

PERSONALITY IMPRESSED

ONE day as I chanced to be resting for a moment in a committee room in the Capitol in Washington, my attention was attracted by the blotting pads placed in front of each senator. Each one has his regular seat, and his particular blotter. What a story these pads of pulp might tell, if they could only speak! At the opening of the session they are placed there in their pristine freshness. That white surface seems as tempting to the senator as a blank slate on a new desk is to a school-boy. In the corner of one pad I found the name of a witness who was being examined,—an ex-prizefighter, a man of leering and suspicious glance. The senator had unconsciously placed the name of the witness in an obscure corner of his blotter, and had drawn a spider's web around it, not forgetting to indicate the spider. Another senator has a penchant for portraiture and it is not difficult to follow in the rough outlines a caricature of a witness or of a colleague; and, perchance some portraits that

might make him liable for offence in other lands. Certain senatorial minds seem to run upon financial calculations. Figures are multiplied to a startling degree, and if the writers could lay claim to such fortunes as appear on their blotters, multiplied and re-multiplied, there would be a goodly number of billionaires in Congress. One senator has a weakness for geometrical designs representing all the odd shapes conceivable, but among them is always to be found the irrepressible dollar mark. A very modest senator is he who never goes farther than to put the capital letter representing his name along the rim of the pad. Another member invariably indites a little verse, but never finishes his couplet, so it might pass as an order for groceries. With the eager enthusiasm of a collector, I accumulated a few discarded fragments. A notable feature of one blotter was a simple list of names—an outline of an appropriation for remembrances to include the entire family circle, indicating the heartsomeness of a happy home.

THE QUEENS OF CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS — Christmas — Christmas creaks the old rocking-chair, as I sway to and fro in reverie. Sometimes I feel that this is a pretty good old world, after all, if you only get the right point of view. When I try to think of one single, solitary individual on earth to whom I do not wish all the happiness of Yuletide, the name and address have slipped my memory. Aim to be a missionary of cheerfulness at Christmas-tide—and in every other month of the year. At this time each soul may hold its own mass commemorating Christ and the Christ-like spirit celebrating not only His birth hundreds of years ago, but the birth of His spirit into each of our hearts.

The children cherish the mementos of the day. I would like to tell of one little boy who received a pair of brass-tipped boots from Santa, and how for weeks after he wore them by day and slept with them in his arms by night, after the good-night kiss from a sainted mother.

Of all the ceremonials of Christmas, none surpass the rites and associations of the beautiful cloister of the home, where father, mother, brother and sister, son and daughter are drawn close together with the heart-touch that of itself is priceless. The little family circle may soon separate, the arc may be broken, but the Lares and Penates are ever at the hearth no dark clouds of life can ever dim the memories of a Christmas at home, where mother held her little ones close to her heart in the ecstasies of that sacred time. For ages artists have depicted the Madonna, the greatest subject known to art. Today the most inspiring picture in real life is mother and child—the sacred relationship beside which all else pales.

Now for the merry jingle of bells. But this is not altogether the children's day; it is mother's day, also. And if all of them the world over were made happy on Christmas day there is no need to worry for the children. Sons, daughters, fathers, here's a toast to the mothers! Upon them place laurels of love, affection and gratitude—a fitting crown for their brows on that precious day. With

them as queens of Yuletide, we send forth greetings to all. Let the tender hearts beat quick with the outpouring of gratitude—a kiss, a tender word, an affectionate caress—and the season will be radiant with Christ-like happiness.

Listen!—Christmas bells! Candles shine brightly, and the tree glistens with all its gay trappings of gold tinsel and many-colored toys. Come, children, let us take a peek through the door and tiptoe in to crown the fairy queen from whose lips we first heard the story of the birth of the child in the manger at Bethlehem.

NATURE'S MANTLE OF ART

THE morning after a heavy fall of soft snow presents nature in sculptured white. The fantastic shapes are so perfect in their artistic mold as to suggest the Divine touch. The bleak, bare branches of the trees furnish an ideal lay-figure for the traceries of purity's emblem. There are suggestions of carved vegetation limned with a delicacy that defies all attempts at reproduction in the sculptor's studio. In the stifled air and artificial light of art galleries, only a poor reflection is obtained of nature's grandeur. Limb and bark, bush and brier, even the homely fence, stump and shanty are made objects of almost supernatural beauty in a winter snow-storm. In the city the traffic is blocked; nature has asserted her power over man—she is supreme, when all is said and done. The irritating rattle on the pavements is muffled, and the din of commerce is hushed. Man may "mark the earth with ruin," but there is a time when his "marks" are covered with a mantle of surpassing loveliness, and

for a short time the snow dominates earth and humanity alike, unless it be in the case of a Caesar or a Napoleon, to whom even the avalanches and crevasses of snow-clad mountains were no permanent barriers when they had determined to advance.

GOOD FRIENDS, CHEERY WORDS

WHY is it that we are all so diffident in speaking an encouraging word when we know it is needed? If things go ill with us, or we are at all nettled, comment flows freely; and yet how much good is often done by one little word of merited praise. Not fulsome or idle flattery, but honest encouragement when it is justly due, or a suggestion or kindly criticism. How many noble and heroic efforts are passed by in every-day life without comment, unless some extraordinary or tragic circumstance calls it forth! The young lawyer, minister or doctor, the farmer, mechanic or clerk are stimulated to great achievement by personal appreciation. Careers have been determined by what have seemed carelessly-spoken words. "A little word spoken in season, how good it is." Nay, sometimes less than that—a look, a nod may decide an important action. A smile of recognition from even an acquaintance when a man is "down and out" means much, and may give the courage to arise and try again.

With the most profound respect to Mr. Self-made and those who "have succeeded," why should they be contented merely to give advice and hide the real key to their achievements—the friends, or even the enemies who appeared to spur them on at just the right time? Is there a successful person who does not know, down in his inmost heart, that many a man who has failed merited success just as much as he did, and worked as hard and as honestly for it? Yet among the great army of failures are many who did not succeed because the encouragement of a friend, in word or deed, was lacking when needed most. Success in life does not always depend on individual merit—to a very large extent it depends also upon opportunity and good friends.

You have all seen that important and pompous "self-made" man. He has a seat upon a corporation throne, perhaps as president, and rules with an autocratic hand. Knotty questions in the business realm are decided by him in a fairly judicial way. In his revolving chair he conceives great plans. Come, study his life carefully; is it a success?

Is he "self-made"? Is not his position very often due to a chain of fortunate opportunities which he was equipped by his friends to seize when presented. Yet after he had achieved success it may be that it was necessary to "jog his memory" and remind him that others needed help. There are men, too, who make their own opportunities, and even in the husks find something worth having and who "let slip no chance to waken love" and who "never forget a kindness or fail to return a favor."

A SURGING SEA OF THOUGHT

HAVE you ever thought of the sea of letters floating over the country all the time; now ebbing, now flowing, like the waves of the wide ocean itself? Have you ever thought what vivid reflections may be enfolded between these written pages? In one are the notes of joy, the outbursts of happiness going with the wedding cards, or the news of some equally joyful event. Then there are the disconsolate notes of sorrow; the last wail of the suicide is committed to paper; the last words of the dying to some loved one penned as the final effort of ebbing strength—or it may be that a message of death is written by a stranger's hand, and speeds on its way to bring darkness and depression into some home or heart;—perhaps the sad story of a disgraced and misspent life jostles the wedding cards in the mail. Here are the business letters: the note demanding payment, the drafts and exchanges that keep the marts of the whole world busy, the financial letters that must pass to and fro

between the money centers, to say nothing of the sharp-tongued collector's note. Every phase of life is indicated in these leaflets, from the "ill-omened page that spreadeth gloom along life's erstwhile happy way," to the stirring call to be up and doing; for "man's life was not made for men's creeds, but men's actions." How directly associated with everyday life are the little white visitors. Sometimes it may be, the telegraph or telephone overtakes them, and the harsh notes, "the song of the iron wire," brings the message in terse, cruel words that is more gently told by the dove-like, fluttering pages of the letter. How often such a missive changes the whole trend of a situation or the course of a life!

The telegraph is like the crest of the wave, the rough upper water of the sea; but the mails are as the deep, strong tide below, that moves on resistlessly, regardless of wind and weather,—but telegraph, telephone and letters alike repeat the refrain of human intelligence and life.

The postman, in his sober garb, walks up to our door and delivers that which is likely to change the whole current of the day, mak-

ing it bright and sunny, despite the clouds in the sky out-of-doors, or gloomy and dark, no matter how brightly Old Sol may shine; or perhaps he brings a missive which shifts the destiny of a life. You never know what the mail may hold for you—the letter is balanced for a moment in your hand, as you think of the possible contents; and how many times a few hearty written words, that might be misconstrued if spoken, bring delight as the reader sees the meaning expressed between the lines, even to the simple “yours truly,” which seems to fitly outline the temper in which the letter was written; it often happens that the wind-up is a sort of test-mark of the senders disposition.

Letters are an excellent safety-valve. It is said that the best thing to do when one is angry is to sit down and write one to the offending party, saying all the savage things that are in the mind and heart at the moment; lay it gently aside for perusal the next morning, when it usually appears that the indignation has abated, the savage spirit has exuded during the night, and when it is read over it is likely the writer feels ashamed of

ever entertaining such thoughts toward a fellow-man, and the epistle is hastily torn and consigned to the waste-basket—it has performed a real mission.

Much harm is done by letters written and mailed in the heat of temper; many a business house, by an impertinent word—either verbal or in writing—from an indifferent or sulky employe, has lost deals worth thousands of dollars. More trouble is caused by impudence than incompetence—merely ill-considered insolence. Some employes who feel in a measure fortified in their positions, working for a weekly wage rather than because they wish to try and be of some service in the world, consider themselves privileged to be independent of the public whom they are supposed to serve. There is an impression that this is permissible and justified by “fool questions,” but it doubtless arises from a certain form of human vanity. Lincoln understood it—that is why his favorite poem uttered a protest, “*Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?*”

A rare pleasure indeed is a chatty, hearty letter. What a fund of happiness can be dispensed in this way at the cost of but a few

minutes' effort and a stamp! What unhappy and even lifelong misunderstandings may be avoided by a few lines of cheery, kindly correspondence! Sometimes such a letter is even better than a personal talk, because there is less danger of saying too much; words are more carefully chosen and expressions are less likely to be misconstrued when the sentiment is written.

Doubtless you have met the village post-mistress. She is apt to be a romantic soul, and usually a first-class exponent of the happy habit. Passing through her hands are missives of every description—a part of the great sea of mail under the care of Uncle Sam. What romance is often stowed away behind that formidable array of pigeon-holes with glass fronts and red figures! This dispenser of joy or sorrow is oft-times a struggling widow or maiden lady, presiding there with quiet dignity, mingling active business life with domestic duties. Often she owns the village store, one corner of which is duly dedicated as the post office. A rocking-chair is brought from the sitting-room and deposited in a cozy place, and here she sits and sews,

knits and thinks—always busy, bless her. The little window marked “Stamps” has the official seal of governmental dignity, and the pittance allowed as commissions on stamps cancelled is scarcely sufficient to make it worth the while for political squabble, but the postmistress appears happy and contented with her modest income, eagerly dispensing cheerfulness with each letter called for. Missives received from these village post offices seem to carry with them the atmosphere of “hominess”; we can almost hear the rocker creak as the attendant rises to hand out the mail.

NATURE AS AN ECONOMIST

THERE is a thrill of real sterling happiness when we can look straight into the face of one long round of adversity and trouble and yet clearly behold through a rift in the clouds the meed of deserved success and the gleam of future prosperity. In the financial reaction which has convulsed the world, there has been behind the darkest storm-cloud a silver lining visible. While our hearts are wrung with pity and sympathy for the distress that follows in the wake of business depressions—men out of work and hungry, despairing women and little ones lacking food, ragged and uncared for—yet the situation demands of every one the exercise of the broadest sympathy and the noblest impulses that ever poured kindly helpfulness into the hands of those who needed it—assistance that is hesitatingly accepted by these honest, hard-working men who are straining every nerve to weather the gale without making shipwreck of their business and homes. These are the men who survive the storm.

In all the gloomy features of such situations there is one beneficent result, as truly helpful as any wealth or pleasure gleaned from the bright fields or somber woods, the waving boughs of primeval forests, or the adamantine cliffs of majestic mountains. In human history, as in every phase of life in nature, there is the same lesson:—the survival of the fittest, the endurance of the strongest, wisest and most skillful. It seems cruel, but it is very apparent to those who have studied history and the development of the race. In every instance, wherever one nation has overcome another, though it be done with needless bloodshed or cruelty and crime, yet the vanishing race, it will eventually be conceded, did not avail itself of the rich gifts laid ready to its hand; or perchance it may have been handicapped by some form of government or religion that could not stand, as witnessed in the anomalous government of unfortunate Poland or the red man's fall of empire in America. The conquering race lets in the light and brings advancement in its wake. Although we may shudder at this immutable law, yet when we look closer into its workings

we perforce recognize therein a wisdom that transcends the human judgment of that time. Nature, however kindly, is after all a rigid economist, and no one can continue to wantonly waste her blessings and not suffer; and although the beneficence of her law may not always be seen immediately, it is there as fixed as the law of the planets.

BLESSINGS OF HARD TIMES

DURING financial reverses, even in the homes of many rich men, it suddenly happens that the good wife who seemed *blase* and weary of a continual round of pleasures and social engagements, is found to possess other and nobler and more enduring qualities than those with which she graced the home in prosperous days. When money could not be obtained, such women developed a capacity for finding and conferring happiness in their homes by doing their housework in the good old homely way. By this arrangement the family is drawn more closely together—the boys would not leave things lying about if they knew “mother” had to pick up after they had gone out; the girls suddenly discovered that it was possible to wash dishes without spoiling one’s hands. They learned how much sugar the family liked in the pies and puddings, and just how salty father liked his soup; the meals, though much plainer than formerly, had a flavor not known before. Like the child with his toys,

it is discovered that the simple and inexpensive modes of living are, in the long run, the most satisfactory, and the dinner of salt fish and potatoes with the dessert of boiled rice tasted appetizingly—a diet of the good old times that put bone and muscle into the hardy pioneers. Besides, when that family is able to keep a maid again, they understand better what her duties are, and are less given to complaining and more ready to appreciate the difficulties of housework and “help out” when required.

Talking of plain food brings up recollections of that wholesome dish “oatmeal porridge,” and recalls the fact that to the ability of the Scotch people to subsist chiefly on that simple, hearty food is attributed the constant defeat of the English efforts to enslave them. The hardy Scotsman, armed with his primitive weapons and bag of oatmeal, “took to the heather” in the Highlands. He did not even need a fire, all he had to do was to pause beside a stream, dip up a little water, mix this with his meal, and a satisfying diet was at once provided. Lean, muscular, inured to hardship, they were formidable foes to the impos-

ing, beef-fed armies of England, whose plum-pudding-and-beef larder could not be transported up the hills, so they were fain to sit down in the lowlands until the Scot was ready for battle. The racial types that grew from such stern climate and plain food have dominated the world and are found everywhere.

Recently, we have seen the little Jap, with his diet of rice, contesting on the plains of Manchuria with the proud Russian. That simple commissariat was bound to win the day. The man who cannot get along without a plethoric pantry will be beaten when suddenly reduced to hard fare. It is a question whether intemperance in food is not as prevalent as that in drink, and whether the one does not as surely blind the perceptions as the other.

PHILOSOPHY OF GIFT-GIVING

THE inclination is always to associate the observance of Christmas with a royal dinner. The youngsters on that occasion are allowed to eat until they cry "Enough!" like the distinguished McDuff. Home-gatherings are the order of the day, and mother's dishes eclipse even the advanced science of cooking schools and food fairs. The home-gathering is a sweet memory of a lifetime. Who does not recall the happy gleam of sunshine of a Christmas at the "old home"? It revives that genuine sympathy often forgotten in the busy work-a-day world. If we could all be genuinely interested and sympathetic with our fellow-men for even one day, we should feel the happier for it. To the little pale-faced newsboy, the pedler and beggar, even to those prosperous in worldly affairs—from prince to pauper—a kind deed is never amiss. Speak a word of genuine sympathetic interest to all persons with whom you come in contact for one day. Ah, if we could learn all the possibilities of sympathy!

—it is a religion in itself and the mainspring of all love. It is growing rusty in these busy days, and we need frequently to burnish our philanthropic impulses. As Faraday discovered magnetism in all metals, so there is sympathy in every human being, but it requires a certain warmth of temperature to develop it. Surprise your friend with a real, genuine expression of interest that has no special condition attached to it on which you expect to gain a twenty-per-cent dividend. Try it some day; and Christmastime is an excellent season for exploiting this sentiment.

What busy times it makes for the stores, and who possessing a large circle of friends was ever quite ready for the important day? In the efforts to overlook nobody, the present-giver often feels herself—it is most often *her*—quite *tired out* with endless shopping and planning. A word or two to these gift-makers may not be out of place here. A present from a friend may be a delightful thing, but let us understand clearly what it is that makes a gift precious. In the multitude of Christmas tokens, how many are given because one has been received and the recipient feels that a

return should be made? This is not a true gift; it is only the payment of a debt; and if you truly love your friend you would never wish to "return" a token, but would be content to be under an obligation—a genuine test of friendship. It is impossible to repay a real kindness; you may acknowledge the favor, but the original debt always stands. Neither would you desire to give because you thought it was expected of you or because you wished to receive. This would be to degrade the gift to the level of barter. What, then, is high, true, holy giving? Dr. Charles F. Deems, whose pithy remarks are remembered by so many, said that five different things went to the making of a perfect gift:—First, it should cost something (not necessarily money); second, be a benefit or a pleasure, or both; third, express the individuality of the giver; fourth, not humiliate the receiver; and fifth, and most important of all, there should be love behind it.

INDIVIDUALITY COUNTS

THERE is a marvelous power in a well-defined individuality, and as some measure of this singular influence is allotted to each human being—the people who knew how to use it—Caesar, Napoleon, Mesmer, and other great men—made their mark in history, for good or evil, but we ordinary mortals have this power too, though in a less degree.

This bit of psychology may be established past argument. Sometimes we flippantly remark that a certain person is “of no consequence.” That is not so, and it can be proven; go into a room occupied exclusively by one individual—if you have the “seeing eye” you will infallibly find there tokens of his presence that will betray his individuality, at least in a great measure. Boys brought up in a home with mother and sisters feel a sudden chill when they enter the bachelor apartments of less fortunate friends—unconsciously they miss in the room the woman’s touch to which they are accustomed. Don’t

you remember when you were a boy and mother went off for that rare vacation? You came home—everything was in apple-pie order—lots of nice things left cooked to help out while she was gone; you had been taught how to arrange the supper table and you did it, but all the time there was something missing. It was a little better when father came home and commended your housekeeping, but those meals without mother, and that house robbed of the little special tokens of her personality, still loom up in your memory with a dismal gloom peculiarly their own.

As the power of individuality is realized, a greater value is placed on human life, and it was never so highly prized as today. That value, in the estimation of our nation, was never more evident than when the ill treatment of our soldier-boys brought forth a storm of remonstrance—every life has a value far above gold; just and humane treatment is demanded alike for friend and enemy, and there is no apology for reprehensible cowards who seek to make fortunes from the sorrows or necessities of others, be they soldiers or civilians.

On a through Pennsylvania train, one Sunday, occurred an incident which illustrated the marked change that has taken place of late years in the ideals appealing to American youth. A number of soldiers and sailors were returning home on a furlough. Although many of them had never met before, there was an air of comradeship that was tender and touching. The rations and lunch were freely passed, and a pale, sweet-faced sailor lad who was ill was made as comfortable as possible. The observer was struck by the extreme youth of the soldiers and sailors. From the rack one of them took down a guitar, and after a few chords, the pale lad reclining on an improvised couch, sang the old but tender ballad, "Just Break the News to Mother."

The voice was clear and sweet, and rang out in all its purity and tenderness above the roar of the train; later, every one joined in sacred songs that all mothers love. The singer grew paler; the people in the car did what they could for him, but with a song of home and friends on his lips, he died. How those comrades mourned with the others on

the train! The downy-bearded messmates changed the plans for their own home-coming to convey to the waiting mother the remains of her darling boy and their loved companion. What a new vista of life such experiences have opened to American youth! The army and navy volunteer service has in many cases been what the Germans call the *Wanderjahr*, or the period of life when the young men are sent away from the home nest to "see the world," but each boy, each individual ever retains a place in some loving heart.

LOOKING DOWN AND UP

GOOD old Bishop Hall said, "Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues."

Certainly it is quite possible to overdo even the best of good things. The happy habit way is to avoid extremes and occupy the safer middle ground when possible.

There was something fascinating about that Scipio group, brought from the Island of Cyprus, as I viewed it in the Metropolitan Museum in New York City. Almost every one stopped to gaze, and, while a cynical observer might not have approved of this evidence of keen interest, yet it was entertaining to watch the pleased expression on each face while the statuary was being inspected.

For some time I paused before the group, trying to analyze its peculiar attraction—then an explanation came to mind that quite satisfied me. Every individual represented was looking up. Behold the moral, ye Happy Habitors!

Despite the charm in an upward glance,

looking up is too rare a habit in art as well as in life. You would not believe that the mere attitude of the head would make so much difference in expression—the upward look is inspiring—but don't overdo it. In my anxiety to practice my theory, on leaving the hall I tripped on the threshold, and the stern, uniformed attendant thundered: "You had better look *down* at your feet and see where you are going!"

So much for the theoretical and the practical. A Happy Habiter is at liberty to make his own choice.

GEMS WORTH MEMORIZING

THE happy habit of stirring the recollection with little "memory gems," bits of poetry and prose, an epigram or two, is one that is likely to be of real service to the speaker who knows how to burnish his discourse with these ornaments of speech. Sometimes a few lines of catching verse or a bit of humorous prose may result in achieving a purpose which a long, serious, prosy dissertation would not attain.

Many amusing incidents in life have an influence in determining the career of a public man. One of the best-known officials in Washington won a reputation in a court trial in his home town in the West that led, subsequently, to an appointment in Washington. The attorney on the opposite side of the case was a Montana man, and he proceeded to make things pretty lively for the defending counsel during the trial.

While the case was being heard a characteristic bit of verse, inspired by the lawyer's personality, appeared in one of the local

papers, and these opening lines have given the author a wide reputation:

“I’m a pacer from the Rockies;
 Watch me go!
I’m a zephyr from the mountains;
 Hear me blow!
I’m a gentleman from Butte;
I’m a cowboy on a toot;
I’m an owl from old Montana;
 Hear me hoot!”

The writer of these thrilling lines now occupies a prominent position in the Department of Justice, and, strange to say, no one was more gratified with this rough-and-ready sarcasm and humor than the gentleman from Montana, who pasted the bit of verse in his hat and declared that he had won immortality by being embalmed in a real live poem.

THE BUOYANCY OF BOYS

THE boy—what of the up-to-date, wide-awake specimen? We must assuredly believe in the boys of today, because they are to mold the destinies of tomorrow. Yes, even those “young barbarians all at play,” who like the hideous din of slamming doors and concussions of any kind, from a firecracker to thunder and earthquakes; some of them are to influence the future of the country. When the love and respect of boys are won, they are a force in the world that must be reckoned with. When we hear elderly gentlemen lament that boys are not as self-reliant and honest as they used to be “when we were boys,” we sympathize with them. But this regret is largely delusive. The world is better than it ever was, in spite of the worship of “the good old days.” These same critics would not now endure the environment and inconveniences of the “days of yore” without unceasing protest, nor would they wipe out the progress of the past fifty years and forego the conveniences which are the

necessities of today but were luxuries of those olden times.

It is the boy of today we are talking about, and he is required to know more than the average man of former years. He must study constantly to keep in the race. He usually has more business sense at sixteen than he is often given credit for, especially if he resists the insidious curse of the cigarette mania. He must not be kept in kilts and curls and cuddled like a baby, or kicked into a corner or thrust out upon the street. Make companions of the boys of today, and you will find in them little gentlemen who can entertain and inform you of some things you never knew or had forgotten. A personal experience with boys for many years past has taught us that they are the best allies and workers that can be secured in business, and there is always a fresh, genuine confidence and enthusiasm in them that is infectious and inspiring.

EDITORIAL TREE FRUITAGE

BACK in the old creaking rocking-chair for the first time in months; and what soothing memories that creak, creak, creak—that pendulum motion—awakens!

You should have seen my fine editorial Christmas tree! It was not large, but it was laden to the ground with remembrances, accompanied by words of greeting that will be ever cherished. It took some time to “fix” my tree, but now that I am “grown up,” I had the pleasure of assisting in the preparations, and Santa Claus was very genial. There were envelopes on that tree bringing messages from all parts of the world—India, Australia, England, Germany, China, Porto Rico, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, the Philippines; in fact the postmarks on those letters circled the globe, even as the envelopes covered the tree; every branch of it was laden with words that awakened memories of affectionate appreciation. I think I never enjoyed a celebration more.

How many hours I sat and looked at my

treasures I do not know. How my thoughts flashed from one part of the world to another, visiting in fancy the happy homes whence these remembrances had come! The gay tinsel on the tree, the fluttering candles, the rich green of the graceful branches all aided memory and fancy as I sat in meditation, relieved for the moment of the pressure of business and the hurly-burly of the work-a-day world.

If you have ever sat at the bedside of a loved one for weeks before the Yuletide season, in chilling suspense, not knowing what a day might bring forth, then you know something of the hope and gratitude that fills the heart when the dear one is given back, after a siege of critical illness. The future stretches out before you, brightened by the presence of your beloved, whose return to health you regard as the most precious gift ever bestowed, and one direct from the Great Giver; and you are in tune with life as never before.

As I gazed at my tree on Christmas eve, lost in meditation, the hours stole on to that witching time 'twixt daylight and dark, and

I passed unconsciously into dreamland, and stood on a great mountain peak, with surrounding battlements on all sides; below me the valley was clothed with trees of varying sizes—a forest of radiance, gilded with the glow of sunbeams as far as the eye could reach out into the purple-tinted horizon. Every tree was laden with simple, beautiful remembrances, and each gift bore on it a message of hope and inspiration to some discouraged mortal. No one soul on earth was forgotten, and the fluttering white fairy missives required no puzzling to grasp their meaning, for the contents of each was clear and transparent in the splendor of that light.

Looking down the vista of lustrous green, I gazed into the valley at the foot of the mountain as it lay bathed in brilliant sunlight, and a sense of awe stole over me. A light breeze stirred the tree-tops; they bowed in mute obeisance toward that radiance below, above and beyond. I now understood that this was more than earthly brightness, and that the tender thought for the happiness of all mortals, the beauty, the inspiration, the love, all radiated from The Sun of Righteousness,

symbolized by the sunbeams spread over the mountains and valleys, the source of content and peace on earth.

When I awoke, the candle lights were blinking and nodding a kindly good night, and Christmas eve had passed the midnight hour into a new day.

PROCESSION OF THE SUN

ON a certain pleasant Sunday it was my happy fortune to observe President Roosevelt sitting in his pew in the Dutch Reformed Church in Washington, a edifice plain even to severity, without glittering altar or candles. Behind the pulpit are panels of oak, on which the peculiar cross of the catacombs is carved. The massive beams overhead serve as reminders of the sturdy people who followed Zwingli when he differed from Martin Luther. Through the four large stained-glass windows on one side poured the winter sunbeams, lighting up the simplicity of the interior. The pastor delivered his message of the gospel, emphasizing the virtue of being "doers of the Word"—hard work and vigorous service were what he urged upon his flock.

It was a glimpse of the inner life of a President reared in the atmosphere of self-reliant, religious teaching. The sturdy Dutch spirit of the Reformation was here reflected. In this worship all distinctions were dissolved.

There was no surpliced choir; the singing, in which all joined earnestly, with fervor worthy of their ancestors, was led by a single chorister.

The pastor made a mistake in the number of the hymn announced. He saw the look of dismay on the face of the chorister, arose, apologized for his error, and made it 117 instead of 115. This incident served to show the unconventionality of the service—so free was it from all formality, it might have been a family worship. After heartily joining in the "Doxology," three Amens were sung by the congregation, and the President and that little assembly received the benediction from the pastor and left the edifice decorously.

Attired in a "Prince Albert," wearing no overcoat, and carrying his gloves, the President walked vigorously toward the White House. No equerries awaited him at the church door, no guard with clanking sabers, no ornate equipage. He raised his hat to the people right and left as he passed quickly on. A friend in an automobile sped by; the drivers of carriages slackened their pace to permit the President to cross before them. Theodore Roosevelt returned home from divine worship

in the bright sunshine of that winter day guarded only by the love, confidence and friendship of his countrymen, armed only with the spirit of real democracy and an intelligent, honest sympathy for his fellow-men. What higher qualifications could any ruler possess?

Contrast this scene with that on the banks of the Neva at the same hour of that day. Picture the Czar of all the Russias at worship, with the selfsame winter sun pouring in through the cathedral windows, making still more splendid the rich robes of the priests; the chanting of choirs; the luxury of the Romanoff dynasty. Outside in Admiralty Square the people pleaded for the help and sympathy of the "Little Father." Surrounded by dukes and courtiers, guards and cordons of armed men, the emperor's interest in his subjects on that fatal Sabbath was expressed in crimson tears—the blood of his people reddening the snow.

And yet, in the heart of Nicholas, surrounded by his family, there may have been an earnest prayer for peace. In those moments when a throne was shaken by the hoarse

cries of incipient revolution, he may have trembled—a prisoner—the pulsation of human sympathy with the people shut off by the traditions of his realm: an autocrat, and yet unable to enforce his beliefs. Irony of fate when two of the greatest nations of the earth, under the same winter sun, present such varied pictures.

The scenes of history shift as the acts of governments proceed, enlarging or contracting the great heart-power of the peoples of the earth, and yet we trust

“That through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the
process of the suns.”

OPTIMISM IN GROWING CITIES

CONCRETE evidences of the growth and maintenance of national optimism is indicated in American towns and smaller cities, where the population is largely recruited from other states and metropolitan centers, and is peculiarly representative of our development and ideas.

It is interesting to follow a village's growth into a pretentious city of fifty thousand people. With the solidifying population comes the positive, inborn belief that here, too, a city shall be builded—a conviction that impels people to start a community even on a barren plain and regardless of plans and maps. Those who have profited by an advance in values are engrossed in the idea of constructing homes that shall have in them every possible convenience. Everything is new; there is an atmosphere of hope and constant endeavor, which brings out optimism; much has been accomplished; what may not be done in the future? "All's well with the world" is the sentiment of the new

towns, and this brings out enterprises which may not be found in older communities, just as a man or woman feels more confident when attired in new garments.

The process of building a city is more carefully mapped out; first there is the construction of the school-house and the station, then come the "store," post office and a few vagrant saloons, and usually some lots are put aside for recreation grounds. Gradually the residential streets extend, and plans are made where certain parks shall be laid out.

A young town growing is like a married couple starting housekeeping, only instead of the furniture for the parlor purchased bit by bit, the town seeks to bring in street cars and electric lights; then come the parks and all the other evidences of a flourishing metropolitan life. Even the school children have an active interest in matters pertaining to the welfare of the home city. Perhaps as the municipality grows larger it is not always so easy to appeal to the civic pride of the inhabitants, but if the original resident freeholders can be reached, they will always be found unchanged in this respect. Later,

handsome houses begin to go up, with trim lawns that suggest the care bestowed on the inside of the home, which boasts all that is most admired by the modern householder: open fireplaces, hardwood floors, a library fitted with shelves and cozy nooks, and a furnace in the cellar amply adequate to keep the house warm when wintry blasts howl outside. Many of these beautiful homes belong to retired farmers, who have "moved to town" to end their days in companionships not to be attained outside the city limits, now that they have grown too old to "run around," regardless of weather. True, they may never become "citified," will arise as early as ever, and will be found raking leaves on their lawns and building their own furnace fires, for the farmer always remains a thrifty "home body."

Trolley lines make the new town accessible, so that a man may move in and live among his fellows and yet keep in touch with his farm or factory outside. These dwellers in country towns and small cities are the keenest to observe and adopt new things. Their library tables are laden with the latest books and a

great variety of periodicals which are really *read*, for here there is leisure to consider the thoughts and doings of great men and the happenings of the day that will be history by and by. The literary, musical, church and social entertainments are all well attended, and the citizens are keenly interested in the production of operas and oratorios, in music generally, and in other arts, to say nothing of the library.

It is refreshing to retreat from the glare of New York or some other large city to even the little country hotel, where there is a suggestion of friendliness in the ancient ketchup bottle and the stately castor, still holding its place after "individual" table furnishings have replaced it in city homes.

TRUE KNIGHTS OF OPTIMISM

IN the battalions of the Knights of Optimism the American traveling man leads the van. Who does not know him; jolly, jocose, tender-hearted, generous to a fault, "hail-fellow-well-met" with all the world of trade and travel. Who ever saw a scowling traveling man? He is invariably good-natured and optimistic, and while the bilious pessimist falls unnoticed by the wayside, the jolly advance agent of prosperity is always welcome, whether bouncing along on "limiteds" and way-freights, making a short cut by a twenty-mile drive, cheerily carrying his grips over a five-mile walk, or perchance, in some isolated section, astride a broncho or paddling a dug-out canoe; whatever the conditions of his really strenuous life, he generally manages to reach his destination on time. The country merchant advises with him—family confidences are exchanged—the duel of barter is decided when the storekeeper opines that "this traveling man and his house are on the square."

This keen-eyed harbinger of commerce and prosperity does much more than sell standard goods and "fill orders." He goes after "lame ducks" as eagerly as he chases up a "new stock order," and human nature is his chief text-book. While he keeps in touch with "the trade" he studies the whole people: the customers who are to buy, as well as the future merchants—the boys and clerks with ambitions to whom he expects to sell goods. He knows what is likely to suit each town, and in making his trips he bears in mind the peculiarities and special tastes of the dwellers in various localities, and something to suit each will be found among his numerous "samples."

Then, too, he takes high rank as an economist of time and space and other matters; the odd moments of leisure before train time, the weary hours of a lonely Sunday, or the tiresome waits on long winter evenings are all utilized. Who but a traveling man could get so much and so varied a collection of merchandise packed away in those neat cases, in such perfect order as to be readily found at a moment's notice?

He is an interesting talker, and keeps himself well-versed in the current affairs of county, state and nation. He is a fount of information. As he stands swinging his grip like a soldier *en route* for his regiment with knapsack strapped in place, he can give any information desired as to train connections; can tell just what kind of a hotel may be found in any city or town, and will sketch for you the family history of its proprietor, and supply much other local information. His opinion is of value, because few men have so many opportunities for the formation of correct views.

Traveling men are certainly the couriers of commerce, and the American representative is especially known as a world-wide and keen hustler. He leads in the conquests of trade, and instead of a knapsack, carries a grip that has given him the title of "bag-man" in other lands.

Often have I seen these men perform acts of chivalry that would have done credit to the sentiment of "The Table Round," when King Arthur's knights rode through the land "redressing wrong." We are prone

to associate heroism exclusively with the battlefield, but the courage of the traveling man is danger proof and second to none. Considering his work alone, selling goods in these times of keen competition requires a strong man mentally, physically and morally; his efforts mean more than a mere trade proposition, for they involve directly or indirectly the comfort of every American home.

The traveling man seldom fails to carry some love token in that snugly-packed grip of his, or if he be married, some photo or keepsake—the kind remembrance of dear ones at home. When he reaches his room at the hotel, the first thing he usually does is to set up the picture of his wife and little ones, and after that come the comb and brush, the slippers and other articles suggestive of the home comforts which are enjoyed only at rare intervals by this ambassador of supply and demand; advance courier of the “latest out”; this apostle of good cheer and trade development, who is so important and picturesque a figure in American life.

HAPPY HABITERS AS SNUFFERS

THE realization that it is the falling leaves, the dropping of seed-vessels and fruitage, the closing autumn days that ensure repetition of seed-time and harvest, other leaves and another year of bloom and fruit—this it is that thrills the mind with the sweet promise of everlastingness. The bountiful harvests of America have been garnered, and we once more grasp the fact, as Balzac says: "What you put into the soil, you get out of it." A few hours spent in the woods in the glorious autumn time emphasize the responsibility of the Happy Habitors in the harvest of habit-seed that has been sown and will bear fruit.

Have you ever been dissatisfied with work undertaken and carried on in the spirit of usefulness? True, there are people who seem to be instrumental in making others miserable; perhaps even the creation of unhappiness and sorrow among one's fellows is not the fruit of evil intent, though the consequences are as unpleasant as if it were.

I recall the days when candles were commonly used, and we sometimes went to visit grandmother, a lady of the old school who abhorred modern ways and declared with Solomon, "Behold, this only have I found; God made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions."

I well remember the low-ceilinged room, with its strange silhouettes and ancient steel engravings on the walls; how the candle-light flickered on the pictures, making the black-a-vized ladies and gentlemen in them seem to open their lips and move their eye-lashes, while we wondered what they might have looked like if we could have seen them face to face instead of generally in profile. A pair of heavy silver candlesticks always stood on the glossy dark surface of the table of Spanish mahogany that reflected faithfully the dancing light of the candles and the glory of holders that were grandmother's pride; but sometimes the light grew dim with what we called "letters" on the wicks of the candles, and then we vied with each other for the privilege of using the great silver snuffers that lay all ready on a tiny tray of their own.

Carefully instructed, and with the best of intentions, we tride to snuff the candles as we had seen grandmother do, but it frequently happened that we cut the wick too deep and left the room in darkness, resulting in a dropped stitch in grandmother's knitting and the losing of "the place" in the solid history or theological work that we were reading aloud to her.

The candles had to be snuffed in order to get the best results from them, but even in those youthful days we understood that everything depended on the way it was done. If you did it just right, they burned brighter than ever.

How many of our great reformers are trimming the candles and leaving the world brighter and better because they know just how to use those ponderous snuffers, public opinion! How many times these trimmers are wielded to keep in check the evils that accumulate. The snuffers are all right—there is a little box on them that holds the burnt, unsightly pieces of wick and keeps them from soiling anything on which they might chance to fall—and the candle is all

right; it is all in the way you use them. This is why I am at variance with people who want to make the world better by putting the candles *out* instead of making them *brighter*.

HAPPY "BLUE-BOTTLE" FLY

AT the peril of being classed with the "nature fakirs," I am going to tell you a story of a fly. I was riding on a train to Cobalt; tired of reading, even a little bit tired of myself, and weary of the monotonous scenery without; when, on the window-sill, I observed a big fly—the old-fashioned, blue-bottle variety—and he seemed a sociable sort of a chap, as he sat there rubbing his feet fore and aft and ducking his head. It seems absurd, I know, but it occurred to me that he was lonesome. He brought back visions of childhood, when we watched some one of his ancestors crawl along the window-pane and listened to the ditty:

"Baby bye, here's a fly;
Can't we catch him, you and I?
Up he crawls on the walls,
Yet he never, never falls."

I was sorry that I did not understand his language, because I felt sure that he had something to communicate as he sat there

pluming himself, setting his wings in order and making his toilet with the utmost care. I did not see his "sabre tooth," but he may have had one. He must have been a tame fly, because I did not scare him one bit; he was as chatty and friendly as a squirrel. It seemed to me that he had the happy habit: not a trace of a snarl on his face.

That fly performed a service for me. Just when I was in danger of losing for the moment that pleasant chain of happy habit thought which I vigorously try to maintain, that innocent-looking big Canadian fly seemed to turn the tide of thought; and why not? Did not a spider inspire "Robert Bruce with courage, just as his fortunes were at the lowest ebb?" Did not Frederick the Great escape poisoning simply because a fly fell into his soup?—that soup that was intended for the conqueror?

THE NEEDLESS SACRIFICE

IF the human race could be all Happy Habitors, or even moderately rational, there would be little bitterness, and no more of the absolutely needless sacrifice of the nobler and uplifting emotions of mankind. Today we offer victims just as truly as did the Aztecs, and our shafts of sarcasm and persecution cut as deep as any knife beneath which the human blood gushed out and stained the great stone slab on which the offering lay bound.

True, those who suffered in the old days were not all helpless ones; some went to the stake cheerfully, content to die for their religion. The victim of our day is the target for the poisoned arrows of revenge and jealousy which accompany all public honors,—some of which could never be attained save by the slaying of those in power, over whose prostrate forms the ambitious grasp the tinsel of the glory they covet, but which they, too, some day will find only an empty bauble.

It has been said that the way to appeal to

an Englishman is through his stomach; let it not be said with equal truth that the way to an American's heart is through his purse. Too many great questions are considered today on the basis of whether or not "there is money in it"; but all manhood cannot be bought with gold, or the nation's sense of justice dulled by a pecuniary gain.

Ruskin was one who loved his fellow-men. This great man said: "The sum of enjoyment depends not on the *quantity* of things tasted, but on the vivacity and patience of taste."

My point remains the same as at the start—no victim will trace his sorrows to the hands or the lips of a Happy Habiter, and the more I think of it, the more I desire to enlarge our ranks, until the whole world belongs to "our noble order of Happy Habitors."

PRICELESS MEN

AMERICAN literature owes much to Charles Dudley Warner. He was an inspiration to young Americans. Who does not feel the glow of his cheering good-nature while reading those charmingly-simple sketches: "My Summer in a Garden," first published in the course of his newspaper service!

This again emphasizes the close alliance between newspaper work and literary effort, for Mr. Warner, from his editorial writings, attained prominence in American literature. An interesting story is told of how his sketches were gathered together for a book and refused by a number of leading publishers. Henry Ward Beecher, then in his prime, read them and remarked: "We will see about it." He wrote a preface for the sketches, and sent them to a publisher, and, eventually, an edition of ten thousand was exhausted.

This may suggest how often a successful writer owes his position to prominent men who have assisted him to gain a foothold.

Mr. Warner was a neighbor and friend of Harriet Beecher-Stowe, and through her met the distinguished brother. Mark Twain was his fellow-townsmen in early days. Mr. Warner was a charming man, and never can I forget his kind words to me in a conversation we had regarding a venture of mine. "Keep right at it," he said, "you are on the right track and have the right purposes. Remember it is a fight—always a fight." And then he told me the story of Beecher's advice and encouragement: "You have the genuine stuff in you. You only need to be born; I will be present at your birth! Give me those newspaper slips, and I will write a preface for them; the publishers will take them from me if not from you." Mr. Beecher was indeed present at the birth, and Warner never forgot the great preacher's kindness. Thus truly great men recognize those who are to succeed them as leaders in the literature and art of later generations.

HAPPY HABIT IN DOG DAYS

HAVE you ever observed what a different person that stern and absorbed man of business becomes when he mingles with his children and friends on the seashore or among the mountains, in the dog day vacations? Every year the habit comes upon people to relax in the warm season more and more. That is the time when stiff manners are laid aside with stiff collars and hats. The easy deportment of vacation days matches the tennis shirt and slouch hat in which the mercantile magnate meets his fellow-man—just as a man.

Now the mask of every-day business life is tossed aside, and even the stately parson, in clerical black, forgets to be proper while he enjoys himself at a picnic, mingling in the games with hat off and coat-tails flying; an easy mark for the pursuer.

Speaking of this mingling of human elements of varied character, reminds me of a friend whose favorite study is metallurgy. He seems to consider his bits of metal as

almost human, and I found him one day in his yard with two large pieces of different metal which he had placed not far from each other, to test their mutual attractiveness. He assured me that the harmony between the two would eventually draw them close to each other, and he stroked one of the pieces as he might have done the back of a favorite pussy.

This friend is also somewhat of an astronomer; he went on to demonstrate, with a mass of logarithms and calculations far beyond me, the attractions of metals in masses and the sympathy of one star for another—the principle that holds the great universe intact.

The more he demonstrated, the more clearly I saw a lucid application of a similar force to human beings; for the Happy Habiter's line of thought deals with people rather than with things, and it seems as though this theory has a fundamental application to every one of our clan.

The first thing necessary is to take a vacation at least once in the year—no matter if you have to change positions or steal away for a few days at the week-end to do it. Go

and find yourself as you really are; feel the touch of the real democracy of dog days; for certainly human beings are not less susceptible to the laws of attraction than are two pieces of ore, or less ready to come into harmony.

My friend took a piece of metal and rapped it, and it responded to his touch with a clear, ringing sound. He struck the other piece in the same way, and it answered in a similar key. He seemed bent upon coaxing them together; so it is with the vacation days, which strike a responsive chord of friendship in every heart while the rest-seekers are far removed from the whirl of the city and the clamorous demands of business life. There is the tramp through the woods, a clamber over the rocky shore, or a struggle through the brush on the hillside, and afterward the happy lunch together—perhaps the necessity of drinking from the same cup. There is the comradeship of the automobilists—in trouble, it may be, over a punctured tire, on some isolated road. Such incidents make the democracy of dog days a potential influence in national affairs; for many of the conferences

and comradeships of vacation time bring together into close understanding two persons who, if they met for the first time in business life, never would have known that harmony of thought in each other which they now enjoy. Each would have seen the other dimly through the heavy armor of modern business life, the visor down to protect the wearer against the darts of commercial disaster or misunderstanding. Once known, in the heat of conflict, the adhesive qualities of friendship are apparent.

HOW TO DO THINGS

I THINK it was Tolstoi who recorded that, in order to comprehend the dignity and honor of labor, it was well to do real hard manual work for a whole day. In other words, do something for others rather than for yourself—not the kind that is easy and that the world could get along without, but the real hard toil that *must* be done.

This is the reason that many of the young college boys and girls who have served as waiters and waitresses, or performed other “menial” duties at the summer hotels, never suffer any loss of dignity. A man or woman may use a scrubbing brush all day, and yet not feel that anything unworthy has been done. Of course it is very easy to write about these things on a sticky, perspiring day in August, and also very pleasant to sit on a fence and watch the other fellow work in the field stacking grain, with the drops of perspiration pouring into his eyes and streaming down his hair. It looks very picturesque

and poetic from the fence—a good deal more so than it seems to the man in the field. I believe it was Henry Ward Beecher who insisted that he should perform at least one day's manual labor during his vacation, even if he had to take it on the instalment plan. It is in this way that the cohesive qualities of society are brought out.

There is such a thing as the pride of labor. There is the man who thinks that no one else can do the work as well as himself; and there are things which seem very simple, yet cannot be done just right without previous experience. It certainly is humiliating to see the good country cousin enjoying the joke when you undertake to harness the horse and put the bridging where the breast-band ought to be. Harnessing a horse is a useful accomplishment, even in these days of automobiles.

Driving, boating, fishing, or just resting—though one feels best when doing something—a change of activities is more restful than laziness, in many cases. It is delightful to return each night with the consciousness of having done something, to talk it all over

afterward. The yachters will tell of "that day when we encountered the stiff tail of the nor'easter," and how they handled the rigging on that momentous occasion. The fishermen will have stories of the size of the trout, which they remember with surprising accuracy, unless they happen to be of that class whose catch increases in size every day after it has been hauled from the water. Then there are those days in camp when the Crusoe spirit prevails, and everybody reduces the problem of living to absolute simplicity—everywhere in vacation days there is that sweet, exhilarating sense of being very close to nature.

One Sunday in vacation time I enjoyed a drive up the banks of the Ipswich River, among the beautiful fields and forests that have for centuries past known the sturdy touch of New England thrift. Here were trees of the third and fourth cutting, and among them were charming glens and nooks which had furnished happiness for generations of boys. The stone walls that bounded the fields were concrete evidence of the industry of previous occupiers of the soil.

All the bell-crowned, stately elms were wearing their cravats of burlap, as a protection against caterpillars. Here and there was an ancient, deserted well. Forsaken, too, were the mill dams, but the delightful swimming pools were there—an attraction that never grows old. Passing from this near past, we were transported to a far remote age by the evidences of the glacial period that here exist.

How delightful it was to feel again the buoyant spirit of playfulness! There was with me one of the most prominent attorneys of the city of Boston, whose mind is doubtless a perfect labyrinth of questions of law and equity, but on this day he just talked like a healthy boy. We commented on the angle at which a fishing pole should be held when trying for cat fish on the banks of a stream. We lay on the grass and threw stones, so that they would "skip" along the water; we stopped, entranced, before a glade in the woods which recalled some boyhood's favorite retreat. Here were a number of Italians, disporting themselves in the stream with the same care-free joy as though in their own blue of Napoli. We stood watching them for

a time. It was astonishing how much old-fashioned fun we got out of that day.

This recalled the time I caught my first fish. It was a red horse-sucker, and even now I can feel the wild excitement that possessed me as a thrill ran up my arm indicating that at last a bite had come to my line. How cautious I was about landing him—if I had lost that initial catch I think I should have been quite heart-broken—and when the little fish lay, with his mouth agape, and his red scales shining like gold in the sun, I am sure no miner was ever more rejoiced at finding a big nugget of the precious metal than was I at that moment. How I conveyed the news in a hoarse, excited whisper to the other boys along the line, and how they laid down their poles to come and see the prize. “Joe’s landing the first ’un,” they whispered. To this day I recall the eager, excited faces of that little group of watchers, and hear again the confusing admonitory directions; if I had obeyed them all, I might be still busy landing that first fish at the old dam below the lime kiln.

And so we ramble on in the dog days,

when we have left the routine tasks behind, flung aside the worry, and are here for a week or two at least—our own real selves. The charm of it cannot be described, but it may be tasted by every one in happy memories of the vacation days!

BIRTHDAY IS MOTHER'S DAY

IT is no idle sentiment that national destiny is today governed by the women in the homes. On my birthday it seems as if I am closer to her who gave me birth than at any other time, and her memory comes like a benediction in the quiet hours of meditation. All day long I seem to feel her hand upon my brow, her gentle eyes looking deep into my soul with a smile which reflects the very sunlight of heaven.

Inspired with the memory of mothers at home, how can our hearts' ideal falter?

Looking backward over the years, into the dim past, one day of my childhood stands out somehow beyond all the others. I was playing in the sandpile under the maples, when my mother called me. I toddled toward her, and she clasped me to her breast, saying (how well I remember the words)—“This is your birthday, my boy,—no longer my baby.”

And I remember the answer I made: “Why can't I allus be your baby?” Ah! little did I understand!

The succeeding birthdays we were alone together. Few words sufficed; mother and I did not talk with mere words. She taught me to love the flowers, the birds, the trees: God's expressions of love. She taught me to love the old flag for which her brothers had died, which was always brought forth to grace my birthday. She taught me to be kind, and to try to live well *every day*—alas! that far-off Eden!

Then birthdays came when the serious work of life was taken up. The drives in the prairies of the West whitened with buffalo bones—marked trails of the departed bison—among cooing plovers and nodding wild roses. Here, close to the real vastness of primeval nature, I have communed with my mother and drank deep of the love that no human relationship can supplant. The symphony of bird song and rustling leaves brought the great mysteries of the infinite close to the finite touch. In God's own temple we worshipped, she and I.

Never have I seen a frown on that sweet face. Awaking from the turbulent delirium of fever, I saw bending over me two tender

blue eyes; when I slept again, weak and weary, those wells of tenderness still watched over me. Tears—yes, let the tears come, for they water the fragrant flowers of memory. All I am or can ever hope to be I owe to that dear one. And all our nation is today or will be in the future we shall owe to the mothers.

Here's a birthday toast:—"God bless and make us ever remember them,—the living and the sainted mothers."

MEMORIES IN OLD PAGES

HERE is a great deal of pleasure to be found, perhaps on a rainy Sunday, in reading some favorite author. Years have elapsed since his first acquaintance was made, and from the opening to the closing chapter many a pleasant recollection—gay or sad—springs up. What an intimate association may exist between a favorite author and a reader—it defies analysis, and is altogether delightful because there is not in it the possibility of disillusion that too often prevails among friends in the flesh.

One rainy Sunday that came my way I indulged in a peep at an old favorite, Thomas Hardy's "Pair of Blue Eyes." His expressions seemed as incisive, his descriptions of impulse and emotion as subtle and masterful as ever; his words had all the warmth of human feeling that must ever appeal to the reader, but even above these charms were the sweet memories of former readings, and how the book had been talked over then with friends now distant. What they said to me, what I

said to them, came back as vividly as though no seas rolled between us, and we were still young and care-free together.

Dear Thomas Hardy! May we live long to mingle with those village folk, and see, through your eyes, human nature pure and simple!

The very latest hint to Happy Habitors, when they feel a fit of the blues coming on, is to take down a favorite volume and read—yes, even you who have “no time for reading.” Lay aside the routine work and devote yourself to a book once loved in youth, and see if you are not happy, in the memories of other days, before you are halfway through the volume.

HAPPY HABIT OF HOBODOM

I THINK the happy habit of being able to summon at every emergency sufficient ready wit to give prompt response to any query is one that will often stand the average person in good stead. This is exemplified in the following story, which, if not absolutely true, is at least pleasantly clever. It concerns Speaker Reed.

A tramp met the Speaker and asked him in that easy, velvet-tongued way that tramps are apt to have: "Would you kindly assist—" etc., the usual sad story in dulcet tones.

Tom, of course, was an easy mark, and as he fanned himself after extracting the quarter, the tramp made bold to inquire:

"And who may I say was so kind-hearted?"

"O, never mind; that's all right," said the Speaker.

"But in after years, when I recall those whose tender hearts—"

"Never mind, my good fellow!"

"Then I cannot accept it, sir. I must let my friends know—"

"Well, then, tell them it was Bill Nye, and let it go at that," said Reed.

The tramp put the quarter into his pocket leisurely and shook his head.

"And now, my good fellow, may I ask your name?" ventured the Speaker.

To which the tramp replied: "A gentleman in distress is loath to confess his lineage."

"Yes, but if I have your name I may be able to help you."

"No, my pride will not permit."

"But allow me to know whom I have had the pleasure of meeting in this happy way."

The tramp's eyes twinkled mischievously as he said slowly: "O, very well; you may say it was Tom Reed, an' let it go at that."

And "Tom" fanned himself and "let it go."

A POLICEMAN'S PHILOSOPHY

WHAT a reflective person a policeman must be; especially one in a quiet, remote district, or a watchman in a village who wanders up and down on his beat in company with his thoughts! Once I made bold to ask a "blue-coat" what he reflected upon in these solitary hours. At first he eyed me suspiciously, and I believe he thought, "here's another wild-eyed Boston crank." His reply was interesting: "Well, I'm thinking most on how best to spend my salary and educate my boys and girls. Then sometimes I wonder, when I'm out bad nights, what the good little woman will have for breakfast. No, ringing at the call-box is a matter of habit. Yes, occasionally I have a quiet little chat like this; then I'm watching the cabs turning out their fares at the fine houses in the small hours of the morning. I tell you, too much spending-money is a curse to the average young man. We could tell stories, if we chose, but we 'keep the peace,' you know!" he concluded, with a

sarcastic twinkle in his eye as it reflected a ray from the flickering street lamp. "Each hour of the night has its own characteristics; and I could tell the time by the very atmosphere, if there were no town clocks. But I must keep moving. Yes, I'll try sometime to add up one whole night's thinking for you," and with this light-hearted remark he moved on into the night.

POWER OF AMERICAN WOMEN

DO the men of our nation realize how much they owe to the women of America?—the stately grandmothers, the gentle mothers, the kindly aunts, the sweet sisters, cousins and—well, yes, the loving sweethearts—the faithful, noble wives! What a tower of strength their influence has been to our nation! The European nobility seek and honor them—and sometimes fall in love with their money—but the American girl really is one of the great powers of the age. This tribute includes the American girl comprehensively, from pinafores to lace caps, for the highest ideal of womanhood and the noble inspirations born thereof have made us free and kept us from many evil things; they are the secret of our strength as a world power, and a great factor in the splendid development of American civilization.

The other day a singular fact concerning our girls was called to my attention by a friend, as we were coming out of church. He said, "Have you ever noticed in this city that

in a crowd almost invariably the lady is taller than her escort? I have observed it for years past. For some reason the American girl is outgrowing the American boy in height—now, see it right there!”

I looked. Before us was a group chatting, the girls with escorts some inches shorter or barely the same height. My friend went on to say:

“I happen to know that at least two of those young men are the brothers of the girls they are standing near. In one instance the parents are foreign and both are short; can you tell me why that girl should spring up like a weed, and her brother turn out short and stumpy?” But that was too weighty a problem for me to solve.

I suggested high school athletics, but that did not apply, as the boys share the training given there. We discussed the stunting effects of drink and tobacco, but did not arrive at any satisfactory solution of the problem; since then I have often noticed the same phenomena when I have been in a crowd of church-goers and happened to see a lot of young people talking together.

ART'S RECRUITS FROM FARMS

THE keenest appreciation of art oftentimes comes from the rustic who, it may be, has never even looked upon a beautifully painted picture or studied the great world of letters. To many of us this disbarment would be a positive loss, yet it may be that sometimes the ears and eyes become dull to real beauty because we have been accustomed to it from our youth. It often happens that the scholar is a dull and formal man aside from his particular line of lore, while, on the other hand, the rustic is wide-eyed and eager, ready to assimilate new ideas which come to him with all the force of a surprise.

A happy, sturdy lad, bright-eyed and ambitious, came from the plains of Kansas to the World's Fair to look upon the marvels that were displayed there. The question was asked him: "What interests you most at the fair?"

"The sculpture, the Florentine work and the pictures," he replied with a glowing face.

All this beauty, charm and grace was a new vision to him, and his enthusiasm was unbounded. Previously almost entirely ignorant of the existence of such things as art or sculpture or painting, the inner life of the lad was touched on beholding these masterpieces. This incident happened only a few years ago, but today I find that this same country-lad assisted in fashioning some of America's most celebrated sculptures. The seed proved to have been sown on "good ground"; its influence stimulated love for the beautiful and the artistic. The art of the world is just as susceptible of earnestness and enthusiasm as any other pursuit; and from raw recruits have often emanated the champions who bring forth the outbursts of originality and vitalizing life that elevates all with which they come in touch.

PICTURES THAT NEVER FADE

IN June-time all the world looks bright—flowers, birds, trees and shrubbery unite to form a veritable symphony of greenery and blossoms. Who can fail to study, at least in some measure, the great miracles of nature! Certainly the one who passes over the simple pleasures of life misses the best that earth can offer. The brilliant chromatic display of tulips and hyacinths is but the overture of the grand floral chorus of summer, whose splendor surpasses all conception, when

“The bee

Sweeps past me with a tone of summer hours,
A drowsy bugle, wafting thoughts of flowers,
Blue sky and amber sunshine—brightly free.
On filmy wings the purple dragon-fly
Shoots glancing like a fairy javelin by”

—suggesting thoughts of more than mortal beauty.

The human face wears a different expression under the softening influences of tender summer-time; the sound of children's voices

playing in the lingering twilight, the odor of the newly-turned earth, freshly-cut grass and the faint moldering smell of last year's twigs and leaves in the garden recall the years and scenes that have passed, but "There is no such thing as 'forgetting' possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may, and will, interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscription on the mind; but alike, whether open or hidden, the inscription remains forever, and the memories of bygone summers serve to cheer us through the long winters that follow." Looking into the flames amid crackling logs we see again the modest school-girl, with hair neatly braided, holding her tiny nosegay of radiant carnations; or the little bristly-haired, blue-eyed child, hand-in-hand with a curly-headed piccaninny, carrying dandelions in their chubby hands, doubtless an offering to some loved one—human blossoms that seem a part of the rich summer-scene amid which they are set.

HAPPY CONVENTION DAYS

EVERY foreigner remarks upon the good nature of American crowds or large assemblies, and it has been said with truth that generally we are better-tempered collectively than separately. The individual is impatient of the slightest discomfort, while the crowd will be gay under the most marked disadvantages and inconveniences. Nowhere is this trait more apparent than in national conventions for the nomination of presidents. These great gatherings are very dramatic and are in the last degree characteristic of America; they express an implacable determination, mixed with emotion, that is not suggestive of conventional strife, but rather of settled convictions of right and wrong.

Perhaps you arrive late and breathless, without a ticket, and essay a tentative remark to one of the doorkeepers, only to be met with:

“Naw! You can’t get in here!”

You pass on and try again at another

door, where you are told: "You can't butt in here!" so you don't try to do it, but merely cudgel your brains and finally discover a mode of getting in through a chance acquaintance elaborately badged, who has "influence."

Fifty years is not a long period, as time goes, but that span of years has brought about a revolution in these conventions, and a great gathering now-a-days for the purpose of nominating a president is very different from the "Wigwam" convention of 1860, when Abraham Lincoln was nominated.

The severely business-like air which characterizes the modern gathering might give the impression that political enthusiasm is out of date, but as the meeting progresses excitement grows with the hot weather, and it is clear that the "old time" political emotions are by no means extinct. The perfect organization of the convention reflects great credit upon the national committee and the sergeant-at-arms.

The opening address may not be equal to the wide expanse of the hall, but later come ringing tones of a voice that reaches the

farthermost parts of the gallery, gesticulations adding to its charm. Every heart is won, and the enthusiasm aroused among the delegates directly in front radiates through the vast audience. A speaker is introduced, and the gavel is wielded with a force that might have handled a pile-driver, while coat-tails flutter as a speaker passes to his seat with a grace worthy of a French dancing master. Every seat taken; the portraits of celebrities over the speaker's rostrum smile down benignly upon the assembled throng, and surrounding the hall, amid clusters of flags, are pictures of the favored candidate. Ever interesting epigrams flow freely; there is dignity and conserved force making a personality not soon forgotten, all ushering in the climax—nominating a president.

The scene that follows is one to be remembered. Boys whistle and shriek, swallows twitter, and ladies give the Chautauqua salute; all a thrilling tribute to the character of the man as the people know him to be—hearty, wholesome and genuine. Staid business men and professionals, in fact every one, seems to give full vent to the pent-up political

enthusiasm that must burst forth every four years.

Hotels at convention time are worth studying. The headquarters are conspicuously placarded, and the rooms are, for the time being, converted into conference halls. Seated on the bed, the washstand, anything that may be handy, are senators, congressmen, leaders and delegates, puffing cigars at a vigorous rate. The floors are strewn with papers; there may even be a bottle somewhere in a corner. Slates are "made" and "wiped out," and the game is played upon rumor and counter rumor.

In one hotel room probably sits the oracle who holds the whole situation in his grasp, his earnest eyes expressing implacable determination, though he may have an emotionless air suggestive of anything rather than convention strife. The campaign inaugurated has given him a firm grasp of the situation.

After the adjournment of the opening session men come out with collars wilted down, hair wet with perspiration, spectacles bedimmed, but always with hearty hand-grasps and cordial manners that are appre-

ciated by the crowd, and on such occasions each man becomes a hero of the hour.

The all-night session—can it ever be forgotten! Outside stand thousands waiting for admission. The building commissioners have ordered that not another person shall be admitted, regardless of pass or badge. The great auditorium is crowded to suffocation, and here and there a bald head shines like a rising sun among the other heads. In the next few minutes political wrecks and derelicts will be revealed.

Speakers before a convention impress the hearer with one important point; the orator should have a voice like a Pike *spieler*. It is not the depth of the voice, but the carrying quality that counts. On such occasions even the chairman is compelled to make his announcements through the "megaphone." So, young man, if you are an aspirant for oratorical laurels, get a voice; "honestly, if you can, but get it." Follow the methods of Demosthenes, talk against the wind, if necessary, but cultivate a voice like thunder. No matter about ideas. Everybody cheers the man who can be heard.

There is no lack of good speaking in the all-night session, but the most dramatic moment may be when some "hero of defeat" proves that he has lost none of his powers as an orator. Just before sunrise, perhaps, the vote is taken which declares the nominee, who may be at that moment returning from his morning plunge.

New heroes come upon the political scene almost every hour, each one having his own followers among the little groups about the hotels. You think your mind is quite made up, and the first thing you know behold a new hero is claiming admiration—thus every time the presidential election comes around there is a scene of wild excitement, and the man who desires to study human nature ought assuredly to go down into the political arena and see it uncloaked and, as it were, in its primitive wilds at a national party convention.

A ROYAL HAPPY HABITER

SPEAKING of the influence of women always calls to mind one who may well be regarded as a veritable typification of the Anglo-Saxon idea of motherhood and womanhood in its broadest sense, and, incidentally, also an exponent of the happy habit. In years to come no history of America will be written without according a place of honor to the late Queen Victoria of England, than whom this nation has never had a truer friend.

Though a royal ruler, no woman in high place has ever been more democratic in impulse, and her aim appeared to be ever to retain the affections of her people and keep close to their hearts in the rapid march of events witnessed by her long and beneficent reign. Submitted to close scrutiny, few acts of her public or private life could be deemed as out of sympathy with the best interests of humanity.

The noble object-lesson in family life which she offered the world will be more and

more appreciated as time marches on, and the respect shown her memory will be but a feeble reflection of the surpassing love and veneration felt by millions of people for the mother-queen.

The tie that binds this country to the "little islands" across the wide ocean will never be severed. No American can visit the home of his forefathers and view the old churchyards where their bones lie crumbling to dust, beneath monuments and gravestones of antique design, without being stirred to the depths of his soul. The soft splendor of moonlight falling on such a scene—the sunlight on the ivy-covered cottage that is filled with memories of "the blessed wreath of household charities," now scattered to three continents, are incidents that will dwell forever in the memory, bound up with thoughts of those sturdy parents or grandparents who "went to America" to set up a new family hearthstone and win success perhaps denied them in an older country, where opportunities are more rare and the soil is less rich.

Once on English soil, I obeyed the impulse to visit the home of my grandfather the very

first thing. In his cottage, seated at the organ, it may be because I felt a little homesick, I began to sing "America." Down the stairs came a bowed form that had seen the weight of nearly a century of winters, but his bright blue eyes showed little token of the passing years, as he approached me.

"How happy I am that my grandson, American-born, can sing with such love and tenderness of our blessed queen."

I was somewhat mystified, for nothing had been farther from my thoughts at that moment. The dear sage of a century continued:

"Sing it again, my son; it is the music dear to an English heart—God save the queen; first an ideal mother and then a noble woman."

The words, I confess, I knew not, though I was absolutely sure of the tune. I mumbled along as best I could, laying especial emphasis on the line, "God Save the Queen," in which an aged, tremulous bass joined with all the sincerity of a true Briton.

Is it any wonder that, with the identical music entwined in our national hymns, Americans and Englishmen should feel kinship as Saxons? When we chant a hymn that is a

prayer for our land, our voices blend in harmony with those of loyal British subjects, and the air calls up memories of one whose coronation and reign make a noble part of the world's history—the sunrise, the noonday splendor and the peaceful evening of such a career are worthy of the sentiment:—

“Her Majesty's queenliness as a woman, and her womanliness as a queen, clothed both her throne and her home with purity and honor.”

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

IN the corridors of the United States Patent Office may be seen thousands of models which have been gathered from the inventions of half a century past. It is hardly the place wherein to look for a gleam of happiness, for here are many inventors who from day to day for years have haunted this department, with "hope that blooms perennial" still expecting success. There is a sadness in this array of models that will probably never be utilized and yet represent years of effort and brain-fag on the part of some one. Many of these devices have real merit, but lack of capital or of the gift of exploitation deters the inventor from reaping his reward. A veritable volume of romance may be read in the Patent Office, in the eyes and faces of the men who wander in and out there.

Who can tell the years of sacrificed strength and struggle which these forgotten patterns represent? One old man with a long beard comes often to look at a model

in an obscure corner. He still believes in this creation of his brain, and although it was supplanted long, long since by other inventions, he will stand muttering to himself of the plans of years ago.

“Yes, Mary, we’ll soon be out of debt. This will make us rich, very rich, and then we can do for the children—”

Outside the office the dread realization comes upon him again, and he walks down the avenue in tears. His story is not difficult to surmise, for the pathos of the Patent Office—the strain and stress of inventors—too often swindled by sharpers—has become one of the commonplaces of our life. A man absorbed in an invention rarely considers aught else than the consummation of his idea; exhausted by failure, he falls an easy prey to delusions which affect himself and friends. Many lost fortunes are represented by the Patent Office exhibit, but the hopes of success are the lure that keeps men dreaming and striving.

HAPPY SOLUTION OF SPELLING

OBSERVERS in Washington have noted how often a happy word will unravel a legislative kink. A story is told of a senator from Maine which is an indication of his intense loyalty to the Pine Tree State.

During the stormy days of the conference on a certain tariff bill, there was a hitch over an item in which asbestos was mentioned; this question developed into a forensic discussion and debate as to the spelling of the word; one legislator insisting that it should have an "o" in the final syllable, and another assuring every one that a "u" would be the correct letter to use.

When the senator from the State of Maine was appealed to, there was a gleam of humor in his eye. "Let us have one cent per pound duty on mackerel, and spell it as you please."

"But," pleaded the clerk in dismay, "which is right?"

"Well," said the senator, "as long as this patriotic body has decided upon one cent per pound on mackerel, thereby conserving the

nation's interest, together with those of the State of Maine, give them the 'us' that stands for Uncle Sam, because some might interpret the 'os' as Old Smelts, for letting the mackerel pass. We'll brave Webster, and make it 'us'—it sounds more sociable."

There is no place where a smile so quickly softens the asperities of debate and argument, revealing the humanity of senators and congressmen, as under the dome of the great capitol at Washington. It was beneath this magnificent structure that our revered patriot, the "Father of his Country," desired to be buried and ever remain a kindly presence and inspiring memory to his countrymen.

A "FUSS WITH THE CHOIR"

ONLY those who have belonged to a country choir can fully appreciate its chronicles, and yet the observant ones may recall incidents that will throw some light on that inexplicable and inflammable event in American village life—"a fuss in the choir."

Yes, it is an alumni organization, and when the fuss fever does not break out therein, it has a very sociable and heart-reaching time. The choir often appears to its members to be by far the most important department of the church, and, to his great regret, many a poor minister finds himself in a sea of stormy troubles first brewed there.

Who does not remember the plain brown church, its heavenward pointing spire and the belfry from which the "first" and "second" bell clanged at intervals of thirty minutes—a sound from which the pigeons fled apace? Then came those few final taps of funereal warning, "too late—too late." Whoever else might be forgiven the dread

crime of tardiness, no such mercy could be extended to members of the choir. It is usually located in an arched alcove at the rear of the pulpit, though it sometimes happens that the place is elsewhere, especially if the minister objects to having music whistle discordant chills down his backbone. I remember that our choir had the rare distinction of having a gallery in the rear of the building, over two small class rooms, and that proud altitude was reached by a winding stairway that ascended from the main vestibule, and this position was largely responsible for that terrific "fuss" which took place within my memory.

I recall that my first duty on Saturday nights was to climb in at the back window and open the door, and later attend a lady of our family, who was also a choir member. The rehearsals from seven to ten o'clock and the week's events were gone over by the elder members while a few younger ones had good times and giggled in dark corners. In my time a telegraph operator was introduced; it happened that he could sing, and the girls never relaxed their efforts until they "got

him into the choir," despite the mild objections as to "giddiness" raised by the minister. If that good man could have heard the insidious remarks passed by that pale-faced youth regarding the clerical choice of hymns, he might have accused him of other minor sins in addition to giddiness. Every second Sunday our minister had on his music list, "Crown Him Lord of All," and the previous Saturday night, in consequence, his judgment was questioned, until finally the latest addition to the choir remarked:

"I should think he would get enough of 'crowned' after a while,"—slang was just "coming in," and this class of witty remarks was supposed to be a sure road to feminine favor.

The minister's quiet, demure niece was one of our "solo" singers. I recall distinctly that she always wore her hair in scalloped curls pasted flat on her forehead, the style of that day. No, I won't mention the date of that mode of hairdressing. In a measure, this girl was regarded as the representative of the minister, and remarks derogatory to "the cloth" were seldom made in her hearing.

"I think," whispered one of the pretty singers, "it's a shame to stuff us off up here."

"It's very discouraging," was the response; "what is the use of our having new hats—not a soul can see them."

"Well," said a sweet-tempered senior member, "perhap's it's all for the best."

Next day was a hot June Sabbath, but neither heat nor cold affected the assembling of that clockwork congregation. First came the aged father and mother of the largest family in town; they knelt devoutly before taking their seats, just as they had always done, and then "mother" set her fan in motion with the same measured sweep that we had known from our very first church-going. Then the faithful arrived in the usual order, preceded by old black "Aunt Katy," who always attracted attention because she had once been a slave.

There was the minister—same red chin-whiskers, same lines running down from the corners of his mouth, same shaven upper lip and the same few, long sandy locks carefully combed in the effort to disguise the melancholy fact that they were but a fringe around

his head, encircling the baldness that had long ceased to be a "spot." Through the church was a profusion of colored head-dresses that suggested recent visits to the milliner's store; the swishing of fans seemed to chime in with the chirp of grasshoppers, the songs of birds and the note of a vagrant chicken that fixed the languid attention of those who sat in one of the side aisles. The second bell rang, the final tolls were heard, the minister deliberately drew his handkerchief from his coat-tail pocket and used it with energy—and still the choir came not. It was not a very small village, but there were no telephones, yet in the few hours that supervened between Saturday night and Sunday morning a dread piece of information had traveled to every home in the place—"The elder has had a fuss with the choir."

For fifteen minutes we waited; the small boys in the back seats were heard to snicker as a yellow dog trotted timidly down the aisle to join his master, and for this profanity were hustled out of doors to learn better behavior. The distinction of our service was that "we always began with an anthem," but

today our initiatory music was strangely delayed. The minister twisted his thumbs, crossed and recrossed his legs, and at last the suspense became unbearable. He ascended to the choir loft, whose occupants were not visible from below, and a glance told the story—his niece, the soloist for the day, was not present.

“She had the solo—no one else has learned it. I know we shall break down,” wailed the organist.

The minister surveyed the choir a second time. The pale-faced telegraph clerk was also missing, but every other member was present. The ministerial choler was allayed—it was not a strike, after all.

“Hum over that bass with me,” whispered one of the young men to the girl next him. “Perhaps we can get through the quartette without the solo; there are sopranos enough for the other parts.” We never had considered the tenor a very important part, anyway; the telegraph operator was the only one we had, and he drifted off on the soprano part half of the time.

“If my niece does not come in five min-

utes, we'll open with 'Coronation,'" whispered the minister, and turned to go down the stairs, almost running into the arms of the truant. He gave her one haunting look, but no words were spoken. There was a bustle of preparation, "places" were hastily found in the books; the congregation craned their necks to see the choir as it rose; pale and trembling, the belated soloist began, the organist making valiant efforts to support her wavering courage by playing the soprano notes instead of the usual accompaniment. We began to breathe easy again, until, near the close of the solo the telegraph operator came in—climax—the soloist burst into tears. With mouths wide open, already to plunge into their parts, the quartette stopped short; the organ wheezed a few measures and then trailed off into silence; the congregation now openly stared at the gallery, as the choir in confusion and chagrin took their seats and the unnerved soloist left the church sobbing, unable to answer the few kindly questions put by the organist.

"How fortunate that we are up here," whispered the pretty girl who the night

before had bewailed the lack of opportunity to show her new hat.

The minister arose and almost savagely announced that "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name" would be sung by the congregation, and there was a feeble response to the opening chords on the organ. After that came the sermon, denouncing the giddiness of young people, and so excited did the speaker become that the old deacon did not have his usual nap, and the ancient negress forgot her "amens." The choir suddenly veering round, sided with the absent soloist and took the ministerial anathemas as a personal insult to themselves, mentally promising trouble at no distant date. It has been stated that the exercises that Sunday came to an end in the usual way, but we choristers had the impression that they simply fell to pieces; we found ourselves outside, trying to go through the usual handshaking and course of Sunday comments on the crops, hogs and the weather.

But the crowning sensation was yet to come. The minister's niece was nowhere to be found, but near the stone quarry a light shawl she had worn that Sabbath morning

was found, and it was discovered that a boat was missing. Every one thought of the mill pond, where the water was deep—nobody dared to say suicide, but we all thought it. The pond was dragged all the afternoon; the service that evening was a sad one. The minister was at home, grieving over his loved one. Sentiment ran high against him, and there were those who believed his harsh sermon had driven the girl to her death. Harsh words of strong condemnation were thrown out, but older citizens were not to be easily turned against a faithful minister.

On Tuesday came a telegram that set doubt at rest:—

“Your niece caught in the matrimonial net. Drag the mill pond no more.”—*Tenor, operator.*

Later came a letter telling how she had planned to elope with the pale-faced operator on Sunday morning; how a secret marriage had really been consummated, but the bride insisted on returning to sing the solo in the anthem. We heard that they had gone to California to live.

INAUGURAL DAY SCENES

ON a special train filled with militia we entered Washington for the inauguration on a beautiful Sabbath day. Majestic Pennsylvania Avenue was thronged with battalions gathering to honor a national occasion, their bands playing in time to the quick, elastic step of the American volunteer. There was an air of happy anticipation in it all, and a luring promise of spring-time, in sharp contrast with the wintry blasts of the home-going the "day after." The decorations of the white buildings, the forum-like reviewing stands along the avenue, the semi-circle of stately columns at the White House, the six massive pillars on which the brass urns poured clouds of incense, suggested the days of Grecian art and splendor and the grand display at the presidential inauguration was a reminder of the Court of Honor at the Columbian Exposition. Each age has its characteristic power, and electricity is as essential to the fetes of modern times as is the sunlight.

Inauguration weather in Washington is an uncertainty. The day may open with balmy zephyrs fanning heated rows, and, as in this instance, close with sleety showers.

The parade was not especially grand in pageantry. The gold-laced staffs of the various state governors were the only suggestions of old-time military display. It was the 200,000 spectators along the avenue who endured that cold rain which made the most impressive feature of all—a demonstration of loyal devotion and patriotism that nothing can surpass. The long line of state militia, the regulars, the West Pointers in their natty gray uniforms and hats, which, worn during the Mexican War and in honor of General Winfield Scott, have never been changed; the regiment of Porto Ricans, proudly wearing the blue; the trim Annapolis cadets, lusty seamen and marines, and lastly the long line of civilians bouncing about on prancing chargers, all had a significance.

A member of one of the European embassies said to me: "This shows why the United States is a world power. It is the spirit of those in line and those outside the

lines that counts more than mere military maneuvers and the automatic discipline of a great army of fighting machines. And Washington is the only city in the country where you could have such a purely American demonstration, for here even the foreigner is amalgamated."

When the thousands of spectators cheered President McKinley as he passed, it was more than enthusiasm—it was even more than a sincere outburst of affection for the man who will pass down into history as one of our greatest presidents; it was love and loyalty to the institutions which he represented that pealed forth as one voice. No partisanship can at such a time repress the unrestrained appreciation of the American people for a President whom they believe to be sincere in his consecration to true American ideals, however much they may differ from him in politics.

These were the impressions of one who rode in the presidential carriage; one not of the same political faith, but inspired to patriotic purposes as he witnessed the great throng representing the spirit of our institu-

tion but feebly voiced in the impressive glories of the inaugural exercises.

Yes, I can understand it now why soldiers and civilians will endure the discomfort and annoyance of such occasions. Resplendent in a gorgeous blue sash, and wearing a new silk hat, I sat, drenched in rain and sleet, astride a fiery charger, to perform my part. My chief was an object-lesson, and the easy way in which he maintained his seat indicated that his early training as an equestrian had not been neglected. The evening previous a delegation had called upon me at the hotel, and, with a look of concern, asked: "Have you ever ridden a horse?"

Well, I told them as modestly as I could of my experiences with bronchos and their reverse movements on the plains of North Dakota.

"But these Washington horses—" they said in a gentle whisper.

Then I was introduced to the be-tasseled and be-ribboned charger at the livery stable the next day, and there was regret that I had not arrived early enough for at least one rehearsal. The horse gave me a knowing

wink and I was soon in the stirrups, booted and spurred for the fray. Then the rain began, and I called for an umbrella, to save my silk hat, hanging it on the saddle rings. Once out on the asphalt street, I began to fit myself to the seat. The rain came down still harder, and I raised the umbrella. That was enough! The horse started and dashed like a shot up New York Avenue; and I went with him, bumping along in the saddle like a tin can in an empty wagon-box on a rough country road.

The horse was several squares beyond the library before I could haul up. The umbrella was silently folded, and we walked back until I mounted from a friendly fence. Near B Street an automobile ran into us, and the staccato trot movement began again. The stirrups were too long to permit clearing the saddle; so, dashing toward the Baltimore & Ohio depot, I turned into the Senate stables, where I found a group of mounted civilian aids awaiting orders. We were introduced around as colonels, majors and captains, and no one appeared to be quite familiar with his exact rank. After another long wait, when

the military division had passed, there was a thrilling moment; with a double-breasted brass band in the rear, we began to move. The horses waltzed and danced to the music. I felt as if mine would essay a cake-walk. But at the moment of passing in review, I could understand the feeling of the men in the procession. The crowds are the inspiration. Circling about in true circus fashion, the horses of the aides were with difficulty kept in line for the admiring glances of the multitudes.

It was nearly six o'clock when we approached the President's reviewing stand at the White House. A mad impulse came over me to have my horse prance like the steed of a general. As we approached the stand I fancied that the President looked admiringly toward me, waiting in breathless expectation until I passed on the foaming charger. The spurs were tried for the first time, and there was a "flank" movement that I had not expected, because the broncho lunges ahead when touched by the spur, but in this case there was a show of heels, and with flapping arms and two-four time, allegro—strictly

dotted—I passed. The horse reversed about in an equine two-step, and off went my silk hat. A small darky boy came to the rescue. No; I did not stop to see whether the President observed my unconventional and unintentional salute. When the dispersing point was reached I put a tag on the horse, gave a darkey a quarter to take the charger back, and limped over to the nearest street car to take me home.

Yes, I was honored with a brevet colonel's commission with the President's name on it in big letters; but I threw away those spurs with a suppressed word of comment.

Under the little gabled canopy, scarcely shutting out the cold sleet and March rain, the President watched the procession pass from the Capitol steps where a few hours before in the noonday sunlight he had taken the oath of office. To me this was the most thrilling moment of all the ceremonies—the supreme act which divided the old from the new. His address appeared to me rather a heart-to-heart talk than a great speech. Its short, epigrammatical sentences differed decidedly from the finished periods of his

message to Congress and other state papers of his previous administration. In front of the stand were bare-headed youngsters, ancient negroes and hundreds of the common people whom Lincoln loved; quite as conspicuous as the gold-laced and distinguished diplomats in lace and feathers. Inauguration day is a happy renewal of faith and loyalty to the Republic.

AN EVENING AT THE LIBRARY

WHAT a thrill of happy pride comes over every American as he looks upon the beauties of the Congressional Library at Washington with a feeling that it belongs to *our* government. All this wealth of books—over 1,000,000 volumes, capacity 4,500,000—the art decorations and statuary are ours, individually as well as collectively. From an appropriation of \$5,000 in 1800 to \$8,000,000 in 1886, has come this unsurpassed library, a fitting monument to the “library age.” The bronze Court of Neptune at the entrance has an air of welcome; the paintings and mural decorations are a source of never-ceasing pleasure, study and inspiration. The lengthening shadows of the afternoon mingled with varying shades and colors of the interior as we ascended the Martiny stairway, with the majestic beauties of Elihu Vedder’s Minerva holding the center of the stage. All this wealth of art is the work of American citizens. I am indeed proud of my country! In all the art of Europe there is none more

historically and monumentally reflective of the times. It is, to me, the concrete expression of ideals and principles in understandable form.

From the gallery one looks down on the reading room below. There is a hush and quiet here that has a touch of Sabbath devotion. Readers studying the lore of all ages are seated at the desks. The shadows deepen, and through the windows we look upon the glory of the sunset-sky and the stately column of the Washington Monument looming white and splendid to the South. A few electric lights are turned on, as at the theatre, and the great forum below represents a scene not surpassed in any theatrical production. The bronze statues encircling the magnificent rotunda at the base of the dome are the players, repeating their lines—Beethoven, telling of his symphony with nervous gesticulations; Fulton embracing his first steamboat, the "Claremont," as a girl would a doll. Here Columbus gazes straight ahead for more worlds to discover; Herodotus and Gibbons apparently exchange historical notes; Plato, austere and alone in Grecian mantle, has

little in common with his philosophic confrere, Lord Gacon; Shakespeare, genial and bald-headed as usual, is here, and Homer, with a gigantic staff, appears to be preparing for a scene in the siege of Troy; Solomon, the wise, with his scroll of laws, supports a sword twined with olives, not exactly suggestive of appropriation-bill activities; Kent is in evidence with his commentaries; Newton, reflective of countenance, as if pondering on the fallen apple; Professor Henry, with his judicial air and studious attitude, often mistaken for Patrick Henry, perhaps because he holds the magnet which he discovered—Patrick's magnet is the "liberty or death" speech that every school-boy knows by heart.

More lights in the dome peep out, and we look instinctively for the raising of the curtain. The blue of the crown in the center represents "Human Understanding." A woman in the clouds is represented as looking from the fruits in the frescoes below to the Infinite beyond. The "Progress of Civilization" is depicted at the base of the dome, a symbol of modern nations and epochs representing the advance of the world. To America is

assigned Science, depicted as an engineer with book and dynamo and a clear characterization of the face of Abraham Lincoln.

Sitting here with curious, wondering eyes, one feels as if the Drama of the Ages was reflected in the scene. The silence adds a touch of solemnity and reverence to the Genius of the Past, but it seems as though every minute one might expect to hear the stirring songs of the nations break forth in one great paean of praise to the young nation of the West that has welded the world's history into a prologue for the great achievements of the future.

But that curtain is not yet drawn.

LITTLE PENMARKS OF PASTIME

LITTLE happenings, small objects, a few remarks on paper—these are the seeds from which big events often grow. One day in Washington I was deeply interested in a brief notation shown me by a congressman. He said:

“Here is the nucleus of the great bill just passed, which is shaking business circles to their centers today.”

There it was; not more than a dozen words, but containing the germ from which had been evolved one of the most noted bills of that session. The writing on that slip of paper glowed with meaning, in the light of what the legislator had told me, but to any uninformed reader those few hastily-written words would have been as Sanskrit or Choc-taw, so little did they reveal their deep meaning.

Often, standing near the executive office, a whole story may be read in the faces of those who emerge from an audience with the President. There is a radiant look of intelli-

gence, a depth of insight not commonly seen, and perhaps as the President's visitors pass out they are observed to make mysterious notations on the back of a card, on an envelope, or the margin of a newspaper or a magazine. How interesting it would be to have a magic telescope wherewith we might peer into the future, "far as human eye could see," and behold the wonderful thoughts that crystalize into valuable legislation, the growth of these apparently casual and unimportant notations, and these penmarks of few minutes' pastime signaling the hopes and happy achievement of many an embryo statesman.

HAPPY DAYS IN SUMMER ISLES

THE day was dull and gray, but happy were the hearts of those ten tourists, guests of a magazine, as they gathered at the wharf to board the good ship en route for Jamaica. Strangers until that day, but each an exponent of the happy habit, and meeting now for a common purpose, they quickly became fast friends. No two came from the same city, or even state, but a few brief hours of pleasant intercourse and glad anticipation of an enjoyable trip did more than months of ordinary meetings could have accomplished.

Amid cheers and waving flags even the most demure and stoical caught the enthusiasm, as we bade adieu and "sailed away." Weather worse, hatchways battened down; in the teeth of a sou'-wester, we thought of dear ones at home and wondered why ships were ever invented to beguile a Happy Habiter to travel across the broad and briny ocean, but the next morning rose bright and clear. Ruffled feathers were shaken out, and if faces

were a little paler than usual the swiftly-approaching tropics soon cheered us all, and in an incredibly short time the life story of each one of the ten was known to the whole party; if we had favorite members in "our family" they were the "Boy" and "Grandpa."

That first glimpse of Jamaica will never be forgotten—the shining waters, the fringe of cocoa palms clinging to the water's edge, the great blue mountains in the distance, the masses of tropical verdure everywhere, made up a scene that was more like fairyland than reality, and over all was that strange brilliancy only seen in the twilightless tropics when the sun is setting. While we were all spouting poetry over the beauty of the scene, up rolled Grandpa from the hatchway, singing "Under the Bamboo Tree," while the "Boy" joined gaily in the chorus and the rest of us loudly applauded.

How joyfully the words "All's Well" were passed out to the men with the yellow quarantine flag; how eagerly we hastened to set foot on shore, and how many were the jocose replies to the questions propounded

by the courteous, colored custom official as to our object in traveling: "For pleasure, sir?"

"For pleasure? You bet your life," said the "Boy," and grabbing his chalked luggage he declined all conveyances and walked gaily off to the hotel, through the cool of the evening, where later we found him lounging by the open windows, fanned by the mountain breezes, enjoying such peace and beauty of nature as must have soothed even the most "rapid" American tourist.

The bowers of palms, the stately mango trees, the fresh mountain-air flowing in on all sides, the table laden with familiar bananas and oranges and many fruits strange to us, the cocoanut milk with whipped "cream" had each a special charm. Next day and for many days thereafter came delightful drives about the mountains, where flourished in the wild state plants that we nurture carefully "rose-lined from the cold" in our Northern clime. Again and again, as we drove along, through the vistas we caught picturesque glimpses of the natives at work with machetes, or of planters' houses in the distance, calling

up reminders of former days when the slave-trade flourished.

Looking back, that trip stands out as a succession of read letter days, not even excepting the evening when our party arrived at the hotel, in a sorry condition, having been caught in a tropical thunder-storm while exploring in the Blue Mountains. Drenched, but not discouraged, we went cheerfully to bed while our white suits were sent to the laundry in readiness for next day. True, the suits of two of the party were not in evidence until the following evening; it was Sunday, with no possibility of any chance to purchase new clothing, or of delivery of laundry, for Jamaica has the true British reverence for the Sabbath. The owners of the truant suits had a veritable day of rest, diversified by occasional jaunts—clad in somewhat airy apparel—up and down the room for the purpose of holding long conversations, through the Venetian blinds, with gentlemen in the next room, or of returning cheerful responses to anxious inquiries from fair members of the party outside the door. When the suits came back they did not exhibit manly forms

to great advantage, according to modern ideas, for now-a-days we do not admire a long expanse of ankle and wrist coyly appearing where trousers and sleeves ought to be. However, we were out for a good time, and it was generally acknowledged that the insufficiently-clad gentleman manifested a truly happy-habit frame of mind when congratulated on having been "recruited into the 'highland' regiment," since the return of their white suits. Grandpa's favorite song on this occasion was "My Heart's in the Highlands."

Then there was that "pony" trip up the mountains. Not one of the older riders was accustomed to locomotion on horseback, and the young cavalier, the "Boy," who gaily set the pace, was a little less enthusiastic on the charms of riding for the next few days. To say the truth, on reaching the hotel that night we all sat down with extreme caution, but what a ride it was, though! We went up to St. Catherine's peak, and when we had reached a height of four thousand five hundred feet, and rode at a gallop across the mountain, no one of that party can ever forget the

panorama that lay spread before us, with Kingston Harbor looking like a lake in the clouds. Those mountain torrents, those massive bridges, moss-covered and apparently of great age, and the fine military roads all were a delight, and it was unanimously agreed that such a day was worth ten times the fatigue endured.

Yes, such a trip is far more than a mere pleasure excursion. It is an inspiration; it revives one's faith in the goodness of human nature to know that ten people, bound by no stronger tie than the fact that they are all subscribers to our magazine, can be gathered by the editorial pen from far and wide over the country, on three or four weeks' notice, and be forever after like the members of one family, which they truly are—for are they not all Happy Habitors?

Delightful though Jamaica proved, I think that, best of all, was the home-coming—the welcome at the wharf, the gorgeous reception and house-warming of the magazine's new home; the beautiful decorations of statuary and plants, and the hearty hand-clasps of co-workers and friends.

MY MOTHER'S PIANO

A BRIDAL party was traveling in a prairie schooner across the rolling green waves of the Iowa landscape in the early sixties. The young couple were going forth to build a new home on the banks of the Cedar. In that caravan, among the simple, common household chattles was a stately square piano. What a romance hung about that instrument!

The home was established. There were happy days of pioneering, when all life seemed rose-colored and the hours of hard work were full of inspiration. Iowa in those days was like a scroll of Paradise, a fertile spot of hidden wealth, that waited in the soil to be wrought out by the sturdy hands of the cultivator, rather than by the pick and shovel of the miner.

When that home had its family of four boys, prosperity seemed assured, but like a thunderbolt out of the blue came the panic of '73, with its thousands of financial failures, which meant broken health for the young

husband and father. Then it was that the real heroism of the bride of a few years asserted itself. Aided by her Steinway piano, she set to work at once in that little village to earn a living for her family of boys and invalid husband. It was then that the pioneers of the prairies began to understand something of the wealth of music that lay hidden in that instrument. It is true the tuition fees were not high, and were usually paid in kind rather than in coin, but sufficient was provided to yield a simple livelihood. Hour after hour that mother sat at the piano, counting time until she was hoarse, but many of her scholars have since won fame in their careers in the musical world. She labored faithfully to build a secure foundation and inspire her pupils with the fundamentals of true music, and the work of the masters was taught in that little village in the far West.

Week after week the scholars came and went, driving long distances on farm wagons to the teacher who had a piano. At the conclusion of every term a concert was given in "Union" hall. This was the great event of the year, and intense excitement prevailed

when the piano was removed from its home to the hall. Sixteen or eighteen men were required to perform this sacred ceremony, and with solemn deliberation and with many blankets wrapped around it the instrument was moved. Never will those concerts be forgotten by that family, for as the boys reached the mature age of from five to seven years they were made participants in the musical events that were so much enjoyed by the people of the village. I remember playing, at the age of five, a violin solo, with a piano accompaniment by one whose very presence was an inspiring power when the first symptoms of stage fright appeared. How her eyes twinkled when her sons each in turn won the plaudits of those kindly and beloved neighbors.

As time passed the boys left the home, but the piano remained with the mother; and who shall tell of the lonely hours that were cheered by its presence! Who shall tell of the memories it brought back of the early struggles and pleasures! How those thoughts must have filled her with the happy consciousness that not only in her own boys, but in the mind of

every pupil who had studied with her, she had labored to implant a thirst for and an appreciation of the very best in music! Even in those early days she was a devoted admirer of Wagner, much to the scorn and disgust of some of her more musically pretentious, but well-intentioned, neighbors. Even in that little village there were rivalries and jealousies, but through it all there never was a time when the owner of the square piano did not have her sure and certain triumph. The mentor in church music, the leader of choirs, the conductor of cantatas and operettas, she never had a day of idleness from the time she started out to teach the art she loved. But there was a mortgage on that home which it seemed impossible to lift. The boys went farther West, and later on there came another pioneer trip—this time to the plains of North Dakota—and there in a little rough shanty, twelve feet by twenty-four, the music of well-known operas blended with the wild winds that blew around the humble home. Those were happy days, for the boys and their parents were once more united. When the young people had been established in a

life career the piano once more reigned supreme in the Iowa home, from which the mortgage had been lifted. Who that attended the musical festival given to celebrate the release from debt will ever forget it! Of course all the sons had returned. There were the friends and neighbors of the early days—some of them feeble with age, who yet had ventured out to hear once more the strains from the well-known piano that was regarded as a complete orchestra for all these musical events. In the years that followed the sons were scattered again to the four points of the compass, but never a Christmas passed without the performance of Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" at the old home, and the difficult accompaniment was played by those beautiful hands that neither time nor toil seemed to wither.

As the years passed the boys brought home their brides, and the bride of many years ago played the wedding march for each in turn upon the valued piano whose ivory keys were now worn hollow by the continual practising of students and the many hours of playing by the owner. No instrument was

ever more tenderly cherished for the memories connected with it, from the time when it had been brought across the prairies from the far East to that new Western home, traveling in an ox team, to the days when it pealed forth the wedding march. Who can estimate the power of this instrument and its influence upon the lives not only of that one family, but of the entire neighborhood? Who can measure the hours of comfort and solace it afforded when affliction and death visited that fireside? Of all the possessions which remain of that beloved home nothing is so treasured as this piano.

What words can paint the picture of those last days, when an incurable malady had set in, and the mother and music teacher reached out to play on the keyboard the "Swan Song" of Schubert. There was no gloom in that picture: the blue eyes still sparkled with hope and happiness that no illness could dim. What a tribute it is to her memory, when, even at this late day, we never hear her name mentioned except in terms of love and respect, and always with some allusion to the music she brought forth from her stalwart

square piano. Can we ever forget the singing of those favorite hymns, as she was taken for the last time from her home! Those sacred words were sung by her four boys, at her request, but sung in broken voices amid blinding tears, even while they realized what a blessing it was to have had such a mother.

But the harp was not yet unstrung. The well-loved piano was taken to an island in far-off Lake Superior and there, in a little cottage, it still awakens the echoes and recalls the tender memories of that beautiful and helpful life. Among the cedars and birch trees, close to the historic spot where brave Father Marquette and his *voyageurs* landed in 1664, the beloved piano yet peals forth its message to those who are taking days of rest in the summer home. Its tone is but little impaired by the forty years that have lapsed since it went forth, in all the pristine glory of its beautiful rosewood case and ivory keys, from the home of the Steinways to pass across the prairies of the West and fulfill its mission as "my mother's piano."

LINKS OF HAPPY MEMORY

SITTING in the comfortable rocking-chair one evening, perusing the newspaper, I chanced to read a paragraph relating to Goshen, Indiana, and one of the city's well-known residents. The familiar name called up a memory which for a moment I could not quite locate.

"What association with early days," I asked myself, "has Goshen, Indiana, for me?"

A sudden flash of illumination came; I bethought me that I should like to know if my memory was absolutely correct, so I telephoned Brother Will. He was aroused from his bed by my persistent ring. Yawning, he came to the 'phone.

"Will, do you remember where that wheelbarrow was made that used to stand in the yard at home?"

"What's the matter? What are you dreaming about—wheel-bar—I—ah—"

"Don't you recall the day we played that I was Uncle Ted, the engineer, and you were

brakeman? I want to be sure that I remember straight—what was the name of the man who made that barrow?”

“Seems to me,” he said, with a mighty yawn, “that the name on the barrow was Goshen, Indiana,—man’s name was Walker. Let the wheelbarrow rest until morning. Gosh—or Goshen—I’m sleepy.”

The name of that little city in Indiana called up the vision of a day in early autumn long years ago. The house was to be “banked” with earth, to withstand winter draughts. We boys were “playing” in the yard, with all the zest of playtime well earned. There stood the red wheelbarrow that had emblazoned upon it a name that I can never forget. The “banking” had to be done with that barrow, and I can see now what a general that mother was who sat in the baywindow overlooking the yard; she made the suggestion that the boys play train with it. Between the handles I was soon located as the engineer, and I trotted along leaning gravely over one handle, watching the great wheel revolve in front, as proud of my improvised locomotive as any “grown up” engineer could be of his.

This was not quite realistic enough, and a brakeman was provided in little brother Will, who sat astride of the wheel, riding with all the nonchalance of a "real" brakeman whom we had frequently admired and envied at his work. No matter how fast that barrow was wheeled, little Will would jump on and bump up and down, in high glee at the new play of railroad engineer and brakeman.

We had an especial pride in playing while mother looked on and advised—but she had other plans than mere play for her boys. There came the suggestion that all trains were not passenger coaches; there were freight trains—why not try for a change? What to load the train with? Well, earth would be a good thing, and the best place to carry it to would be along the sides of the house, where the engine could "back in" so well on the imaginary switches. Ah! she was a wise mother and knew just how to manage her boys. The freight trains were loaded in high glee, the heavier the load the prouder we were of it as we puffed and screeched up "the grade." The house was banked with never a thought that the boys were *working*, and

the dreaded task was accomplished all "in play."

Think you that I can ever forget that wheelbarrow or the name of the man who made it—those letters that gleamed in the autumn sun, "Walker, Goshen, Indiana?" Every character is emblazoned in memory as clearly as it was on the barrow itself.

THE POLITICAL TELESCOPE

WHILE the great telescopes may be located in Washington, it is not always the best place to secure a true perspective of the political firmament. As election time approached I walked toward the Capitol up the avenue, chatting with many prominent men, seeking an accurate focus of the situation. They were all "waiting to hear from home." The dome light of the edifice twinkled like a placid luminary. Mars, with "his mailed hand," beckoned overhead as the legislative and the judiciary continued their regular routine, and the messages and appointments still came swiftly from the executive office, showing that the three coordinate branches of government remained "fixed stars" in the national constellation, however the prominent luminaries might rise or wane.

With the advent of election, the leaders, old and new, adjust their presidential campaign telescopes and sweep the vast horizon to "sight" the "coming star," arising from

the nebulae of the many ambitions that float athwart the political ether. A look-out is kept for spots on the big suns and inky mountains and other phenomena of the solar system. Telescopes are leveled upon all prospective delegates—they count in charting political astronomicals.

As each presidential campaign possesses many powerful allurements and much matter of personal concern for the individual voter and candidate, the great fourth-year event has ceased to be a question of mere party record, and has become a direct choice of an adequate leader by the sovereign people. Individual voters adjust their telescopes to study the "big shows" at the Republican Convention, and the counter-attraction when the Democrats convene to select a standard-bearer. Uninstructed delegates have fun, and are able to use their telescopes freely, and mayhap see their bandwagon "hitched to a star," when they secure something especially promising for their own state or delegation.

The American citizen delights in studying matters individually. There is none of the

rancor and bitterness of by-gone days. The issues are not so sharply defined as to make deadly foes of brothers and friends. The people believe that candidates have sincerely at heart the interests of the country—though the range and power of telescopes may differ, and even in the strenuous days before the new president is elected the happy habit prevails.

THE JOY OF EASTERTIDE

THE very thought of Easter implies happiness and joy; so it is not necessary at this time to suggest the happy habit to the members of the order, as they listen for the first carol of the song-birds that herald the spring-time, or delight in the fragrance of the lilies in their snowy beauty, and the dignity of the stately palms; best of all are the sweet spring blossoms—first among them the hardy daffodils that, as Shakespeare hath it,

“Come before the swallow dare, and take
The winds of March with beauty.”

And now comes that dainty, fragrant flower, the trailing arbutus, blooming like the happy habit even under apparently unfavorable conditions, and, almost before the snow is gone, lifting its delicate head and distilling perfume to charm the wanderer in the woodland. Spring flowers have a scent and a beauty peculiarly their own, and are especially fitted to typify Easter because they grow in the teeth of the East wind and are the most

enduring of all blossoms, lasting many days after they have been cut from the parent plant.

On Easter Day the flowers have a special radiance, perhaps because they are the first floral decorations of the New Year; the music, too, is distinctive in character—due doubtless to the effort of the choir whose members have been subsisting on a diet of difficult musical scores that surely deserves success.

There is a gladness about Easter expressed in the "Gloria in Excelsis." Concentrated in this one day is the joy of twelve months; it is expressed in the music; in the dress of the congregation; in the fact that now appear at public worship the battalion known among church-goers as "Christmas Day and Easter Christians"; and that now, too, civic societies come out in force. Here are the Knights Templars in all the glory of their white plumes, aiding in the exemplification of the joyous, hopeful, optimistic spirit of this sacred time.

There is special consideration on Easter Day—the sharp carping of other times is not voiced, and if there is a flaw in the music you hear no criticism, but rather the suggestion

that the "choir did its best and an angel can do no more."

That is the time when Rossini's "Stabat Mater" is given, by special effort of the choir; when the obligato is carefully practiced and the solo is "taken" by the new singer "fresh from the conservatory." There was a time when it was extremely difficult for one leader to decide who should sing the solo, and the only settlement that could be arrived at without "making a fuss" was to have one soloist sing the verse first and the other famous local singer take it afterward. This compromise of repeating the solo had the advantage of preserving the harmony of the choir in other ways than on "the music page," and of permitting the congregation to hear the music of the famous master rendered twice on the same day. It was also important that the families of the two soloists should be placated, as both were pillars of the church; so on that Sabbath Margaret's parents sat in full view of the singers, on the left, and Sarah's in an equally conspicuous position on the right, to listen to the double performance.

Our music-committee had a theory that

we sang better on Easter Day than at any other time of the year. Perhaps this was due to frequent rehearsals. I know of a youth who attempted too much at one time, aspiring to a high G which at another occasion he would not have attempted—even in imagination.

“You can always reach the high notes when you work up to them all together—hold each other’s hands, figuratively speaking,” said the earnest music teacher in our church.

So, on Easter Day, the young aspirant for musical honors was prepared to produce high G fortissimo, while by his side Bob, less aspiring and more comfortable, ambled contentedly along on the lower notes. The singer felt a proud elation. Had he not been called on again and again to chant that high note as an example for a choir that anxiously strained up to the required musical altitude all might have been well. Verily, “pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall.” With proud complacency, the part was sung until the “heights” were approached—now for that G—the voice ascended and *cracked*—instantly, in a loud whisper, Bob

said, "Eggs—Easter eggs." Both singers giggled aloud, and the minister turned and shook his head reprovably, while a wave of disappointment spread over the face of the leader as he looked, "more in sorrow than in anger," at the culprits who hastily retired behind the anthem leaflets. For many weeks thereafter it was a disputed point which of the two boys was the more in fault and that knotty point has not been decided "up to this writing."

Yes, that is the day when the ladies look down the aisles to see the new "creations" in millinery, and perhaps a sprinkling of new dresses, indicating that the lighter shades of color are creeping in: the purples, reds and greens and the dark garb of winter-time are being laid aside. This morning there is a blending of colors seldom seen at other occasions, for now the tints of spring, summer and winter, all appear in the raiment of the congregation.

On that day flowers bloom not only in the church but in the home. That is the time when "mother's calla lily" blooms. How tenderly and carefully the plant has been

nurtured, so that it would be sure to blossom in season to aid in the church decorations at Eastertide! Who can forget, no matter how many years have passed, that calla lily in the bay window at home, standing out like a sentinel on the watch for spring-time? What boy has not been called upon to do duty in carrying the big plant carefully to the church, and bringing it home to take again the place of honor in its cosy alcove?

There is the Easter breakfast, sure to include eggs, the festal dinner and then the promenade, during which it seems that every one within a radius of five miles is out, dressed in their best—the lassies and the father and mother and all the children, even the baby, are abroad, resplendent in new ribbons and gowns; the young men's necks are encircled with gorgeous neckties, their heads adorned by shining "tiles," and "father has his new suit of clothes"—all in readiness for the mild days of spring.

The mention of Eastertide recalls the time when you went out to the henhouse and found in the nest little yellow-headed fluff-balls peeping up, with a suggestion of

creative force that calls up the vexed question as to which came first, the hen or the egg.

Easter has always implied the breaking of the shell and the commencement of new life, and at this season no profound arguments, no flights of eloquence are needed to convince the listeners that immortality is an established fact—everything tells the story:—the lilies that have bloomed again; the grass that once more is springing; and a new “clutch” to be guarded from damp and carefully nurtured during the early days of their existence.

Eastertime, more than ever, the praises of the American hen are sung and the tale of her marvelous production of 2,000,000,000 eggs a year is told—“the despair of the embalming men”—for nobody wants “cold storage stuff” while the industrious hen is gaily chuckling over a new-laid egg. It is said that the foundation of this great trade, in a district long famous for eggs and poultry, was laid in a curious way, when, a hundred years ago, a hat-maker moved to this place that was then a small village where hens were lacking.

The good lady made a living by braiding straw hats and coloring them with home-made

dyes. She was a favorite with all the children and talked to them of "Easter eggs," of which they had never heard. At considerable cost and trouble she procured two or three hens and saved their eggs, until, on Easter morning, each of the little people received the gift of a gaily-colored egg with a verse written on it. So twenty or thirty families were introduced to the useful hen, and from that effort of one woman to give pleasure to the children an immense industry has grown up. It is stated that, incidentally, the good lady received her reward in fortune not only for herself but for the village where she resided.

Eastertime is the season when the egg and spoon races begin in the agricultural districts of England. I shall never forget the prize winner in a race I saw; he was a man of perhaps fifty years of age, and every one was glad that he won because his egg met with and survived more mishaps than any other there. How comical those great, strong ploughmen and farmers looked with a small spoon, holding a big egg firmly grasped in the right hand, all standing in line awaiting the word to be off. The young fellows cast sly

glances toward the crowd, but the elderly man gave his whole attention to the exciting sport. With outstretched right arm, spoon and egg in hand, he started; half-way down the track the latter suddenly disappeared; a hasty glance revealed it unbroken on the soft grass, and it was promptly replaced and the race continued. Another slip, but this time the spoon was dexterously lowered and the egg caught before it reached the ground; next time it rolled underneath the dividing rope, and off among the spectators, but the competitor would not give up. Reaching out among the feet of the onlookers, he spooned it up, cracked but not broken, and finally reached the flag first of all in line. I heard afterward that for twenty years he had never failed to win the prize at these races.

On the lawn of the White House, shortly after Easter, I watched the happy children enjoying egg and spoon races. Their little faces sparkled with a joyousness that made the grown people cheerful.

That gay scene recalled an experience of a few nights before, when, walking along a quiet street, I saw a little girl crying over

some broken eggs on the sidewalk. Before I could offer assistance, along came a stalwart, burly boy on roller skates. He was about to sweep past, but seeing the mishap and the child in tears, he swung about and asked brusquely:

“What y’ cryin’ for?”

“I’ve broke the eggs I was takin’ home to color—my mother was a-goin’ to show me how; and now I won’t ever know.”

The burly youngster’s face softened; he proceeded to expound the code of honor of his kind:

“Eggs or no eggs, you don’t want to be a cry-baby.”

He inspected the bag, and saw that the contents were hopelessly broken.

“They was for tomorrow,” wailed the girl.

“I know,” he nodded. “We have ’em at our house.”

Leaning against a lamp-post he pulled out an astonishing collection from his pocket, and among bits of string, tops of various patterns, boot-laces, scraps of tin, fish-hooks and what not, he unearthed some small coin.

"*Now* you come along and we'll get more eggs, and you can pay me some other time; you won't miss the fun after all."

There was no I O U, no legal form or promise to pay. She simply nodded and smiled, wiping up the tears with her little handkerchief as they walked off to the store together. That was confidence worthy of being honored, and I know as "sure as eggs is eggs" that the boy was duly paid back his loan.

This brings to mind the old suggestion that "money is the root of all evil." It may be that if there was no such thing as the spirit that money stands for we poor mortals would be perfectly happy.

"If each of us had to manage for himself and herself on just what can be obtained on individual merit and ability, things would be different," said a philosopher to me the other day. "The trouble is that many people live on sanguine hopes that sometime or other they will get something for nothing. They trade on the confidence of friends—rather than on the value of what they have to offer."

That may be so, but what a sorry world

this would be if we never needed to help a friend. Talk about kind words and acts—it often happens that these are forthcoming—until it develops that the suppliant is also in urgent need of money. That is frequently the time for “the cold shoulder”—that famous dish on which the poor in this world’s goods are invited to feast pretty often, while the fellow with the coin digs in the depths of his pocket and hesitates.

At festival seasons this spirit is usually put in abeyance and better impulses prevail; this is a good world, but we don’t always believe it until some red-letter day brings the truth home, and a great wave of the happy habit overspreads the community.

IN THE GRAND CANYON

IT was early morning at the Grand Canyon. The happy party clambered out of the cars to wander up to the rim of the great chasm—just outside the famous hotel, El Tovar. As I looked for the first time upon that marvelous scene, that Sunday morning at sunrise, it seemed as though all the world were in a spirit of worship before the Great Divinity. Here the finite seemed to touch the Infinite. “And, far removed, God made himself an awful rose of dawn.” It was not a time for words, for it was like looking into the great sepulchre of all the ages past. At the bottom of this vast abyss Niagara would have looked no more than a thread.

The great cones far away seemed like the mysterious embattled dwellings of the old Norse gods, for here Thor and Odin might have found a dwelling place suited to their fierce majesty. These might have been the veritable Asgard, the home of the Aesir of Norse mythology, and in the darker recesses

of the great canyon, where the stars peer down through the tremendous rifts at noon-day, one might well fancy himself amid the tremendous and gloomy scenes of the Ragnarok, the last struggle of good and evil, "The Twilight of the Gods."

At Bucky O'Neill's Point, near by, President Roosevelt doffed his sombrero and exclaimed: "It is the duty of every American to see the Grand Canyon."

Across the vision came a battleship with red turrets, standing out below us in the billowy sea of space, and it was difficult to realize that this was merely the peculiar formation of the rocks and not a giant ship. Every minute the vista changes. It is hard to believe that it is 6,000 feet, or more than a mile, to the bottom; and below on the midway plateau we could see the tents pitched, looking like tiny white postage stamps in the distance. We rode to Rowe's Point, and there had another view; and on this beautiful Sabbath we needed no formal call to awaken in us the spirit of true worship, for all about us were the tokens of the majesty and omnipotence of God. The soft rustle of the pines

overhead made the air musical, and we felt that we were indeed in the temple of Deity. Such a scene creates a vague feeling of disappointment and distress; one wants either to laugh or to cry. The glory of infinitude oppresses the heart and awes the mind. I thought of the cowboy who was brought here to look upon this wonderful scene. He stood beside a minister who gave utterance to his feelings of worship for the Great Creator in suitable language and solemn pulpit tones; but the cowboy who had no standards with which to gauge his thoughts said, in equally solemn and reverential tones, turning to his companion, with hat off and one foot on a stump: "Bill, doesn't this beat Hell?"

The cowboy and the minister meant exactly the same thing, but the language varied.

On a perilous point, not far from the hotel, the artist Moran, whose pictures adorn the national Capitol at Washington, sat for hours making sketches, silently worshipping at the shrine to which his devotion is paid. Though he was then seventy-six years of age, and had made a life's study of similar scenes,

he still insisted that the human hand is unequal to the task of painting such grandeur and colors as are to be found in the Grand Canyon.

* * *

Of course we had to visit the bottom of this wonderful abyss—wanted to get to the bottom of things, you know. There was some hesitation, but I ventured on the back of “Midnight,” a mule of skittish disposition. The first few moments of descent covers somewhat precipitous ground—to put it mildly—and as the mule went round the ledges, it seemed to me that she always sought the very outside rim of the precipice on which to walk. I held my breath, and wore the shoulder of my coat off in leaning against the wall in order to preserve my balance. About half-way down, I looked around me and saw a cheering sight for a traveler upon the mountain-side—the body of a dead mule. However, there was no turning back, and I resigned myself to fate—and “Midnight.” Down and down and down we went, over those winding paths, until, after about three hours of

descent, we came upon tents used by tourists who had spent the night in the canyon.

After a rest, we rode over to the plateau, and there looked down for hundreds of feet upon another canyon within the greater one.

As we made the descent, the canyons seemed to grow in proportion with every glance. Here were dusky shadows playing on the sides of the great red sand-stone walls, whose topmost rims were ramparts of yellow with tall turrets that might have suited a castle for the Colossus of Rhodes.

Tiny springs on the plateau send in their contribution to the little rivulets, but the interior is as dry as a bone. We threw a rock off and the suction drew it in quickly, showing that power of gravitation and drawing which is now noticeable between the skyscrapers of New York.

One cannot look upon this great wonder and not think of Powell, whose story of exploration is one of the most fascinating books of the government reports. The thrilling adventures related there are a priceless contribution to the scientific and geographical knowledge of the world.

We had our lunch on the plateau, and how trivial and insignificant we felt with our eggshells scattered on the great rocks, where the debris left by former visitors showed that we were not the first party to lunch on this romantic spot. We could have sat there for hours and allowed our fancies to play around the wonderful scenes about us.

From the bottom of the canyon you can look up and see the stars at noonday as plain as though it were night time. Well, I had to get on my mount and return. Already I had begun to walk bowlegged, due to my efforts to keep a precarious seat astride the steed. The return was the climax of the day. Before us was constantly presented what seemed like impassable heights, and it set me to moralizing on the precipitous difficulties of life—how impregnable the steep ledges seem: and yet when one approaches firmly and believingly and looks close enough, there is always a path up for those who search long and earnestly. Up and up we climbed, to those apparently unattainable heights, though it seemed as if "Midnight" just zigzagged aimlessly up a sort of "Jacob's ladder." Yet

we had occasion to dismount only in one spot, and then it was out of consideration for the poor hard-breathing animals to whom the Grand Canyon is no pleasure trip, carrying day by day their burdens of people fat and lean, tall and short, up and down these precipitous trails.

There were a few exciting moments when the mule, meeting pedestrians, declined to pass them, and insisted on turning around in a circle less than two feet wide, and then dashing down the mountainous road. Yes, I hung on, and finally the animal found a place to turn back again where there was a little more room for the maneuver than at the first experiment.

Toward evening we approached the crest, and again it seemed as though some great silence was bidding us farewell. I felt that we were at the vesper service of the submerged mountains, and the mysterious requiem of past ages was being chanted by inaudible voices. All was silent—not even the jangling of a bell. To realize that it was thirteen miles across that great chasm, from rim to rim, seemed impossible, and it was

almost like reaching some far-off port when we were greeted with the cheery smiles of the party and the proofs of photographs taken before we started on our cruise—having left the pictures behind in case we failed to return from the depths.

In this locality dwell the Hopis, known by some people as the Snake Indians. Their villages are located at the bottom of the canyons, the houses being entered at the top by means of a ladder. The Hopis are convinced that all their troubles have come upon them since they came to live in the light, and their idea of Heaven is the reverse of ours.

I made diligent inquiry about the various stories of the origin of the Grand Canyon, and one version was given me as coming direct from Sir John Murray of the Royal Geographical Society of England. He believes that at one time there was a great salt sea covering this land, of which the Salt Lake of Utah is a remnant. Then came the subsidence of the earth's surface, causing it to crack along the Colorado canyons, when the waters contained here rushed down to join the sea. This

is indicated by the sandstone formation, which shows where the top rim of the canyons was once an ocean bed. The edge formed so much higher than the rest of the ground that it was not possible for any water to rush back into these places, with the exception of the Colorado River, which is fed by the rainfall and the mountain springs. This tremendous crack in the earth's surface was doubtless occasioned by volcanic heat, as may be seen on a very small scale in the baking of bread; when the crust opens the steam rushes forth, and, as the cooling process goes on, the sides of the crack are found to remain much higher than the rest of the loaf. On a gigantic scale, it is believed, this same process took place in the Grand and other canyons.

The night before leaving, I wandered out to see the sunset and stood where I had viewed the sunrise. Across the abyss were the vivid colors of the god of day. As I looked, it seemed for a minute as though I could see the unfurled flag of the Stars and Stripes in alternating bands of blue and red, but this thought passed as I saw the tokens

of the great Power that holds the earth "in the hollow of His hand" and speaks to the weary world at the sunset hour the sweet word "Rest."

In the early morning, as we were leaving, the sun was just rising from a bath in the purple glow of the great canyon. It seemed as if the matin song of the Sun-worshippers and ancient Incas, with its cheering note of triumph over Night, must come with the early morning breezes, sweeping across the great depths.

THE MUSIC OF MAY-TIME

MAY-TIME brings happy reminders of the charm of music, with all nature attuned. There is a harmony in the forest sigh, and a gentle cadence in the nodding mayflower that sings itself into one's soul without audible word or sound. We just feel and talk musically and we greet our friends more harmoniously than at any other season of the year, appreciating more fully the part which this accomplishment plays in human affairs.

Years ago, on a Dakotan prairie, a village of two hundred people gathered on the verdant sod to found "a city." Winter came, and the blizzards shut them in their crude shanties and turf huts as effectually as was Noah in his ark; but in that little community were a few sturdy pioneers who had come from the Middle West and New England, to build new homes in that distant state. There was a fine social atmosphere among those dwellers on the banks of the James, and every day something was posted on the bulletin in "Doc's"

drug store, despite the hungry winds that sifted in the snow and howled through the houses and down the ridges of snowbanks that indicated streets and boulevards—on the map. Cantatas and oratorios were rendered; ballad concerts were given alternately, with debates and literary entertainments in the newly-built court house, which stood out alone on the prairie like a beacon-light. There was real talent—latent and already cultivated—among those pioneer settlers; some there were who, in early days, had studied in the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. True, there were few legal transactions in that court house, but it was utilized for the public good, and became a veritable temple of “the immortal Nine.” Those who attended the long winter evening rehearsals of the oratorios—“The Messiah,” “Elijah,” “Belshazzar” and others—will never forget the happiness of the hours employed in the preparation and rendering of magnificent music—applauded by vociferous yells from the cowboys of the Coteaus, as well as the hearty approbation of the “home folks”—to whom by frequent attendance at rehearsals

the phrases had become almost as familiar as their own names.

The mention of music calls up visions of a mother patiently teaching the score day after day, beating time with unwearied pencil, and counting "one-two-three" until hoarse, yet always enthusiastic in those long hours of effort if she could perceive ever so slight a sign of talent in her pupils.

These personal memories inspire a life-long interest in all educational institutions, reflecting the enthusiasm of her whose foresight prophesied that musical achievement would prove a vital force in the development of the nation. She held it a patriotic and sacred duty to bring out and develop latent talent, and love of music in the hearts of the people, deeming it a more powerful factor than the enactment of laws—for are not laws the outgrowth of sentiment, and is not that fundamentally created by artistic ideals?

* * *

In great emergencies, in sweeping national catastrophies music has always been employed to encourage the people, to stimulate them to

renewed effort, or to appeal to the sympathies of the more prosperous citizens. Illustrating this point, the sons of that patient, optimistic music teacher all remember when that mother returned from her first trip to Europe. They eagerly gathered around her as she told of the voyage on a sailing vessel, and how, at a port where the ship had stopped *en route* the sailors were kept hard at work for ten hours unloading a heavy cargo. At evening a breeze had sprung up and the captain was most anxious to get the sails set and take advantage of the favoring wind. All hands were consequently ordered on deck to loose the great mainsail. The weary men, who had been handling cargo all the day, came from their hammocks and on learning what was expected of them, flatly refused—a mutiny was imminent. The passengers stood in frightened groups on the after-deck, while the captain and mates took up their station beneath the great yardarm. The bo'sun joined them, but the sailors were obdurate, and stood with folded arms behind the big dark-browed, weather-beaten mariner who was the ringleader.

The third mate, a jolly, rollicking sailor, with a mass of yellow curls beneath his nautical cap, stepped forward, threw off his coat and, laying hold of the "main sheet," began to sing a favorite sailors' chorus:

“Who stole the boots?
Who stole the boots?
Who stole the boots?
Paddy Murphy, Oh.”

The bo'sun promptly fell to and helped pull, and the men passengers followed, and before "Paddy Murphy, Oh" had died away, every sailor was pulling with might and main, except the sour-faced leader, who spent the night in irons; "with no music in his soul,"—mother said.

The teacher was quick to see in this incident the power of her favorite art, even on sailors who were so weary that, for the moment, they forgot that the welfare of the passengers depended on them. In after years she often said that if the stirring refrain of a sea-song, mingling with the swish of the waves and the howl of the wind, could subdue a mutiny, what might not music accomplish

in the uplifting of humanity and the soothing of vexatious national discord—for waves of melody have a compelling power to scatter uneasiness.

In the history of every nation the power of music has been demonstrated. There was a time when the “Marseillaise” had to be suppressed in France, because the people went wild at that stirring hymn. At one time the singing of certain old national airs was forbidden by law in Ireland, and in Scotland the “Bonnie Prince Charlie” songs were placed under a ban, in the hope that the king “o’er the water” would be forgotten.

* * *

The power of music is ever growing, and a time may come when all discontent may be subdued by it, as the evil spirit from King Saul was by the sweet melodies from David’s harp. Music is itself the very type of peace and harmony. Observe a great orchestra: every wave of the baton means something; there must be absolute unity of purpose, and no instrument must deviate by a single note, for each is essential to the harmony of the whole; even the lark notes of the piccolo

would be missed by the leader—it is a perfect example of many people working for one grand common purpose.

The development of music has a sociological aspect, for when this nation finds expression in a distinctive national music, then will it understand how to harmonize conflicting elements gathered within its boundaries. No other art can amalgamate so many widely-differing races. The foreigner will become truly American in thought and habit when he can come to our shores and find here a music that has in it the heart-glow of a young and prosperous nation, syncopated in merry or sad plantation songs and the deep minor wail of the red man of the forest, carried on to perfect harmony in the sweeping chords that tell of the wide plains and the canyons where the winds echo; where the very heart of a nation responds to the master hand in sweeping the harp-strings with the tale of its achievements and dreams, its remote and mysterious past. The lavish gifts of the Creator to this land can never be expressed in words, but that supreme generosity and the appreciation therefor may be rendered in music with rich,

sweeping chords and sweet minor cadences. Lying dormant, somewhere in the country, surely rests this power: the mighty genius for which the nation waits, who will show us, as has been said by a modern writer, not "how cleverly the American can imitate European modes of expression," but rather "what the American has to say for himself, for his nation, for *us*, through the medium of his art," voicing "the youthful, optimistic, heroic spirit of a new land." Music peculiar to our nation is slowly crystalizing out of the folk songs of many races, of adopted citizenship, that merge into American individuality. Its mighty touch will evoke deathless melodies and harmonies, distinctively American in character, portraying and awakening to life those subtle forces which no painter can limn, no historian describe, but which music can always express.

ON THE "QUICK LUNCH" TRAIL

HAVE you ever taken your noontday meal at a "quick lunch" city restaurant? There is a different picture presented at every hour of the day. Say the hour is eleven A.M. The tables now begin to fill. There is no cloth upon them, and the familiar placards proclaiming the prices and names of all the tempting "combinations" hang about in a bewildering array. The stranger in the place is at once apparent, in his halting decision as to a "place," and by the superior air toward him, as he enters, of the regular patron of the food factory. There is always a general "desire to be alone" in the "dodge" for quick lunch, because there table manners don't count, you know. An obscure corner or a side seat facing the door seem to be preferred positions, as they say in the newspaper offices in reference to advertising space. The hat, overcoat and parcels are stowed carefully in sight, because the sign, "Beware of overcoat and rubber thieves!" stands out like a terrible warning

beneath the "Love Your Neighbor" and other scriptural hints. The waitress comes up under full sail, napkins and all, with piquant nonchalance, armed to the teeth with a punch and packet of tickets. The glass of water is placed before the patron as a signal that his order is expected.

The good doctor puts on his spectacles and begins a study of the bill of fare. The card is confusing, because every restaurant seems to have a different list of prices; that is, the rate varies, the soup value being taken as the thermometer. When it starts in at ten-cent soup, that means five-cent coffee, and so on. The "with vegetables" clause is a perplexing one to him. The doctor still studies the cardboard through his *pince-nez*, and the waitress has, in the meantime, served other customers. The perplexed man finds his medical science mixed with menu potions, and he stops to figure out his meal according to the schedule, observing inwardly: "This cheap restaurant means one dollar for a square meal." He was not aware of the combinations "with and without." He scans cautiously to ascertain for sure whether syrup goes with the

cakes, and he finally concludes to take "without." The waitress responds to the beckon, and he looks at her timidly over his spectacles as he gives her, under his breath, as a last and desperate resort, "ham and eggs"—*that* he knows to be staple.

Then there is the very young man with the struggling Van Dyke beard. It is plain to see he has succumbed to Gotham's fashion dictates. He tries to announce in every motion that he is only there because he desires a light, hurried lunch to get "back to business." His head is carried at a fashionable tip to one side, "close to the wind," so to speak. But there is the silent conviction in the minds of observers that his lunch appropriation is scant because of the "swell" dinner of the previous night, that absorbed his lordly income. He evidences the manner of one accustomed to "tipping," but the waitresses are not to be fooled. He eats in an indifferent, disgusted way, never deigning to glance at the bill of fare, and ordering "Stack of wheats." A cigarette, and it is all over for him. He is one quite familiar with the vernacular of rushing restaurant life.

The good, kind face of the minister is a reflection of perplexity. He studies frugality and yet dines leisurely. Oatmeal and the "home cooking" capture him. His kindly smile is like a beam of sunshine in the sea of morbid, discontented mortals eating away as if it were their last chance. He thanks the waitress kindly, even when she tips over the cream jar. His serenity is truly sublime, and his smooth face and side-whiskers form a pleasant picture.

Across the way is the fiend with the newspaper under his glasses, reading away for dear life, and reaching out right and left for food, carrying it to his mouth in unconscious motions. He is more eager to digest the news than his food. The bottle, it might be stated, is only harmless ketchup, but he is straining every muscle to do two things at once. Once in a while a sailor swaggers in, stranded, as it were, in the busy part of the city away from the wharves; on his weather-beaten face a jolly smile. He unconsciously watches that no motion in the room upsets his coffee. He studies the doughnut floating on the cup as he would a life-buoy, has an airy way of

addressing his neighbor as a messmate—and is frozen by an icicle-stare in response.

The sweet little typewriter—she is there. Cake, of course,—pie too, and cup of tea. She is always tasty and well-dressed, although there may be apparent the struggle with poverty. She invariably carries gloves and purse, and the taking off and putting on of her veil is never forgotten, no matter in what haste she may be. Bless her heart! Who can picture the home she helps to support in heroic struggle!

The old gentleman with beard and spectacles, in the background, suggests the late Charles A. Dana. He has serenely outgrown the hot broth of youth. He leisurely soaks the French bread in the coffee and dips into his paper. But in the foreground there is the “fresh” young man, who must always have an “aside” with the waitress. Her piquant little pout and a response under her breath as she brushes the crumbs away and gathers up the dishes; the smile of recognition, all pleases his vanity, and in an off-hand, familiar way he says, “The same, Mamie, please,” although it may be supposed that she

has a hard time recalling all "the sames." If she talks with him, he takes both dessert and soup; if not, "wheat cakes," his regular allowance, is quite sufficient. The downy lip, the choking collar, the careening, knowing smile, implying a mysterious understanding of special friendship—it is all there—check ten cents.

That charming little lady who seeks relief from shopping comes in for a late lunch. The menu card is a puzzle to her, and she studies it harder, after the order is given, than before, to see if she has not made a mistake. She calls for "rolls and a cup of tea, I'm not very hungry." Heroic mother love; she feels that an eight-course dinner would not be too much to refresh her, but there's more to get for the children at home.

Now comes the active business-man with a breeze from the door, and his "Roast rare, quick!" The waitress skips, and hardly has she had time to lay out the utensils for eating before him and get the usual glass of water in proper position, before he loudly calls, "Check, please." Out he sails, with crumbs clinging to his beard, which he brushes off

as he lights a cigar and starts off under full steam back to business.

The little boy—happy youngster—is always hungry. He comes with his father, and the great, wondering eyes are starry interrogations. “Pa, what’s that?” he asks under his breath and timidly, until he becomes thoroughly familiar with the pepper, salt and sauce bottles, trying all sorts of experiments with them. The father sets them away from the boy, who sings to himself and kicks his heels on the chair, managing to get away with the food. The napkin is tucked high under his chin, and he has an expression of “I’ll take ice cream” visible all over his happy face.

ERA OF CHEERFULNESS

EVERY decade has its characteristic emotion; the outgrowth of sentiment peculiar to the times. How refreshing to hear a friend say he believes "the popularity of happiness" is at hand—actually the rage! In years past there have been periods noted for anathema and criticism, for religious revivals and for strange and startling revelations, but now we have a recurring Era of Cheerfulness.

Similar periods are manifest in literature; each century or half-century has its own especial features. In the olden days literature was chiefly religious, composed of sermons, dissertations and discussions upon various points of doctrine; then there came an era of diary and essay writing; then an era of history; then the sudden reaction to Fielding, Sterne and Smollet; and now our fancy rests upon poetry, art and fiction in vast variety—the literature of the times is the reflection of popular emotion.

The Era of Cheerfulness is a natural evo-

lution. Gloom is fading rapidly into the mists of the past, not only in literature but in conduct and even in dress. For example: There was a time when it was considered essential that a widow should be heavily weighted with "weeds" and certain forms be observed, or society would be shocked; but today we are taking an altogether different view of the "passing" of our dear ones. Why so much gloom, when our beloved are freed from earthly cares and responsibilities to enjoy perfect happiness forever? It is obvious that our habits of thought and many modern "isms" are new forms of the old doctrine of cheerfulness, which has never before been so clearly evolved.

The popular infection may be observed in correspondence. Even business men write to each other of how they waited until temper cooled and then sent out a cheery letter that brought back an instant apology from an aggressor. One man says: "I'm sorry I wrote that last letter. I was angry and lost my self-control; I did not see my folly until I received your kindly reply." Though we sometimes have to gulp down indigna-

tion and try very hard before the outlook can be reached, we find it is all in the viewpoint. "Grief may be joy misunderstood."

Traveling over the country, I find hung in conspicuous places in various business offices such mottoes as "*Smile*," "*Keep Smiling*," "*Cheer up*." They catch the eye even in the midst of the "rush hours." Messages of cheerfulness have supplanted the severely proverbial injunctions and mottoes that occupied the place of honor over the door in old-time parlors. Who can look upon the word "smile" without feeling a twitching about the corners of the mouth?

The Era of Cheerfulness was manifest at the great political conventions of 1908, and the photographers insisted upon a smile from their subjects and got it. Amid the storm of protest and the calls of "Time" at the conventions, it was the man who wore a smile who obtained a hearing; the man with a message of cheerfulness was patiently listened to. This optimistic spirit foretells an atmosphere of good-nature in future political campaigns, for it is impossible to get "blood-mad" when the cohorts are all smil-

ing. In fact, the "candidate smile" has become quite the popular facial expression.

Society has put a ban upon the talk of ailments and wailments; it is indeed a happy reform. Jeremiah and his lamentations have had a long inning and now yield to Solomon and his Songs of Cheerfulness. Solomon, it will be observed, was a wise man. We no longer insist on the repetition of that old saying, "I am *enjoying* poor health."

It is quite easy to test the force of a smile. Go through an office, and on whom do your eyes rest longest? It is not on the grave and important manager, but rather on the happy lad or lass who beams over the work in hand, turning with a ready smile in answer to even a time-worn joke. The domestic life of an establishment may be very accurately judged by the manner in which employes pass to and from their work. If they come out chatting and laughing and bidding each other a hearty "good-night," it is probable that all has been well indoors during the day.

* * *

Vacation days afford an excellent opportunity for cultivating cheerfulness, and one

can practice it with their rowing or swimming; you will find that you have a capacity for wholesome, genial good-nature that you never dreamed of possessing. It is an accomplishment that would assuredly be more often used if once well-learned. This does not mean that the good-natured person will never be annoyed; on the contrary, even the most cheerful persons frequently become very indignant. But a cheerful temperament does not nurse its wrath; it shortly laughs at its folly. A good explosive blast of anger is tolerated. This is not what aggravates your neighbor; it is the constant whine and wowl.

Think cheerfully and control your thoughts when they threaten to slip off into gloomy channels. Try it, and see if you do not believe that the infectious "habit of cheerfulness" is one of the hopeful signs of the times. If you cannot arrive at this viewpoint by one method, try another—post optimistic mottoes about your den, office or living rooms and choose cheerfulness every time, refusing all substitutes. The Era of Cheerfulness promises a time of general content and happiness, of abounding prosperity and plenty.

PANAMA

THE happy days I spent on the Isthmus of Panama seem today like a dream. Like bird-cages set amid the luxuriant leafage of tropical growth, tiny and tasteful cottages stood beside the sea on hill and in dale, dainty tokens of American habitation. On the mountains in the Cyclopean gash of the great Culebra cutting, in the jungles, falling before axe and machete, everywhere, American individuality, engaged in strenuous commercial and industrial warfare, hastened the completion of the greatest canal that any nation has ever attempted until De Lesseps and France essayed what America, under Roosevelt, first placed on the high road toward completion. Better than all, too, it was evident that the good-natured democratic American temperament was an active agent in maintaining effective and cheery service amid all classes of employes, and had aided science in terminating the hitherto noxious and unsanitary conditions of the Zone.

On a wild, blustering night I sailed out of New York harbor, bound for Panama, spurred into action by a remark that "no editor yet had had public spirit enough to make a personal visit to Panama and view the great national undertaking." When I awoke and looked at the Statue of Liberty fading away on the horizon, it almost seemed to me that I had been suddenly "shanghaied" from my home and taken by force to sea. As the mists of sleep were dissipated, I remembered that I was aboard a steamship just then steaming out to sea past Sandy Hook and en route for the Spanish Main.

We usually find what we look for, at home or in traveling, and the man who starts on his journey in a cheerful spirit is likely to find cheerful companions. All the cheery folks on board gained a fresh inspiration when, just before landing at Panama, a beautiful rainbow, gleaming with a wonderful intensity of prismatic hues, arched in the tropical waters of the Caribbean Sea, with its widely-separated bases rising from the turquoise blue of this beautiful expanse of water. This, as our poet proclaimed, was an omen

of the peace and prosperity which the completed canal would confer upon humanity for many generations.

The traveler on landing at Colon only a few years ago found it a veritable sink-hold of pestilence, whose hopeless denizens lived in the very Valley of the Shadow; but now lagoons and stagnant pools have been obliterated, well-kept streets constructed, sewered and sanitized; and now there are tree-shadowed boulevards and that busy stir of industry and business that almost compelled us to believe that we had arrived in some modern American port in the very crisis and popular celebration of some great exposition.

With George Washington Jones on the driver's seat, we drove up the Beach Road, bordered on either side by stately cocoanut trees growing close down to the water's edge. The old dwelling houses of the French regime have been raised to a higher grade, fumigated, sanitized, and are now equipped with verandas closely screened against the fever-communicating mosquito. This beautiful promenade was the first improvement under the

American regime, and is a veritable Appian Way.

Before the palace of De Lesseps stood a statue of Columbus, with an arm embracing an Indian maiden and leading her toward the western sunset, which here presents itself on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus. It seemed to us at first that the maps must positively be wrong, but we were finally convinced that we faced the Pacific on the east and the Atlantic on the west. This monument to the great discoverer was presented by the Empress Eugenie of France in the palmy days when she assisted De Lesseps to secure immense concessions to begin his great work.

Crossing the Isthmus by rail, we stopped at Gatun, one of the first stations in the forty-seven-mile ride; which village is eventually to be forever submerged under eighty-five feet of water, for the "canal" is to be a great inland lake rather than a "ditch." All along the route we saw an immense number of locomotives, cars and machinery of all descriptions, which had been cast aside by the French and allowed to rust and decay—monuments

to a regime of extravagance and fraud entailing the loss of many millions of dollars and thousands of lives. It is recorded that for every tie laid down in the construction of that railroad a man was buried, to say nothing of the myriads of lives lost in the abortive labors of the French Canal management. What impressed me most of all was, that out of this slough of despond genial, cheery American enterprise and methods has brought success. The wild jungle and miasmatic swamps which have cost thousands of lives in former days have been destroyed or tamed, and there is no longer any risk of life for those who work or dwell on the Isthmus. In fact, the interest and beauty of the Canal Zone seem likely to attract a host of visitors from all parts of the world, and to make it a fashionable winter resort for generations to come.

At a wayside station a little girl about ten years old got on the train. She was from Ohio and the daughter of an excavation superintendent. She had been shopping, and had all the alertness of the average American girl allied to that interest in what is going on which is peculiar to all the Isthmus people.

"I have a fine time; I like to be here," she said.

"Are you never homesick?"

"Never, because there is always something interesting to do. Then everybody is so happy and good-natured; and we have two parties every week at Paraiso—much more than we ever had at home."

Sitting at night on a veranda at Bas Obispo, the thunderous roar of incessant blasting could be heard, suggesting a Fourth of July celebration "back home." The flash of exploding gunpowder, like lightning flashes, lit up the velvety gloom, and the chug, chug of diamond drills broke into the languorous sighing of the feathery palms, as the mighty industrial army, working night and day, cut through the barriers and fortress-strength of the eternal hills by the marvelous force of modern machinery and organization. Here modern thought and enterprise expressed themselves in impressive and visible form, as steam shovels, high explosives and the wealth of the great republic of America battled with Titanic obstacles and hitherto unsolved sanitary and engineering problems. The labor

perplexities were soon solved when the government took hold of the work. The hardy Gothic races of northern Spain have proved the most successful laborers on the whole; they have more of personal dignity and better ideas of comfort. After cleaning their mess houses, they linger about, playing the guitar, laughing and singing in the tropical afternoons, just before the brief twilight, and next day may be seen about their work with smiling faces. The young American officers move among the men, joking with them (especially those officers who can speak Spanish to their workmen), and this pleasant way of directing unskilled or skilled labor appears to be the keynote of the great progress made and loyal interest established. The laborers evidently love the jolly good-nature of the young army officers in charge, who make the work seem like play to them. They would rush off, attired in Tam-o'-Shanter caps and gay-colored girdles and waistcoats, carrying their shovels, like a crowd of boys going to play hockey. Returning to dinner at noon-time, they laughed and sky-larked like lads coming from school. They appreciated being

treated like men, instead of being harshly and contemptuously ordered about like dogs or slaves.

The entire tract of land within the Zone measures ten miles wide, five miles on either side of the prism or center of the canal, and this tract is wholly owned by the American government. Herein many American families are living and over 5,000 pupils, aged from six to sixteen years, attend the schools. I made a visit to one of these, under the care of two bright American girl teachers. In a room on the lower floor were some small children, and I ventured to ask a question:

“Who is the President of the United States?”

They looked at me in surprise for a moment, and then the teacher called on “St. Anthony,” who arose, repeated the question with much unction, and then added his answer,

“The President of de United States am Mithter Root.”

Smiles could not be repressed at this evidence of the profound impression evidently produced by Secretary Root during his visit.

St. Anthony sat down and another bright boy got up and announced:

“Russfelt am de name of the President of America.”

In an upper room older scholars were at work under the tutelage of a graduate of Tuskegee Institute, a native of St. Lucia, a West Indian island near Martinique. A large number of the scholars also came from this island, which was formerly owned by the French.

They arose and sang “America” at a rapid tempo, but every word was clearly enunciated and the singing was hearty. They appeared well-trained in United States geography, and had no difficulty in locating Boston on the map, possibly because “beans” are very popular food on the Spanish Main.

In the Zone are many young married couples who have begun housekeeping here in the tropics. They are allowed one square foot of space for every dollar of monthly wage, but this count does not include the bathroom, pantry and dining-room; thus a man drawing \$200 has 200 square feet, which gives him ample house room. Housekeeping is not

much of a problem there; the bride takes the commissariat book, and her aim is to see how little of the normal allowance she can use each week, thus increasing the savings account at the end of the month.

No one seemed to think about money, and it was a relief to hear nothing of dollars and cents. Everyone was living economically, and the American women ought to receive a royal tribute of praise for the work they are accomplishing in aiding the construction of the Panama Canal by providing comfortable, healthful homes on the Isthmus. This simple living is an object-lesson that will long be remembered and profited by when the Panama workers have returned home.

The houses are built in bungalow style, with wide screens beneath the eaves. Each has its large living-rooms, pantry and shower-bath, and is equipped with water, electric light and all modern conveniences.

The bath is a daily necessity in Panama, and a neglect of this means of sanitation is one reason for the great fatality from pneumonia among the Jamaican laborers, who persist in sitting in the damp clothes they

have worn during working hours, and refuse the daily ablution. Of course quinine is considered necessary, although I met many people who assured me that they had not taken any since coming to the Canal Zone. Indulgences that may be harmless in the temperate zone are not safe here. The music and general atmosphere of cheerfulness have doubtless had their effect in keeping the people well and happy. It would be well if we could have the same spirit in northern climes. How much more attractive life would be if we had more of that spirit of leisure and deliberation. It is true that every life has its compensations for such privations as it may bring in its train; and, while we may shrink from the unhealthiness and inactivity of the tropics, we should do well to learn from these countries something of the happy-go-lucky ways and kindly virtues that are just as pronounced as those sterner traits of our northern denizens. The building of the Panama Canal furnishes important suggestions in sociology, and has proved the power of Cheerfulness and Happiness as the foundation of all great and enduring achievements.

SUNRISE IN THE ALPS

ONE of the most fortunate events of my life was that my trip to Switzerland was made at a most delightful time of the year. It was merely chance, this happy experience. It came to me on the heights of Mt. Rigi. I was awakened at sunrise by the long-sustained notes of the Alpine horn; and it was revealed to me that here Richard Wagner had received his inspiration for the opening scenes of "Parsifal." The first act of the opera brings to mind that awe-inspiring vision of dawn on the Alps.

Clad in his leathern cap and fantasitic red blouse, the herdsman gave his thrilling refrain. Again it sounded; then he gave a screech in falsetto, followed by an Alpine song which echoed down the valley.

My first glance through the window of my little bed-room seemed to reveal a dream of heaven. A soft delicate purple haze bathed the landscape very tenderly; Nature's great night-veil was about to be lifted. The moon shone clearly in the zenith as if loth to leave

the clear steel-blue sky. The white-capped peaks in the distance were so mingled with clouds that it was difficult to distinguish celestial pinnacle from terrestrial summit; but the snow on the mountain-tops lost its pure color and faded into gray against the spotless white of the clouds.

We gathered on the topmost peak with half-opened eyes. Scarcely a word was uttered: all were drinking in the grandeur of the scene. Beneath us the great mountains were sleeping under a coverlet of fleecy, floating clouds. In the valleys a sea of mist hid the blue waters of Lowerz and Zug from view. On the distant crags, overhanging a precipice, the little Swiss chalets seemed to be sleeping like birds on the branch. Old Sol's first glow appeared between two jagged peaks—first a soft, mellow pink, then spears of crimson shooting out, as though heralds to announce his coming. Slowly and majestically the deep red sphere rose from behind the twin peaks to awaken distant Pilatus from slumber. Black horizontal bars of cloud shot across his face, giving him a fiery red-purple glow of anger as he pushed through the dark ob-

struction in his path. One could almost see the earth revolve while the heavens stood still. The great orb changed color till its dazzling disc glistened with intensely white purity. Another bank of gloomy clouds above, and the great monster seemed to shake himself as if to bore his way through; when they met, the fiery purple tinge of anger again was seen, like sparks from Jove's flint. The clouds and mists scattered before his piercing rays, and like a blazing chariot he continued his way through the heavens.

The shadows of the mountains clung to the dark purple peaks on the other side. Soon they were dissolved by the glow of soft virgin light that seemed to playfully chase them down the valley and give each peak its morning bath of golden sunshine.

How close we seemed to Divinity and to God! Here the finite and the Infinite seemed to touch.

Describe it? No, we can only *feel* it. Art does not exaggerate: no colors on canvas can portray the regal splendor of that sunrise in the Alps. It still lives in my memory as an inspiration never to be forgotten.

A MORNING CHUCKLE

PERHAPS no utterances take firmer root in the memory than the words of one who has passed many milestones on life's journey and yet has preserved a cheery outlook on life, having avoided what the naturalist, John Burroughs, calls "the danger of petrification and the danger of putrefaction," and become neither "hard and callous, crusted over with customs and conventions till no new ray of light or of joy can reach" him, nor "lax and disorganized," losing his grip on "the real and vital sources of happiness and power."

Such a veteran in life's warfare was my grandfather. The last time I visited England he was celebrating his one hundredth birthday. He was a wonderful man—had he not spent a century of life, and was it not right that every word he uttered should burn itself into my memory? His conversation was always replete with maxims and ripe wisdom.

"My boy," he would say, "if you want to

live long, get up in the morning and have a good hearty laugh. If you can't think of anything humorous, tickle yourself; but get up and shake yourself with a hearty laugh—it livens the diaphragm. Then you are in tune for the whole day. Remember that every man is born with a gift, a birthright. When you discover what yours is, set about developing it for the best results. You have a legacy of English grit, but it lies with you to cultivate a sense of good humor. Keep yourself in tune with cheerful ways. Thackeray's laughter I well remember, my boy,—so infectious—when over a church-warden pipe he cracked a new joke. But couldn't he sting with a pen!"

What a delicious flow of reminiscences, reaching back even to the battle of Waterloo! We walked through the old garden at Walton—grandfather and I—and then on to the churchyard at St. Mary's, where the scold's bridle was used on English women in Queen Elizabeth's time. There grandfather pointed out the resting-place in the churchyard of generations of our ancestors. The old square moss-covered tombs under the

yew-trees looked even inviting and restful in the soft moonlight, and like all Americans, I found a sudden interest in tracing back my forefathers.

“Who were they?” I inquired.

“You, an American, curious as to ancestry—tut, tut!”

“Were any of them great soldiers or poets or—”

“My son, from the most authoritative documents, the first of our race that we have any record of were Cornish pirates, and—”

There was a twinkle in his eyes and a jolly chuckle that flashed good humor as he responded to my interruption. I suddenly lost interest in my ancestry.

“It is an old saying, my boy, that every tub must stand on its own bottom; and you must cultivate your own disposition and give it at least as much attention as you would a rare rose in the garden or the cauliflower in the truck patch.”

As I left him he put his hands on my shoulders and his bright blue eyes glistened as he said:

“When you come again I’ll be sleeping

over there in the churchyard, but I feel I have been blessed beyond the measure of ordinary man. My greatest wish for you is that you may be thankful to God and charitable toward man. Let the real sunshine of life into your soul. If you will earnestly add happiness to life, I can desire no greater distinction for my boy's son. Good-bye—God bless you!”—and we said farewell, for the last time, with a smile.

THE DEAR OLD DAYS

AND perchance it will delight us to have remembered these things," said Aeneas to his comrade, as he gazed anxiously out over a tempestuous sea which had scattered his fleet and driven him to an alien coast, where hunger, cold, wet and unknown perils seemed to threaten destruction to the exiles from hapless Troy.

Truer words were never spoken; a wiser recognition of the greatest satisfaction that memory affords us has never been more concisely uttered for the comfort of a loyal but perturbed spirit. It is not pleasure past that dwells most persistently in recollection, but the doubtful enterprises undertaken; the hardships faced and endured; the losses bravely met and recouped; the perils that threatened destruction, yet led to honor and success.

So to me, as for a brief hour or two I sit looking out over orchards resplendent with fruitage, lawns gloriously green or graced by beds of vari-colored asters, and gardens offer-

ing the mature fruits of the harvest, come memories of early struggles; and I review, with thankfulness and satisfaction, the cares, worries, ambitions, hopes and enterprises of "the days that are no more."

Before me appears a dilapidated newspaper office in a little hamlet on the banks of the "Jim," in Dakota, wherein a youth of sixteen presided over an army press (for which an old white horse had been traded), a lot of worn type, a dwindling subscription list and the journalistic interests of a town which was ere long to become a frontier anti-type of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." The little building—an abandoned "real estate boomer's" headquarters with two apartments—was office, workroom, kitchen and dining-room, and the high hopes and universal enthusiasm of the "boom era" had departed. The young editor gathered news items and the material for political and local leaders, skirmished for subscriptions, and cut the sparse grain of the advertising field to the very grass roots; set the type, fed the paper to the clumsy press, folded the little more than half-legible sheets, and did the mailing, writing week by week

those names of loyal subscribers over and over again until not even an initial of a name on the list could ever be forgotten.

It was a veritable struggle for existence—for town, subscribers, paper and editor, yet the loyalty and endurance that faced almost inevitable failure evoked such genial appreciation and kindness that the sunlight of the clear Dakota spring days seemed to enter into the heart as the editorial pen traversed the paper. If poverty reigned over larder and wardrobe, still the manly independence that was almost universal among the tillers of those broad prairies, with splendid health and the charm of genuine friendship, gave content and happiness, while hope gave promise of better things to come.

* * *

The scene shifts and I see the interior of a larger, well-equipped daily newspaper office—the evolution of that little Dakota journal. Through this daily many movements have been directed toward the growth and prosperity of a city and haven of the Great Lakes. Many plans for making greater headway were

tried, among them the construction of an enormous "Thanksgiving Mince Pie" twelve feet across from rim to rim, a very fortress of flaky crust—a treasury of meats, fruits and spices—deftly mixed and baked in an oven specially constructed for the record-breaking event. The whole city weighed the chances of underbaking, burning and breaking, and the baker grew weary of answering the queries showered upon him by unbelieving adults and wide-eyed girls and boys. It was a great success in its line, and the editor has enjoyed many a hearty laugh and quiet smile over the petty anxieties and consoling successes of the pie project and recollections of men and women of today who were the boys and girls of yesterday and helped to eat that gigantic pie.

Under the same management, and for the advancement of city and newspaper alike, sundry matinees, minstrel shows, and even a notable one-ring circus, gave the girls and boys glorious fun and also chances to prove their powers of entertainment. Both performer and projector gloried in their share of success. Entertainers and spectators are

men and women now, but they often hark back to memories of those happy days that were a source of mutual pleasure. Today, the personal surroundings of that aggressive daily lack no comfort, but there is still hard work to be done to keep up to the standard which was set in those dear old days.

* * *

Again the scene changes, and I see a large publishing house—the theater of action and the arena of activity—wherein is printed a world-renowned magazine. It was through the exploitation of this magazine at the great Chicago Exposition that the editor first evolved the belief that it was not the mere collection and display of the triumphs of science and art that made these immense fairs desirable, but the tidal wave of enthusiasm, of state and national pride and patriotism, that eddied thereto from across land and ocean, from and to the farthest confines of “The Seven Seas.”

There, for the first time, he saw developed the possibilities of improved machinery, the mighty opportunities afforded by the

meeting and mingling of the people, the forming of new friendships and business ties. So, in reminiscent moments, the phantasmal panorama of the Great White City, in the pearly dawn, the golden noon-glow, the evening sunset or as "The City of Light" seen against a background of velvety darkness, passes before me with grateful memories.

The Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo came next, and brought more rich fruitage in acquaintanceships and friendships, owing to the fact that here publisher, editor and reader met face to face and just "talked it over." As a result, almost every little village in the United States contains some personal reader-friend.

A tragic memory mingles with the pleasant recollections of the Indian summer of that year, the sorrow that comes to us all when the great, the lovable, and true go suddenly from among us and are not; and yet, when a man like William McKinley goes fearlessly and trustingly to meet his God we feel that, with him, at least, "all is well."

The St. Louis Exposition involved an immense effort, but the people of the great

Southwest became known, as they had never been known before, and that hearty invitation "to come and see us" was not forgotten. What are the weariness, cares and worries of that effort to the pleasure and content that pervades its remembrance of difficulties surmounted and thousands of new friends made in a face to face acquaintanceship, emphasizing the advice of William McKinley to "make friends, keep friends and deserve friends."

* * *

The Queen of the Mississippi fades away, and Jamaica lies before the inner vision, like a great emerald rising out of a turquoise sea. That first foreign tour was successfully begun and pleasantly ended.

A later excursion to Europe united at once in bonds of friendship a number of people whose only common interest had hitherto been the fact that they were "subscribers and readers" of a favorite magazine.

Perhaps the climax of all those many happy occasions was reached at the Jamestown Exposition, where subscribers, readers, advertisers, editor and publishers joined in greet-

ing an editorial host, and on September 14 enjoyed a banquet which the date (forever coupled with a tragic event in American history) helped to make memorable.

What a delightful old-fashioned church social reception that was, and how pleasant to meet friends from all parts of the country and of every age and nationality, many of whom were first seen at Buffalo or St. Louis! There was the elderly lady from Florida, who until now had known us in print only for ten years; the school teacher who had been "a constant reader" for five years; a three years' friend from Oregon, and many others—all eager to find out who had been longest "acquainted," for a proud distinction appeared to pertain to the one who had received the magazine for several years. It was a veritable "pioneers' picnic"; scraps of conversation told of the pleasure derived from the magazine, and how it was looked forward to as a monthly "letter from the home folks." At this meeting thousands shook hands; there was no formality, no introductions, but everybody was just good-natured and well-acquainted.

The exercises in the Auditorium that afternoon were unique and impressive. At the Reception there was a regular "talk it over," suggesting a gathering at the hearthstone, and in that great circular sea of faces on the floor and in the balconies not one wore an expression of discontent. The editor embraced the opportunity of a life-time and, bathed in the sunshine of his readers' smiles, essayed to "make a speech." Not even the fountain of youth itself could have been more refreshing. It was an occasion never to be forgotten; and though few had ever met before, all felt like old friends enjoying a true "reunion."

Long before the appointed hour, the audience began to gather in the Auditorium; at a signal the strains of national songs were heard, interspersed with an interesting phonographic address on the history of each well-known air, which gave more information than could be derived in a month's reading of musical literature. When "Dixie" pealed out the Southern people rose *en masse*, and the entire audience sang when the chords of "The Star Spangled Banner" were struck.

As the afternoon sun gleamed through the windows, the sweet strains of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Lost Chord" pealed out—that song which speaks of heaven and brings a greeting from the host celestial to the host terrestrial. As the matchless chords of the refrain were played by eight trombones, the band and the pipe organ, every listener was thrilled. Surely such rendition must have been foreshadowed in the very soul of the great composer when he wrote those wonderful chords.

Then, while "Nearer, my God, to Thee" was softly played by the band, a little boy clad in pink and carrying a great bouquet of pink carnations, walked slowly with bowed head to the side of the stage and, as the music proceeded, gently drew back from the easel the Stars and Stripes that covered the portrait of William McKinley. The great audience arose as one man, and the deep silence of that moment declared more eloquently than could any spoken tribute the place which the great president holds in the hearts of the American people. With one accord, thousands of voices joined in Mc-

Kinley's favorite hymn—a splendid volume of musical expression accompanied by the majestic chords of the pipe organ. All eyes were fixed upon the portrait of the great leader whose tender heart ever pulsated with love. A few minutes later the strong sweet voice of a soloist poured forth in liquid melody, telling of a sublime future when

“With the morn those angel faces smile,
Which we have loved long since and lost a while.”

A thrill of happy and sweet remembrance passed over that throng.

After a little pause, everyone was ready for a bit of fun. All wore the “Happy Habit” smile, and a “voice from the past” was announced. In stentorian tones it was made known that “soon would be heard famous words, which had echoed down the corridors of time and through the pages of history.” Then the “echo” came through a phonograph, repeating, in vibrant tones, Patrick Henry's famous speech, concluding with those never-to-be-forgotten words: “Give me liberty or give me death.”

The “contributor's column” followed as the

songs of the various states in the Union were played by the band; the people sang heartily "The Suwanee River," while "Old Black Joe"—played on the pipe organ, with chimes of tolling bells—brought a realization of what these strains mean to the American people.

Yes, there were popular songs of other nations—"The Wearing of the Green," "The Watch on the Rhine," and "Scots Wha Hae" were all heartily sung. With the announcement of the last ballad, "Auld Lang Syne," a sigh of regret arose at the thought that the happy meeting was soon to be over. As the words were sung there was a clasping of hands, despite the mild, rebuking glances of some of the blushing young ladies whose fair palms were not quickly relinquished. The keynote of those delightful hours was the personality of those who met together for the first time, and who parted with the feeling that they were henceforth just old-fashioned friends.

These events marked the beginning of a new epoch in editorial work, new veins of literary and business effort, and a vast increase of the pleasant, suggestive and treasured

pictures "that hang on memory's wall." In moments of reverie and retrospection, the salient features of years of struggle evoke that undying content which comes from recollections of achievement or of a fairly fought and successful skirmish—be it in war or in peace.

Truly, O shade of the pious Aeneas, it does "delight us to have remembered these things." All the worry, exasperation, petty disappointments and fear of failure are transfigured by the magic wand of success, and the delightful memories reproduce thousands of joyous faces and newly-created friends.

One by one the lights go out around me, and the magic of the moonlight softens the sharper outlines of the landscape. Face after face, cheery, trustful and lovable; friend after friend, lifelong, tried and true; the casual acquaintance who leaps so quickly and wonderfully into esteem and admiration—all pass in review like the fleecy, misty cirrhi that sail slowly overhead. Even the waning moon imparts her tender witchery to the reverie, and offers a promise of sunshine in the passing of time. In Life's moonlight and sunset

dreams there is no measurement of time. The halo of happy memories is as eternal as the heavens, and sweet with the breath of the unfading flowers that bloom in Paradise, and are, perhaps, the prototypes of our beautiful earth-blossoms, with "quaint enamell'd eyes, that on the green turf suck the honied showers," each telling to mortals its own message of "pure-ey'd Faith" and "white-handed Hope."



